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JANUARY, 1956

# The **LIGHTED** *Pathway*

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR



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# MAKE YOUR

# LIFE COUNT!

By BERNICE STOUT

Associate Editor of the PILOT



they beg for the story of Christ who died to save them. You leave the service with a determination to speak to the lost about the Saviour and to pray more than ever before. Then the questions arise, "What if they won't listen to me?" "What can I say?" "Will God hear my prayer since I've never been too interested in evangelism before?"

The newspaper and newscasts call your attention to the corruption of our moral standards. Why would anyone want to commit crime? Why would anyone want to stoop to the lowest of indecencies and immorality? I must do something about it, you determine. Then you stumble at the thought—they would pay no attention to me.

It is true you die and the world goes on without you. Nobody is indispensable.

We face obstacles everyday which tend to make one think that he or she does not count. Never believe it! You do count. God believes in you. If He didn't, He would never have given His Son for your redemption. He made you with the thought of your counting in mind, for He created you for His glory. Your eternity depends on what you do with your life, how you use your talents and opportunities.

You cannot convince the world of Christ until you convince your neighbor that He is real. Why dream of plans to feed the hungry in a far off distant land when numbers of families in your own city are hungry? Begin now, at home, to make your life count. Begin with your own life. Do you believe in the power of God? Have you learned to rely upon the Holy Ghost as a source of strength and comfort and an endowment of power for service? Is the Word of God real and alive in your own life?

Do you doubt that God can use the average man and make him count for the Kingdom? Man sees the outward appearance, God sees the heart. God sees the possible you.

THE STORY IS TOLD of two boys who were walking together on a rather busy street of a city. Suddenly, one of them caught sight of a dirty cloth lying near the edge of the street. Immediately, he picked it up and put it in his pocket. His buddy ridiculed him quite a lot about it and was rather embarrassed over his doing such a thing.

But the boy had been looking for a piece of this type cloth for some time. You see, he was an artist. He took the cloth home, washed and bleached it, and placed it in the sun to dry. When the cloth had dried, he tacked it on his easel and began to paint.

After several weeks of work the picture was completed. When it was thoroughly dry, he removed it from the easel, rolled it neatly and went to visit the friend who had ridiculed him about the cloth. Upon seeing the friend, he immediately showed him the picture.

"Where did you get it?" the friend asked excitedly.

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HERE IS A FABLE about a wise man who lived near a small town. His home was just a little shack, but his mind was brilliant. People came from near and far to ask him questions, and always he gave them the right answer. However, there was a boy who lived in town that decided he would ask the wise man a question which he couldn't answer. He would snare a bird and, holding it alive in his hand, would say, "Mr. Wise Man, is this bird alive or is it dead?" If the wise man said it was alive, he would give his hand a quick squeeze and open it to show the bird dead. If the wise man said it was dead, then he would open his hand and let the bird fly away. No matter what the wise man said, he had him.

So one day he snared a bird and went to the wise man's house. Holding the bird in his hand he asked, "Mr. Wise Man, is the bird dead or alive?" The wise man did not look at his hand but into his eyes and answered, "My son, it's whatever you want it to be."

Your life is whatever you want it to be. Make your life count!

Perhaps you are one of those who think yourself very insignificant, a person of little influence for good or bad, and it doesn't matter whether you live or die.

The teachers in school present world conditions to you. You are made aware that the world hangs on a mere thread as far as stability and assurance of peace are concerned. Instruments of war are being made everyday that are more powerful and deadlier than ever. If they are handled incorrectly, humanity can be mopped off the face of the earth in a short span of time. American and world leaders, who are in a position to know the truth of the matter, tremble in their shoes and are afraid. You are agreed that something must be done. You leave the classroom determined to do something to help the situation. Then you get to thinking that you are but one among millions. After all, what difference can I make?

You go to church and the minister delivers a fiery message of evangelism. You can hear the cries of the lost as





It irked his spirit to remember his parents had listened in when he was talking over the matter concerning a New Year's party with Bob. Carelessly, he had offered to pay for the drinks, which, after all, Bryce knew was back of the argument that followed.

Of course, he reasoned, as he wandered down the old familiar street, his parents were like most of the other parents living in Middletown—a bit old-fashioned and set in their ways. He had grown up, without complaint, on a straight-laced diet. Now, a successful pilot in the service of his country, discharged with the rank of lieutenant, certainly he ought to be able to think for himself.

HE DID remember, with a bit of shame rising in his heart, that some girls he'd met at Bob's parties were a bit noisy. But they had fun, and after all, recreation was what he had come home for. He'd had too much glum living already. Bob's party offered variety.

If only he could be in two places at one time, everything would be all right. Then the very good part of him would remain at home for the simple New Year's celebration the Alderson's crowd would indulge in, and the other half would be the best fellow at Bob

ed gentleman, and immediately opened his mouth to apologize.

"'Pon my soul, if it isn't little Bryce Alderson, grown up!" exclaimed the kindly voice of Doctor James Lathrop, whom Bryce affectionately called Doc. "Come on up to the office," said the elder man, "I have scarcely seen you since you got home."

"I have been pretty busy," Bryce admitted, "but that's no excuse for my not getting around to see you. Yet I wouldn't have left town, I am sure, without saying hello and good-bye or something."

"I've been pretty busy myself," said the old doctor, with a broad smile. "Lots of babies these days, and all of them have to be looked after. Really, I'm due at the hospital in forty minutes. Talk fast, my boy, and tell me how you held up as a pilot."

"How I've held up?" Bryce repeated, and for some reason a flush covered his face.

"I didn't mean anything personal," chuckled the old man, "only asking you how you were getting on."

"I don't know why I blushed at the question," Bryce answered, "unless, possibly I took it literally, and in the flash of an eye I realized I might be a little short in ideals."

Up in the office the old doctor dis-

## In Peter's Place

By ALICE WHITSON NORTON

THE GOLDEN WINGS decorating his faultlessly fitting uniform were now hanging in the clothes closet. In "civies" for the first time in four years, Lieutenant Bryce Alderson left his father's house with a scowl on his face. The perfect blue sky hemming in the snow-covered world in which he had grown up, was not carrying the measure of joy he had anticipated.

If only his parents could remember he was no longer an adolescent youth! Hadn't he been in the Air Corps for four years? Wasn't a fellow who could successfully handle the biggest bombers in Uncle Sam's service, a man? Hadn't he been promoted step by step since the day of entering service, as fast as any fellow could possibly be? And yet—

Bryce felt a wave of hot blood surging through his veins. He was almost sorry he had made such a desperate effort to be discharged to come home for the holidays. He appreciated the love and affection bestowed upon him by his parents, but he didn't appreciate their meddling into his private affairs. Surely that was what they were doing when they openly urged him to break off relationship with Bob Trotter and his fast-moving associates.

Trotter's party. Somehow he couldn't quite bring himself to the point of wholly disappointing his parents.

As for old Bob, he had grown up with him, that is, until Bob had gone away to college, and he had gone to work in his father's lumber mill, handling lumber. He had resented it at the time, but it had developed him physically. Thus, when he volunteered for Army service, he was immediately branded as good timber. The hardships of the business had seasoned him for a hard job.

Bob, he remembered, with a peculiar sinking in the region of his heart, even though he had volunteered, had failed to make the grade when the physical examinations took place.

Suddenly Bryce found himself wondering just what Bob had been doing since he left home. He dressed well—or did he? It seemed to Bryce at the moment that Bob's clothes, like the girls at his parties, were a little exaggerated for color and fit. Still, Bob was his lifelong friend. He had promised to attend his frolic, and the disgruntled faces he had left behind him would not change his mind.

LOST IN thought, Bryce suddenly bumped into a heavily-coat-

ed young assistant. There had always been a warm attachment between the old doctor and the Alderson youth. Once there had been strong talk of Bryce's making a doctor of himself and taking over old Lathrop's practice when time demanded easing down on the latter's part. But the war had changed many plans, and instead of Bryce's entering college, he had joined up with the Air Corps and made good.

Somehow the piercing eyes of the old doctor seemed to penetrate the youth's soul, and presently Bryce was pouring out the story of his disappointment in his parents' treatment of him.

DOCTOR LATHROP listened attentively until Bryce ceased speaking, then carelessly propped his elbows on the table, cupped his chin in his hands, and eyed the speaker keenly.

"Bryce," he said thoughtfully, "your father and I grew up together. We found our professions in life the hard way. We married the same year, and planned to bring our children up by the same method."

"But you didn't have any children," Bryce interrupted.



"Fate was unkind to me in that respect," Doc answered, "but I had a heap of fun helping your father rear his family."

"We'd have never really grown up," exclaimed Bryce, "if it hadn't been for your help."

"Oh, yes, you would," laughed the

man, "but you were a sorry specimen of humanity the first time I ever set eyes on you. I can see you now," the old man went on excitedly, "all bundled up in a blue blanket, squirming like a worm, and yelling like an Indian. You just didn't like being an outcast, that's all."

"Outcast!" Bryce exclaimed. "What do you mean, Doc?"

"I guess I must be getting old," said the man, "to speak like that."

"What are you driving at?" Bryce questioned excitedly.

"I just forgot for the minute, Bryce," the old man answered, "that you didn't know you were a foundling."

"A foundling!" Bryce repeated. "Oh, no, no! Everybody says I'm the very image of my father."

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*"Lost in thought, Bryce suddenly bumped into a heavily clothed gentleman."*



Illustrated by CHLOE STEWART

January, 1956

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In our rose garden at Kroonstad



Welcome Committee on the highway near Benoni

*The fourth installment of*

# African Diary

By M. G. McLuhan

Principal of the Berea Bible Seminary



**FOREWORD:** Owing to the terrific strain of the work and the sudden and untimely death of Brother Derrick Grobbelaar, there has been a delay of several months in the fourth installment of *AFRICAN DIARY*. Now, however, I have found time to present the following series of articles which will take up the thread of the story where we last left it, and also to cover two years of successful work for God in Africa. I trust that the delay has not dulled the interest of the readers, and I pray that the experiences and facts that are presented in the following will cause the missionary fire to burn in many hearts.—Sincerely, Your Brother, M. G. McLuhan.

## KROONSTAD, CROWN CITY OF THE FARMLANDS, AND SITE OF BEREA BIBLE SEMINARY

AS OUR CAR came over the last hill outside the city of Kroonstad, and the lovely parks and brightly painted houses burst on our sight, we were thrilled with excitement. Without difficulty we found the office of Brother C. L. Badenhorst, who is an attorney, and brother to the pastor in Capetown. Before getting out of the car we looked up and down the streets of the town that was to be our home and headquarters while in South Africa. It is not unlike a western farm town, with grain elevators, hardware stores, machinery sales offices, and other businesses common to farming communities in America. We were pleased with the wide streets, and we noticed that several new buildings were going up. This was a sign of progress; Kroonstad was a growing town, and therefore a good place for a Bible School.

We immediately liked the looks of the town in general, and with high spirits we got out of the car and walked into Brother Badenhorst's office. He at first thought that I was another client, but when I spoke he immediately recognized the American accent, and almost before I had time to introduce myself and the family he was heartily welcoming us. We felt at home immediately, because the man had a warmth about him that made us feel that we had known him before, and that he had only gone ahead to prepare a welcome for us here.

Brother Badenhorst had been one of the first men to see the vision for Berea Bible Seminary, and long before our coming he had worked and sacrificed to see it founded. I had been informed that he was a member of the Bible School Board, and also the Secretary. For this reason it was very fitting that he should have been the first one to welcome us in Kroonstad.

## THE TEAMMATES

THIS MAN Badenhorst, who had played so prominent a part in the founding of Berea Bible Seminary and who was yet to play a leading role in its growth, appealed to me as a fine type of brother to work with. He was in middle age, and one of the old pioneers of the Full Gospel message in this country.

We were anxious to meet Brother Derrick Grobbelaar, acting principal of the Bible Seminary, and upon inquiring were told that he was in town but had stepped out of the office for a few minutes. On our way to the cafe we met Brother Grobbelaar and also Brother Botha, the local pastor. Both gave us a hearty welcome to Kroonstad, and each expressed their happiness at having us join the staff at Berea Bible Seminary. Truly this fourteenth day of November, 1953, was a great event in our African ministry, and the welcome we received was a heart-warming experience. We felt the Holy Spirit witnessing in our hearts that this was truly God's appointment for us.

As I sat at the table opposite my new colleague, I had opportunity to make some mental calibrations and spiritual estimates of the man. To say that I liked him at first sight is altogether too mild—I loved him! No one except my own blood brother could have struck such a deep note of comradeship within my being.

I had heard much of Derrick Grobbelaar, but I knew at once that here was a rare jewel of God's grace. A good man's character is always revealed in his face, and as I looked into the mild grey eyes of this man I saw not only great spiritual depth, but towering intellectual power. I saw in the tear that paused for a moment in the corner of his eye, more than human emotion. Here, though I did





1953 student body of B.B.S. with Brother Grobbelaar on one side and me on the other



The original buildings used by the Berea Bible Seminary

not fully realize it at the moment, was a saint of God who knew what it meant to walk daily through the fires of trial and misunderstanding and still remain true to his purpose and objective.

His sandy-brown hair was poised in a slight wave on top of a noble forehead, not quite covering a cruel scar that he had received when thrown from a horse during the rigorous days of his childhood and youth on a sheep ranch in the Karoo. The set of his jaw was as firm as though it had been chiselled in marble, and his cheek bones were high, revealing his Dutch ancestry.

The look on his face was serious, determined, and guileless, and yet when he laughed I caught a fleeting glimpse of the prank-playing boy that he used to be—and still at times liked to be. The sudden change from the serious, almost sad look that he wore usually, to the amused boyish grin that could come on his face when he smiled was indeed one of the most likeable things about him.

His voice was a very pleasant baritone quality, and when he spoke he looked me in the eye. I like people who can look one in the face, so I liked Derrick. I found in him a close parallel to my own life. We were both reared on the farm, both entered the ministry at an early age, both born in the same year, both interested in the same things, both had just one brother, and each had one son and one daughter. Derrick Grobbelaar on that first day became a brother to me.

As we had sat together in the cafe that day I had been aware that he too was measuring me. The light in his eyes told me that he thought of me as I thought of him. I am sure that no single experience has meant so much to me since I came to Africa as those first forty-five minutes that I spent in the cafe at Kroonstad with Derrick. I had prayed that God would give me a good man to work with, but this man was more of the type of man I wanted to work with than I had dared to ask. That day I knew that God had brought us together over the miles and years to do a work for Him.

When we clasped hands after our first conversation and promised each other that we would put all that we had into building up a great training school for God's glory, we did not know the things that were to befall us in the future. My heart was deeply touched when Derrick remarked "Since meeting you, Mac, I am persuaded that God sent you to help us here in Africa."

## THE TASK

**AFTER OUR** meeting in the cafe Derrick proposed that we drive on out to the school, unload some of our extra luggage, and also have a look at the place. Berea Bible Seminary was in some ways disappointing, and in other ways a most glorious challenge. It was situated on a lovely, though undeveloped plot on the outskirts of the town. The plot bordered the river, and I could see that it held promise as an excellent building site.

There were only ten students enrolled, and four of them were graduating, so it left a promise of just six students for the ensuing year. From the accommodation standpoint, much was to be desired. There was a medium sized

house, a thatched hut, and a small four-room flat. The flat was to be our home, and the other buildings were to accommodate the students, provide room for classroom and dining facilities, living quarters for our cook, and kitchen space. This, of course, meant that we should have very little space for new students, and that unless we could do something to provide more dormitories, any expansion program was out of the question.

Over against these discouraging factors were some very encouraging ones. The plot was beautiful and large enough to accommodate a very large school. The ground was fertile, I noticed, which meant that we could eventually raise much of our own vegetables. The well was a very good one with an inexhaustible supply of good drinking water. This meant that if God enabled us to build more student accommodation and administrative space, we should have sufficient water.

Better than these natural features was the great faith that we found in students and faculty for the future of Berea Bible Seminary. Brother Grobbelaar was an inspiration to me as we talked over the stupendous task that lay ahead. That first day, however, we did not have long to visit as arrangements had been made for us to drive on about one hundred and fifty miles farther, where an official welcome by the leading men of the church had been planned for us.

As we drove off from our first brief visit, at the site of our future labors, many conflicting thoughts ran through our minds. I thought of the two former Bible Schools where I had served—The International Bible College in Canada, and the Northwest Bible and Music Academy in Minot, North Dakota. My fellow workers and I had seen both of these schools rise from an enrollment of five or six to something of which to be truly proud. Why could we not do the very same thing here for the glory of God?

Satan paid me one of his periodic visits about that time. "Ah-h-h," he said, "but this country is different. This church has been functioning for more than thirty years, and they never had a Bible school that gained the full support and recognition of the ministry in general. Do you think that you are going to come over here from America and do something that better men than you could not do? Look at the small size of the buildings. Have you noticed that Derrick is the one and only teacher? He looks good to you at first sight, but didn't some one tell you that there was at one time more than just one teacher? He must be hard to work with."

These and many other things came to me as we raced along the road toward Johannesburg. I thought of the fine new dormitory at Minot where I had never had the privilege of sitting in my new office. We thought of the nice offers that had come our way before we left America, but these thoughts did not stay long. God had sent us here, and that was enough to make us forget all other things.

The Church of God in America that had treated us so wonderfully and given us opportunity for nearly twenty

(Continued on page 26)





Illustrated by WALTER AMBROSE



## POSSIBILITIES UNLIMITED

By O. W. POLEN, Asst. National Director

"YOUTH CAMP"—these two words have become very pleasant-sounding words to many of the young people of the Church of God. They are words which are full of meaning to many of our youth. To many, these words mean the place where they accepted Christ. Still, to others they mean the place where they met new friends. To another group of young people, they mean the place where they learned to better adjust themselves to the social requirements of life and a place where they learned to become more self-dependent. To young people who were Christians before coming to camp, these words spell deeper consecration and a better understanding of God's Word. To still another group, these words actually mean the place where they learned the true meaning of sportsmanship. Yes, the words "Youth Camp" occupy an important place in the thinking and planning of many of the young people of our Church today.

A few years ago the Youth Camp project became a part of our National Youth program. At that time perhaps no one was fully aware of the terrific impact it was to have a few years later on the youth of our Church. Today it is indisputably one of the greatest features of our youth program. It has opened a new door in the program of youth evangelism. The benefits of Youth Camps are many, and we have every reason to believe that the results will be lasting.

The basis for all of the above statements are the Youth Camp reports which are received annually in our National Office from the state Sunday School and youth directors who, in most instances, serve as the Youth Camp directors. To say the least, they and their staffs have done an excellent job in directing the camp activities.

The Youth Camp reports for 1955 reflect the greatest Youth Camp results we have ever experienced. This indicates that Youth Camp activities are expanding and that the Youth Camps are becoming better organized, thus providing a more complete Youth Camp curriculum, a better recreational program and a better approach in meeting the spiritual needs of our young people.

The 1955 Youth Camp reports reveal that 35 Junior and Senior Youth Camps were conducted throughout the nation this past summer. The 5,148 campers were registered in these camps. This number does not include counselors and staff members.

In view of the large number of campers who are Christians before they come to camp, the following 1955 report should convince even the most severe Youth Camp critic that Youth Camps are a ripe field for Youth Evangelism:

Number converted .....	1,478
Number sanctified .....	827
Number baptized with the Holy Ghost .....	661
Number baptized in water .....	788
Number added to Church .....	555

The comparative report on the next page reflects the progress made in Youth Camp activities during the past three years.



Year	No. of Camps	No. of Reg.	Saved	Sanct.	H.G. Baptized	Added to Church
1953	20	2,339	666	363	296	293
1954	26	2,793	882	562	454	502
1955	35	5,148	1,478	827	661	788
						555

MANY CAMP DIRECTORS are now making a common statement. That statement is: "We don't know what we are going to do next year for space to accommodate the large number of young people who are planning to come to camp. Last year we were filled to capacity. This next year the attendance will be even greater."

Already a number of camps have divided their activities into two separate camps: a Boys' Youth Camp and a Girls' Youth Camp. No doubt future interest will demand more separate Junior Camps for the younger campers and more separate Senior Camps for the older campers, as well as larger camp facilities everywhere.

Last year a Youth Camp Manual was prepared by the National Youth Department for the benefit of camp directors, especially those who were directing Youth Camps for the first time. This manual contained information relative to Youth Camp organization, advertising, counseling, finance, and curriculum. Reports from the camp directors themselves indicated that this publication had served its purpose and was responsible for bringing Church of God Youth Camps throughout the nation on a more standardized basis.

This year work has already been started on a Youth Camp Manual supplement which will provide a more complete Youth Camp curriculum. Senior Youth Camp courses are being prepared by competent writers on the following subjects: "Coming Attraction—The World's Greatest Event" (Second Coming of Christ); "Like a Mighty Army" (a condensation); and "Facing the Future With Christ" (problems of young people). Junior Youth Camp Courses will be: "Second Coming of the Lord" (on junior level); "Heroes From the Bible," and "Growing Up."

The 1956 Youth Camp Manual supplement will also contain helpful suggestions for camp directors relative to the night evangelistic services. It will also offer assistance relative to Youth Camp counseling and the camp athletic program. A list of recommended films for showing in Youth Camps will also be included in the manual supplement.

A new Youth Camp brochure captioned "Counsel for the Counselors" will be available for distribution to all Youth Camp counselors and prospective Youth Camp counselors around the first of the year. This has recently been prepared by the National Youth Department.

To add even more color to the camp activities, Youth Camp beanies, T-shirts, and pennants will be stocked this year by the Church of God Publishing House and will be available to camp directors for resale in Youth Camps throughout the nation.

A Youth Camp banking system will also be introduced to the local churches around the first of the year. This plan, which will operate as a part of the local church youth service, will enable young people to save systematically for their Youth Camp expense.

The opportunity for service to the youth of our Church through the medium of Youth Camps is great. In every sense of the word, the possibilities are unlimited.



I BELIEVE THAT the Church's greatest opportunity at this time is through the youth. The most effective means of organizing the youth is through the youth camps. The organizing of the youth in Germany during the reign of Hitler is an example of what can be accomplished when one concentrates on youth. An entire nation, although not so large, became so strong that it challenged the rest of the entire world.

Although most of our states have operated youth camps for only a few summers, the accomplishments have been astonishing. Even in the small camps scores of young persons have been converted. In some of the larger camps the revival spirit has superceded that of the greatest revivals in the state, including the camp meetings.

The organization and program that have been set up by our Youth Department, without exception, have been very commendable. In most of our camps the youth committees are offering the things necessary for the development of our young people, physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually, all of which are essential. There is work and recreation for the physical body, study for mental development, lessons in Christian ethics and morals, and worship for the spiritual life.

Yes, the state and national youth committees have adopted a most wonderful program. I do not feel that I can add to what has been done, but there is one appeal that I should like to make. I wish that I could proclaim it from the mountaintops to every church, every Sunday School, every father and mother—that is, to send our youth to the youth camps this summer. Don't wait until another year; begin now to prepare to get every young person possible, both in the Church and out of our Church, in our youth camps.

I know our camps have been growing by leaps and bounds, but we need thousands where heretofore we have had only hundreds. Some of our states have not as yet organized a camp. I believe the youth camp is the answer to reaching thousands and even hundreds of thousands that we can never reach through the Church or Sunday School.

If every member and friend of the Church would get behind the youth camp, we could get multitudes of young people to come who are not acquainted with the Church. I know some will say, "We don't want them. They will give us trouble." But if we have our standards and rules to govern the camp, they will be required to abide by the rules.

It is true that attending youth camps will not make a Christian out of a boy or girl, but it will acquaint them with the Church, and many will be so impressed that they will become Christians later. Not only that, but past experiences have proved that many do get converted in their very first youth camp, and oftentimes they are those who have never attended a Church of God service.

This summer is going to be a busy one due to the General Assembly, beginning August 14. You may have to leave off some meetings, but let's be sure it is not the youth camp. No meeting is more important.





# Do Your Children Enjoy Devotional Time?

Family worship is vital to your child only when he actually participates in it.

By OREATHHEL ALFORD

listen, for I knew they were not getting anything from it. Still I could not think of any way to hold their interest.

ONE DAY WHILE listening to David read from a library book he had brought from school, I was surprised to hear him pronounce correctly a word that I never thought he knew since he was just in the first grade.

"Where did you learn that word, Son?" I inquired.

"Oh, I learned it in Sunday School; our teacher always has each of us read a verse," he replied.

That set me thinking. I had thought because David was just in the first grade he could not read well enough for us to try to teach him to read the Bible. Perhaps I had been wrong. That night instead of my husband and I reading the chapter, I asked David to read most of it. He did not know many of the words but was thrilled to display his knowledge of the ones he did know.

The next night David ran and got the Bible; opening it, he eagerly exclaimed, "Mother, may I read all the chapter tonight?" We let him and he did remarkably well, but little Edward who was four felt left out and behaved worse than ever.

Then I hit upon a plan which I hoped would keep both children interested. I told them that they could take turns reading, David read three verses and Edward three. Of course, my husband and I would help by telling them the words they didn't know. I warned them to pay close attention so they would know when their turn to read came. In just a little time the children were enjoying Bible-reading time for they loved taking part in it.

Once the children became interested in the Bible, they began asking questions about what they read, and I have been able to teach them many Bible truths. Best of all, the problem of inattention has disappeared. Of course, my husband and I do not get as much out of listening to the children read, but we can always read the Bible for ourselves at other times or after the children have gone to bed.

David is in the second grade now and can read the Bible almost as well as a fourth grader. Big words like adultery, hypocrites, circumcision, etc., roll off his tongue with ease. When people comment on how well David reads and ask where he learned to read so well, he always says, "By reading the Bible."

**D**O YOU HAVE trouble keeping your children quiet and interested while reading the Bible to them, especially the New Testament? Because I once had this same problem and can remember how discouraged I became, I thought perhaps other parents would like to know how I solved this problem.

Like most Christian parents, my husband and I have told Bible stories to our children ever since they were very small. (Notice I said *told* them stories; a few times we tried reading to them from the Bible, but our children showed such lack of interest that we gave up in despair and reverted to the telling of such stories as Daniel in the lions' den, David and Goliath, etc.)

Then came the time when David our oldest son was six years old, and I became concerned with his hearing more of the Bible than just the oft-repeated stories. I felt we should read to our children from the New Testament so they could hear the plan of salvation as well as teachings about how one should live. More and more I felt the need of a regular Bible-reading time each day.

After talking it over with my husband, I explained to the children that we were going to start reading the Bible—the New Testament as well as the Old Testament. I told them that the New Testament was also interesting and that by reading it we learn how God would have us live.

We decided to read one or more chapters each evening. So with fingers crossed we began one night. To our great disappointment the children squirmed uncomfortably and talked. When we corrected them they would hush, but we soon noticed that they were not listening even though they were quiet. They were constantly sneaking hidden glances at a funny book or playing with some toy, their minds on other things. We sometimes asked questions about what we had just read, and their answers proved they had not listened. This went on for some time; I became discouraged and thought, why read if they do not



# Me and Ben and New Year's Day

By ANN TEGTMEIER

**Y**OU'VE ALL HEARD of Benjamin Franklin—sure, and who hasn't? Him and his kite-flying—pulling himself across a stormy lake with one, and another time, getting prickles up his arm in a thunderstorm.

"But what's that got to do with New Year's Eve?" you ask. You say that nobody with even a mouse brain would be out flying a kite on New Year's Eve.

And quite right you are, though without his Franklin stove to start other men to thinking about furnaces and such, you might be mighty cold this very minute. Yes, sir, mighty cold.

But that wasn't what I started to tell you about. Ben was more than just an inventor, more than just one of the founders of our country. Ben was a mighty smart man—a MIGHTY smart one. Ben was also a writer.

Take, for instance, that *Autobiography* that he wrote. That gets right down to New Year's Eve mighty fast when you start reading up on the resolutions *he* made. Resolutions such as:

1. Speak not what does not benefit others or yourself.
2. Let all things have their places.
3. Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes or habitation (whatever *that* means).

Pretty high-sounding language, but when you get right down to it, not so different from some of the resolutions you may be making today. One of the things that made Ben great was his attention to small things. The Good Father gave him a mind, and he certainly did use it. Nothing was too small for him to notice—that's where *I* come in.

Another place where you come in is reading his *Poor Richard's Almanac*. Even if it is a couple of hundred years old there's a lot of good advice in it that never was and never will be out of date. Take things such as:

1. Early to bed and early to rise makes a man

healthy, wealthy and wise. (Could you think up anything that could beat that?)

2. Never leave that until tomorrow which you can do today. (Oh, oh! How about that home-work?)

**GET THE IDEA?** Now how about some New Year's resolutions of your own? But don't think for a minute that just because you've made them, or maybe even written them down that you're through. No, sir! That's just the beginning. It's keeping them that makes this world a better place to live in, and believe me, keeping them is a lot harder than making them!

Maybe you think you'll keep yours a secret or shut up in a book some place. Then if you don't keep them, you think nobody'll know the difference anyhow. Well, maybe the world won't, but you'll know it and that little voice inside you will start gnawing like a mouse gnawing on a piece of cheese. You know what that is? Why that's the Good Father's voice, 'cause HE knows, too!

Now as for me—I'm going to make myself a chart that has the days of the week across it, just like a calendar. I'm going to put it right up where I can see it all the time and remind me to check off each day that I've done the things I'd promised myself to do.

Of course, me being what I am, it's going to be mighty hard for me to stop doing things like getting into the closets and trying to push the lid off the cheese box and the cookie jar.

But it ought to be a lot easier for you, 'cause you've learned to read in that big, black Book lying on the living room table. In that Book there are rules to help you in most everything you try to do. 'Specially on New Year's Eve there's that verse in Ecclesiastes—5:5, I think it is: "It is better that you should not vow than that you should vow and not pay."



# Poetry



## WALK IN NEWNESS

When Jesus touches a life  
With His love, the heart  
Is stirred and quickened;  
Compassion and truth impart  
Sincere concern for others;  
New light illumines the mind,  
And thoughts and words become  
Reverent, pure, and kind.

When Jesus touches a life,  
Newness of spirit is shown  
In turning from sin and self  
To ways akin to God's own.  
Strength is given to overcome  
Heartache, loneliness, strife,  
Strength to be clean and holy,  
When Jesus touches a life.

—Vivian Hackney

## GOING, GOING, GONE!

When your burdens seem so heavy  
And you cannot find the way,  
When you feel the devil working  
And you care not what you say,  
When your friends you talk about  
And you feel no urge to shout,  
BROTHER, YOU'RE SLIPPING!

When you often stir up trouble  
And nothing goes your way,  
When an altar call is given  
And you feel no need to pray,  
When you're finding fault with others  
And a tear you cannot shed,  
When you forget the Cross  
Where Jesus freely bled,  
BROTHER, YOU'RE SLIPPING!

When your heart has been so hardened  
And you care not of His word,  
To you this thing has happened  
Of which you've often heard.  
You're not slipping, Brother,  
As I have often quipped,  
Your case is worse than mentioned,  
YOU'VE COMPLETELY SLIPPED!

—Carl L. Cutrell

## SECURITY

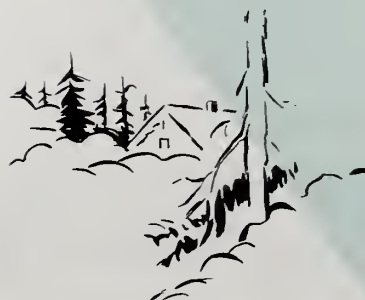
The hours of dark distress and fear  
I strive to understand;  
The Power that rules the universe  
Can also hold my hand;  
And through this contact disappears  
Cause for anxiety and fears.

—A. M. Barr

## BALANCE

The things I cherish most in life  
Are valued by the losses  
Of enmity and hate and greed,  
Stripped from my soul through  
crosses.

—Alice Whitson Norton





# art

## John G. Eubanks

This is the first in a series of articles on Church of God artists. If you are interested in seeing your art work reproduced on this page, send a few samples of your work to the Art Department here at the Publishing House. All work you send us will become the property of the **LIGHTED PATHWAY**, unless sufficient postage is included for its return.

The young man whose drawings are here reproduced is a motorcycle patrolman on the Cleveland, Tennessee, police force. He was born in Durham, North Carolina, April 8, 1927. Although John has had no special art training, he enjoys drawing and painting as a hobby. Some of his drawings have been bought for reproduction purposes.



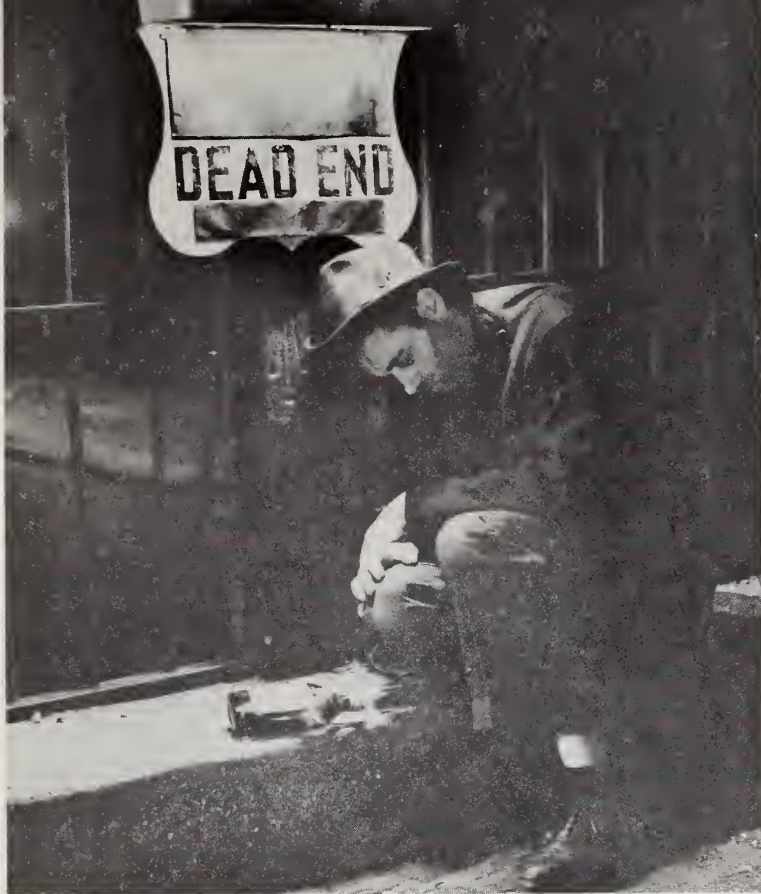
Generally speaking, these drawings are very good. The horse on the right seems to recede into the picture plane; the opposite of this should be true. The tonal values produce sufficient contrast, but perhaps the detail could have been employed more tactfully so as to strengthen the overall forms. This is especially true of the horse on the right where the area of the nose seems rather flat and chopped with meaningless detail. The original was three times this size. The dog is the better drawing of the two and is shown the exact size of the original.



*John Eubanks*

As a service to artists, beginning next month, the Art Department will answer your questions relevant to art.





# "W's" in the I

Scripture Lesson

St. Luke 15:11-32

**O**UR SCRIPTURE presents one of the most familiar lessons of the entire Bible. And yet, it is one of those never forgotten stories that relate to us the "W's" that still occur in the life of the wayward. The story relates the decisions of two boys. The teaching of free moral agency or the power of choice, is clearly borne out. Without compulsion, the younger son said, "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." "And he divided unto them his living." We are not forced to go to heaven nor predestined to hell. We may remain with the Father or go into the world to follow our own way rather than God's way.

## WASTED

**N**OT MANY DAYS after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there WASTED his substance with riotous living." Substance may refer to material things, but there is more wasted than the material things of life when you go into the paths of the wayward. This young man wasted his time. Time that is spent in serving the flesh and the devil is wasted time. It can never be recalled nor recompensed. It is gone forever. God there-

fore charges us to redeem the time because the days are evil (Ephesians 5:16). We may become Christians, but there is always regret for not having given God more of our time.

The young man wasted his talent. Talent is God-given and cannot be developed without an innate capacity. Some have talents for business, farming, teaching or preaching, while others are given musical talent.

I once crawled under the floor of a house with a boy who had bottles tuned with varying amounts of water. On these he beat a tune with a broken broomstick. Later he was saved and attended Emmanuel College in Franklin Springs, Georgia. He could then play a trumpet and Hawaiian guitar. Upon returning from school, he was attracted to a good time, easy money, and a big name in the "hillbilly" world. He sold his talent to sin and the devil.

I was told by one of the Baille brothers, who wrote the song, "Dust on the Bible," that this young man became addicted to drink and dope. One Saturday night he played a song entitled, "My Last Call." En route to Washington, he was thrown from his vehicle and into eternity—having wasted his talent—to meet a just God.

God help you young people not to prostitute your abilities. Dedicate your talents to the One who gave them to you and use them for His glory.

This man's moral influence was wasted. Some persons say, "I hurt no one but myself." To the contrary, no man lives to himself and no man dies to himself. Every individual has an influence either for good or for evil. Christ said, "He that is not with me is against me. He that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad." We are either leading people to God or to the devil, to heaven or to hell.

His money was wasted in riotous living. Many have worked hard the week long for their salary only to squander it in vice, drinking and gambling. With heartache and headache, empty hands and barren billfold, all too late they awaken to the realization that they have wasted it.

## WANT

**AND WHEN HE** had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in WANT." He was in want of money, but none was to be had. He was in want of moral influence, but it was degraded. He was in want of talent that had been given to evil; he was in want of time, but it was gone forever. He wanted friends, but there was none to befriend him. He was in want of love, but there was no one to give him affection; in want of compassion, but there was no one to be sympathetic; in want of home, but there was none to shelter his weary head.

The wayward boy was in want of



# of the wayward

food, so desperately that "he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him."

## WISHING

It was then "he came to himself." Reminiscing, he thought, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!" Oh, how I WISH I were there! His want flashed before his eyes. His squandered opportunities dashed before him as he began WISHING for just another chance in life. "I wish I had been more thoughtful. I wish I had my time to go over. Even the servants have better than I," he said dejectedly. "I wish I were there. If I could only talk it over with Dad. I wish I could see him. Wish I could feel his strong arm around me again." However, he could have wished for a million things and died in the "hog pen" had he not become *willing* to do something about it.

## WILLING

THE CHANGE comes to any life when from his soul he says, "I WILL arise and go to my father, and WILL say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants."

Young people, it takes a real man or woman to be WILLING to say, "I have sinned," to confess, "I am not worthy." Too many pat themselves on the back and brag about their "good moral deeds." You need to see your deeds as God sees them. Isaiah 64:6, "But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf, and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away." In God's sight your morality is as filthy as the rags

of a wayward boy with the filthiness of the hog pen smeared all over him.

He said "I will go JUST AS I AM." He was not worthy, but he was willing. Too many miss God's blessing by bragging on their good deeds. 1 John 1:9, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Isaiah 55:7, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." He got willing to forsake the swine, the husk, the pen, the pollution, the sin and shame. Hallelujah! The husk went one way and the boy the other.

## WELCOME

WHAT A WELCOME awaited the wayward who was willing to come, confessing and forsaking. When you are willing, the Father is willing. "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

Sinner, the Lord is more willing to save you than you are to be saved. He is more ready to bless you than you are to be blessed. If you simply make a move toward God, He will come immediately to you.

He was washed with the water of regeneration. Titus 3:5, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved

us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost."

The robe of righteousness (sanctification) was placed on his back. His feet were shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace to help him walk the highway of holiness. The ring of authority was given him. He was happy but still hungry. Thank God, the fatted calf had been killed. Beefsteak awaited him. Matthew 5:6, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." Ephesians 5:18, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." Acts 2:4, "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

Etiquette is fine, but the boy forgot about whether he held his knife in his right or left hand; he simply made himself at home. He was WELCOME and he knew it.

What about the dancing? Sure, I believe in that, too. I know nothing of dances of the world, but when God blesses my soul, heaven breaks loose in my heart; my limbs become limber, my muscles move, my feet are light, and I dance before the Lord even as did King David.

You need not play the part of the jealous brother and grumble about the goat's meat. God has beefsteak for you, also. "All that I have is thine." Why eat husks when God has steak? Why wear rags when God has robes? Why live in sin when God has salvation? If you are WILLING, God says you are WELCOME.

"I've wasted many precious years,  
Now I'm coming home;  
I now repent with bitter tears,  
Lord, I'm coming home.  
My soul is sick, my heart is sore,  
Now I'm coming home,  
My strength renew, my hope restore,  
Lord, I'm coming home."

## EDITORIAL NOTE:

The sermon above was preached by the Reverend Burroughs during the Fall Convocation at Lee College. During the week there were twenty persons saved, sixteen persons sanctified and twenty-five persons received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. Many testimonies were made to the mighty visitation of God's Spirit and the benefits received.

# HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON



## PRAYER

By Alda B. Harrison

*OUR heavenly Father, we ask Thee for wisdom to handle the little things of life that so easily get the better of us. Guard us from being upset by trivial circumstances and petty annoyances. Give us love and wisdom in dealing with our fellow men. Give us patience in the home with our loved ones as we walk side by side along the way.*

*When the light of Thy Word shines in our eyes, let us not blink and turn away. Help us to look squarely at whatever is revealed, our touchiness over some fancied slight, our resentment over a hint of criticism, our condemnation of others, and all the little foxes that spoil the vine. Each day as He gives it to us, let us bravely go forth trusting Him to make us conquerors over whatever circumstances come our way.*

*We ask this in Jesus' name. Amen.*

## MEDITATION

By Edith S. Steketee

Here is Your day back again, God—  
The beautiful day You lent to me  
This morning when I awoke;  
That clear, unblemished day that was  
mine alone  
To use as I wished.

And I'm ashamed as I hand it back to  
You, God.

It is not beautiful anymore.  
That smudge I made this morning—  
I was hurried and harried  
And I let my children go to school  
Without a smile or a cheerful word  
That might have helped them a little  
during the morning.

And that smeary place a little before  
noon—

That was a salesman at the door.  
I was annoyed at being interrupted  
Because I had so much to do,  
And I didn't want what he had to sell;  
But I could have been a little kinder.  
He had his job to do, too.  
It wouldn't be quite so smeary  
If I had been a little more polite.  
I don't know why it gave me so much  
pleasure

To be so curt to him.

And it did make such a smeary place  
in my day.

I guess that black streak there in the  
afternoon

Is the worst of all.

You see, my neighbor came to call,  
And that other neighbor—

The one we don't try very hard to  
love—

Well, the gossip I had of her was so  
much fun to tell.

At least, I thought it would be fun, but  
After I told it

I was ashamed.

And I wished that I could call the  
words back

Because that gossip will spread now,  
And I'm not even sure that it is true.  
Does it make that streak a little less  
black

Because I was ashamed afterwards,  
God?

Then there's another place with a  
dark blot on it.

That was when my husband came  
home tired from work.

But I was tired, too,

And so, I didn't show him that I was  
glad to see him

When that was what he needed;

And then the quarrel followed.

It so easily could have been prevented.  
I could have passed off that first re-  
mark of his

With a laugh,

And that would have been the end of  
it;

But I didn't.

The quarrel marred the whole eve-  
ning;

It could have been so pleasant.

And there are a lot of little spots  
Here and there.

Just little spots,  
But the day would have been so much  
brighter

Without them.

Mostly they are things that I neglect-  
ed to do

Like calling my friend

And wishing her a happy birthday—

It wouldn't have taken very long—

Or telling my husband that I love him.

I would have liked the smile he would  
have given me,

And he probably would have kissed me,  
too.

Or I could have given the paper boy a  
"thank you."

He puts our paper where it won't get  
wet

When it rains.

But I didn't do these little things.

I was too busy

Or too thoughtless.

So many little spots on such a pretty  
day.

There are a few clean places in my  
day, God—

A few that I made a little brighter.

Tonight for instance,

When I heard my children's prayers,

And we all felt so close together.

And then

The fun we had when they were get-  
ting ready for bed,

And how we laughed when Jimmy got  
his pajamas on backwards,

And then Bobby wanted his on back-  
wards too,

So we could laugh again.

Maybe my day would be prettier

If there had been more laughs in it.  
There weren't very many.

I guess if You were a different kind  
of God

You'd give me a soiled day to begin  
with tomorrow.

Then my blots wouldn't show up so  
much.

But You aren't that kind of God.

Tomorrow it will be a beautiful, clean  
day again.

Please, God,

Help me to be a little more careful

With these days You lend to me.

## THINK OF CHRIST

Think often of Christ and His glorious  
work

And life will be filled with His  
praises.

But think of evil and worldly goods  
And Satan's power incases.

—Rhoda Howell



# ... Helps for the Tempted and Tried ...

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON

## Good-Bye to the Old and Good

### Morning to the New

**W**E ARE REMINISCENT as we say good-bye to the old year as its gateway closes behind us. We think sometimes that the word "good-bye" is the saddest word in the vocabulary. We sometimes wish it had never been coined, but the absence of this word would not hinder the occasion for which it is used. It would not have hindered the death angel from coming into my home years ago and taking from me my precious babe. It would not have hindered him from coming into your home and taking away your loved one; neither would it have hindered the year 1955 from coming to a close. Time is passing along, and we are passing with it; and nothing can hinder.

On December 31, at twelve o'clock midnight, we said good-bye to the old year. I wonder what our fondest memories have been. I wonder if there are any regrets? Yes, we remember many things along the way.

We remember when that opportunity came to speak a word for the Master, and we gave Him our lips; we remember when we were privileged to run some errands for Him, and we gladly obeyed. We remember when He gave us an opportunity to serve Him by serving our fellow man, and the joy it brought to our hearts as He said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these little ones, ye did it unto me." We also remember the kind and loving words we spoke to our loved ones to cheer them along the way, the sorrows we helped to soothe, and the broken and bleeding hearts we helped to heal. We remember the times circumstances placed us behind prison bars, and seemingly there was no way out, but like Paul and Silas, we sang praises unto God and He burst the chains.

Oh, it is wonderful to remember such beautiful service rendered along the way, but stop! Are there not some more things to remember? We remember the time when the opportunity came to speak a word in defense or

testimony for our Master, and because of timidity or lack of courage we failed to give Him our lips. We remember when He called us to run some errands for Him, and we did not have time; Martha was too busy, and that poor sick woman must lie there and suffer for a little kindly word we might have spoken or a good deed we might have done. Yes, we remember how our hearts were broken as He whispered into our ears, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these my little ones, ye did it not unto me."

We also remember when we were not so kind and patient to our loved ones as we should have been. Unkind, impatient words dropped from our lips, pierced their hearts and made them bleed. But as we remember these things, shall we sit down and worry and spend the rest of our time lamenting because of these lost opportunities? Oh no, Paul says, "forgetting the things that are behind," we are to "press forward toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Let us bring all of our victories and defeats, all of our successes and failures and lay them at the Master's feet and say, "Here, Lord, is my record for the past year; take it and make out of it what You can. You have said You would make all things work together for good to them who love God. Do the best Thou canst, Lord, for truly I love Thee and all through the year it has been my desire to please Thee. Forgive me, Lord."

You will then hear the sweet voice of the Lord say, "Child, I understand. I was there when you failed Me so terribly. I knew you loved Me, but you let the things of the world creep in, and you were not watching and praying as you should have been. I will forgive. And now, my child, I want you to look into this beautiful gateway which has opened before you into the new year. I have spared you through all your failures, because I saw in you a desire to please me."

BELOVED, CAN it be that He sees in us a desire to please Him,

and has He permitted us to enter the gateway of the new year?

This is the time for new resolutions. What do we intend to do with the new year? It means much to make resolutions, but it means more to keep them. We must not be afraid to make them, for our God will stand by us if we trust Him and stand by Him.

Beloved, as we enter into this new year, we are called to go forth like Abraham, not knowing whither we go, in a path He will show us, trusting His hand to lead us all the way. This new year will be mixed with joys and sorrows. Sunshine and shadows alike will fall on our pathway. There will be times when the sea of life will be calm and beautiful, and times when the waves will dash high; times when we look with admiration upon the beautiful rose as it blooms out before us, and times when the thorns on that same rosebush will pierce our hands and make them bleed. He is in the joys and sorrows and in the sunshine and shadows. He is in the calm and in the storm. The same God who made the beautiful rose also made the thorns.

Then as we go forth in this new year, let us not be afraid of the arrow that flieth at noonday. God said to Joshua, "When thou goest out to battle against thine enemies, and seest horses and chariots, more than thou, be not afraid of them for the Lord thy God is with thee which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt."

*Let this new year that silent walks  
beside me*

*Be as a means of grace  
To lead me up, no matter what betide  
me,  
Nearer the Master's face.*

*If it need be that ere I reach the  
fountain  
Where living waters play,  
My feet should bleed from sharp stones  
on the mountain  
Then cast them in my way.*

*If my vain soul needs blows and bitter  
crosses  
To shape it for thy crown,  
(Continued on page 26)*



*Very few folk have ever stopped to discover*

# ***The Shut-in's Advantages***

By MONT HURST

**A**RE YOU A shut-in? If not, you simply cannot enjoy that intense fellowship and supernatural relationship so necessary to walk with God and hear His voice as He directs your daily life and activities. To be shut in with God means that people and things of the world must be shut out. If you have perfected such a relationship with God you will revel in your relationship with Him. To be a spiritual shut-in is to reach the most majestic heights of heavenly fellowship in this earthly life. It is true that God's clear, understandable voice can be heard amid the bedlam of the world, but to be shut in with Him is to hear new messages, enjoy richer fellowship and to speak to Him in a more direct and personal manner.

God expects us to shut out the world and be shut in with Him at periodic times. We can allow the Holy Spirit to direct us in setting the times for these visitations from Him, and they will be definite, thrilling, understandable sessions as we walk with Him in the Spirit, talk to Him and hear His words in His personal message to us. We must learn to have these special periods, or we shall fall short of our privileges as children of the Most High God.

We need not be concerned about the time these special shut-in periods will consume. He will do the supernatural in making it up to us, and we shall not lose a single moment of our time required for work and daily activities and responsibilities. He will give us a more relaxing, sweet rest to make up for the time thus used in our shut-in periods at night. Oftentimes, it is in the "night seasons" that He speaks the clearest to us. He will even awaken us during the night to talk to us if we yield our souls, time and trust to Him. It is a fact that we can be truly inspired only in those periods the world often calls times of solitude. The greatest companionship awaits us in these periods.

**GOD DEALS WITH** each of us in a most intensely perfect manner. We are free moral agents, and it is up to us to choose our method of revealing our knowledge of His Fatherhood to us. He has seen to it that we enter this world alone, and we shall leave it alone. That is, we are alone as far as human companionship can go with its limited presence. God wishes to be our fatherly Guide as we depart from this world. The decision is ours to make.

It is easy to understand that our periods of being shut in with Him are vitally important if we would live a life at its highest degree of success, joy and attainment. How thrilling these times can be! It may seem to others that God has cut away the props from us and left us in solitude, but we know better! What may appear to be a solitary path to others will be a glorious highway filled with every good thing He would have us have as we walk along with His hand in ours.

He will make each one feel that he is the one person in the world who is privileged to receive His most priceless blessings. This is the way He will work if we but give Him and His fellowship complete right-of-way in our lives. We should always do our utmost to emulate those who have walked closest with Him. In so doing, He will understand the intent of our hearts and know the sincerity in our souls.

There are tremendous examples for us to study, and we should do our best to pattern our lives after them. The great Enoch was one. We read that Enoch walked with God and walked so far with Him that he found himself at the portals of heaven. He was so close to the Celestial City that God suggested that he just come on in as it was such a long way back to earth! We can literally walk with God and know beyond doubt that He is walking right by our side as we emerge from our shut-in periods. It is safe to say that Enoch had his shut-in periods with God.

**WE ARE SIMPLY** living below our privileges if we fail to take advantage of times for solitary confinement with God. Addison said that a source of cheerfulness to a good mind is the consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold Him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of His perfections, we see everything that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable.

We find ourselves everywhere upheld by His goodness and surrounded by an immensity of love and mercy. But these glorious, satisfying experiences must first be given birth in a quiet time when we are shut in with Him and completely shut out from the world and anything pertaining to it. We must follow the divine timetable, and our spiritual instinct will advise us when the time comes for the periodical translation into His very presence to await His words of guidance.

In our shut-in times we shall find that the Spirit will give us a divining glass whereby we may more clearly discern God and know that He is nearer at hand than at other times. How far we go astray at times in a mistaken idea of being in communication with God! At times, it is easy for us to mistake false voices in the world for His voice. To have our thinking activated by the dictates of the Spirit is to know beyond all doubt that God is at the helm.

William Mountford said that day and night and every moment, there are voices about us. All the hours speak as they pass; and in every event there is a message to us; and all our circumstances talk with us; but it is in divine language, that worldliness misunderstands, that selfishness is frightened at, and that only the children of God hear rightly and happily.

(Continued on page 21)



# Wounded By Our Friends

By CHESTER SHULER

*"Faithful are the wounds of a friend," Proverbs 27:6.*

**HIS SOUNDS QUEER**, does it not? Why would a friend wound us? Well, the thought comes, of course, from the Bible—Proverbs 27:6, which reads: "Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

We do not mean, of course, real physical wounds. A friend will not try to injure or hurt us just for the fun of doing so. This refers to words spoken by a true friend—words of advice, caution, and counsel.

Sometimes the kindest words "hurt." If we have done something wrong, something which, if repeated, may get us into serious trouble, a true friend will wish to warn us. He will wish to save us from harming ourselves further. Sometimes, in order to do this, he must speak "straight from the shoulder." He must tell us of our fault very plainly, so that we are certain to understand. That, sometimes, hurts like a wound. This is what the Bible means when it mentions "the wounds of a friend."

A skillful surgeon in the hospital operating room sometimes has to "wound" us in order to cure a disease. He must remove a portion of the body which is diseased in order to keep other portions well. We do not enjoy this "wounding" process which we call an operation, but if it is successfully performed, we appreciate later the surgeon's skill and wisdom in performing it.

And so it is, or should be, with the "wounds" of a true friend. We ought to appreciate his warnings and friendly counsel, even though they may not be comfortable or pleasant at the moment.

This is not always easy to do, however. We may resent these well-meant things before we have had time to consider their value. In that case, we must repent, reconsider, and reassure our friend. To do otherwise will be to lose the benefit of well-meant counsel and possibly a friend, also.

We need true wisdom in these matters. The only place to get wisdom is from God. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him," James 1:5.

**A GREAT MANY THINGS** can go wrong with our thinking processes. These processes cause wrong actions, and wrong actions, as well as wrong speaking, can get us into much difficulty. We do not always realize that such faults exist in us. Oh yes, we can see them easily enough in *other* persons! Sometimes, however, our "near glasses" don't function so well as our "distant lenses." It is then that we are in danger of doing and saying things which may harm us as well as others. This is just when we need the "wounds of a friend"—the counsel, warning, tactful prodding, which may keep us on the right track and prevent us from unwise thinking or doing.

Most of us who have lived a reasonable length of time in



this world have experienced the helpfulness of true friends. Sometimes we have the mistaken notion that a real friend is just a person who will be loyal to us through thick and thin, who always agrees with us, praises us, sees that we get the best of everything, and caters to our every wish and whim. That sort of friend may be charming for a time, but he is really *dangerous* to have. He will cause our lives to become selfish. He will foster the growth of "self" in us. And self, when it has had a little cultivation and encouragement, can soon grow to proportions that become uncontrollable.

A friend of this sort will do further harm to us. He will actually prevent our growth and development in some of the finer things of life, such as generosity, service to others, usefulness, charity, and true love for others. Of course, he would not do such things intentionally. No, indeed. That would be farthest from his desires. He is really a very kind-hearted person, but he is not a very wise individual when it comes to really helping others.

**THE BIBLE VERSE** quoted above continues by saying that "the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." None of us would care to be kissed by an enemy, of course. The trouble is, that this kind of enemy poses as a friend—remember how deceitfully Judas Iscariot kissed Jesus as a sign for the mob to seize Him (Matthew 26:48, 49)? He does not *appear* as an enemy. If we know someone is a true friend, even his reproof will be welcome.

The Psalmist seems to have had the right idea about the wounds of a true friend, when he exclaims: "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head," Psalm 141:5. To the true friend, however, he has a word of caution: "Reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee: rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee," Proverbs 9:8. Therefore, we see what title he gives to those who do not receive instruction gladly—a scorner.

If we have a true friend who "wounds" us occasionally, we may be happy. Certainly, we are fortunate. Let us try hard to value such friends, and keep them always.

# Youth IN THE SPOTLIGHT



In the focus of the spotlight this month appears James Swilley of Chattanooga, Tennessee. James was born in Valdosta, Georgia, on August 29, 1933. The son of the Reverend and Mrs. W. C. Swilley, James has known a Christian environment all his life. He was converted at the early age of seven.

Jimmy, as he is known by his friends, graduated from the La Grange, Georgia, high school in 1951. Later he enrolled at Lee College and was graduated from that institution in 1955. While at Lee Jimmy was very active in music. He sang in several choral groups and was a member of the Ambassador's Quartet.

On August 29, 1955, Jimmy was married to Darlene Paulk. He is now assistant pastor at North Chattanooga, Tennessee, Church of God. We shall pray that God will use this young couple mightily in His work.

The young lady chosen for the January spotlight honors is Betty Jo Smith Madison. Betty Jo was born on November 16, 1935, in Sevierville, Tennessee. She was converted and became a member of the Church of God in Sevierville in 1949.

In 1953, Betty Jo graduated from the Sevier County High School. During her high school days she was awarded business honors, was voted "Most Typical" and was granted membership in the Beta Club. She entered Lee College in 1953 and graduated in 1955. While at Lee she was a member of the student council, president of the Future Business Leaders of America Club and was elected "Miss Lee College."

Betty Jo was married to James Madison on June 17, 1955. James is a ministerial student at Lee College, and Betty Jo is now working in the Business Office at the college. We anticipate great ministerial accomplishments from this couple in the future.

## NEWS FROM THE NORTHWEST

By REV. E. H. WILSON

**W**ASHINGTON AND OREGON have been blessed with the appointment of a state Sunday School and youth director in the person of the Reverend G. S. Tapley. Brother Tapley is a young man who has fully consecrated himself to the work of the Lord and is a veritable human dynamo.

With the help of the pastors of the Portland district, something new for the Northwest was launched in the form of a Revival Crusade.

Five meetings, one in each church on the district, were held for the purpose of stimulating interest in youth and Sunday School activity. Five vital subjects were taken as a theme for each meeting. These were:

- (1) Christian Stewardship
- (2) A Need for Christian Leadership
- (3) A Need for Spiritual Vision
- (4) A Practical Working Program
- (5) Stability in Our Work for Christ

The foundation was laid by stressing the absolute need for a fully surrendered life in order to be successful in any phase of work in the youth and Sunday School departments of the church.

A challenge came with a call to Christian leadership,

when all were so forcibly impressed with the truth that God had given talents to all, and they must be accounted for on the great Judgment Day.

With the presentation of the "Need for Spiritual Vision," inspiration rose to a high level in preparation for the adoption of a "Practical Working Program" that was to be the subject on the following night.

A banquet dinner for all Sunday School superintendents and youth leaders preceded the meeting in which the "Practical Working Program" was explained.

Realizing that enthusiasm expressed through an emotional stir can, under many circumstances, be of a transitory nature, Brother Tapley very wisely chose as the subject for the concluding meeting "Stability in Our Work for Christ."

The Revival Crusade has meant much to our district and has brought the workers into a still closer unity and singleness of purpose.

Such a Revival Crusade would prove a wonderful blessing throughout the nation, giving as it does, an opportunity for workers in different localities to discuss their problems that are peculiar to their own various zones.

In fact, it is a baby brother to a Regional Sunday School and Youth Congress.

Pray for us in the Northwest Mission Field.



## To Light

I FEEL VERY HAPPY in my heart that I can tell of my conversion to Christ, to my brethren in the faith in a land so far distant; thanks to the LIGHTED PATHWAY.

In Portugal in the City of Figueira-da-Foz, in 1947, I attended two gospel services, but at that time I was only eleven years of age, and, unhappily, I did not get salvation.

One day one of our brothers in the faith here in Angola, Aguiar by name, who is of the color black, spoke to me of the gospel services. At once, though I was not yet saved, I felt very happy for I had thought that the gospel of Christ would not reach this land. Some days later, our brother invited me to attend a service in a native village. This service was directed by our brother missionary, Manuel Martins. From this day I began to feel that my life was completely changed. On the other hand, however, the difficulties began, which I am sure is true of all Christian young people in their first steps. Persecution began in my home with my family, and on the street with my friends. My friends quit talking with me for I did not go with them any more to the places where I used to go.

There was one day when we went to hold a service in a native village with some brethren in the faith; there arrived two Catholic priests. One of them I saw had a gun in his hand to frighten us away from that place, but as the duty of a true Christian is to be courageous, we did not leave. After exchanging of words they called the public authority (or police), resulting in the authority having to send some to prison because at the time some of the brethren did not have with them identification. This for us did not put us to silence for we have an Advocate of advocates or a Lawyer of lawyers to whom we gave the case over, to be decided on in the entire court of Jehovah. Hallelujah! The victory turned out to be ours for their aim was to frighten the people. They were mistaken for the people of God are increasing without any fear. We see by this increase or advance that the Judge all-powerful gave us the victory. Hallelujah!

Today I judge me to be the happiest person in the world, for I have obtained that which in the Catholic church I never received—that of a separation from the world of horror. For there (in the Catholic church) I always said prayers to a Saint Antonio and to many others without ever to receive this separation; for there in St. Matthew 6:7, 8 the advice of Jesus, "But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking."

Dear Brethren, we today are young people; therefore, in this world, the future is before us. Thus we embrace more strongly the work of the Lord so that at the coming of the Lord we may have more souls won for Christ, for we cannot present ourselves to Jesus with empty hands. We pray that the young people of all the world may embrace the gospel with the same love that we embrace it. Amen.

## MAKE YOUR LIFE COUNT

(Continued from page 3)

"This is that dirty piece of cloth you ridiculed me about," was the reply.

"Impossible! That was dirty, filthy, and ugly."

"I know it was. But it just needed cleaning up, that's all. I have been looking for a piece of cloth like this for quite some time. I don't feel bad at you. You just couldn't see the value of it."

His friend was spellbound at the change the artist was able to produce with the dirty piece of cloth.

Were not we all filthy cloths lying by the roadside? Others saw no good in us. But Christ came along. He looked beyond that which others generally see. What did He do? He picked us up, washed our souls in His blood, bleached us in the sunlight of His love, and painted upon our lives a most beautiful portrait—Jesus Christ Himself. He made our life start counting.

The disciples of Christ were ordinary men when He called them—tax collectors, fishermen, working people. They didn't have enough influence with the city officials to stay out of jail. But they became extraordinary because of God who lived within them. They went down in history as saints.

You say, "I'm weak." Perhaps you are, but everyone working together for the same cause makes a strong force. God's Word says, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." With God, you are strong.

Helen Keller overcame the obstacle of blindness and became a noble example of faith and courage, and her works live on.

You must stop studying difficulties and see your opportunities. You cannot look at the tasks in terms of your own weakness; you must see them in terms of God's strength. You are weak, but your God is strong. You don't know how to accomplish the task, but your God does. You don't know where the enemy may attack next, but your God does. Your capabilities are few, but your God's are many. There is nothing impossible with him.

God believes in you! You believe in God! When David faced Goliath, I believe he heard God whisper in his ear, "I believe in you."

As Jesus hung on the cross with the crown of thorns on His head, His body bruised, swollen, whipped and stained with blood, suffering intense pain, the words of God, "I believe in you," made the load much lighter.

The secret of making your life count is not how much you can do but how much you let God do with you. Your life is what you want it to be. The world is anxiously waiting to see the results of a life completely yielded to God. **MAKE YOUR LIFE COUNT!**

## THE SHUT-IN'S ADVANTAGES

(Continued from page 18)

We may well rest assured that we shall hear "rightly and happily" when we are shut in with God. We shall emerge from these periods with faces aglow, hearts singing for joy and a soul running over with the knowledge that God wants us to have every good thing life can hold. Lock out the world, lock yourself in with God, and you will find that you will receive the key that will unlock the door to heaven's treasure house!

# LOOK FOR SPECIAL PATHWAY BOOK CLUB OFFER

in the February Issue of the **LIGHTED PATHWAY**

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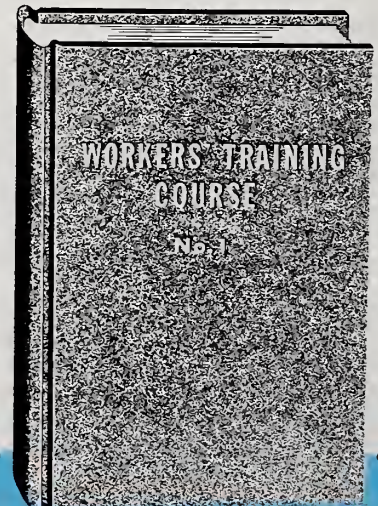
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## IN PETER'S PLACE

(Continued from page 5)

"Environment has a great deal to do with how we look and act," said the wise, old doctor in a thoughtful tone of voice. "However, you were left on the Alderson doorstep Thanksgiving night, just twenty-one years ago last November."

"If I'm not an Alderson," he asked harshly, "who am I?"

"What your real name is, Sonny, nobody has ever been able to figure out," the doctor replied, "but no child could ever have been more loved or welcome than you. Remember the picture of the boy over the mantel in the living room?"

"My brother Peter?" Bryce asked.

"Yes," said the man, "your brother Peter was eight the day he died. I was there and thought for awhile I was going to have two insane patients to look after. But by and by John and Mary realized they had done nothing to justify any special leniency from God, so they accepted the inevitable with fortitude. But theirs was an empty home when Peter's spirit departed, and they were on the verge of selling out and moving to another town. In fact, they were discussing the matter when the doorbell rang, and John, going to answer it, found a miserable-looking baby gazing up at him from the folds of a blue blanket."

"I can't—I won't believe it!" Bryce cried, springing to his feet. "I've grown up believing myself of Alderson blood. It must be true! Why did they take me in?"

"Why?" repeated the old man. "Because their hearts were breaking over the loss of their child. They took you in to fill Peter's place. And when you were four years old, Martha was born, and a happier family I have never known. But I'm sorry I told you, Sonny. It's just old age asserting itself. I really didn't mean to."

**SUDDENLY** Bryce's arms were closing around the elder man's shoulders, and for a long minute they stood looking into each other's eyes in silence.

"I'm sorry old age is asserting itself," Bryce said with a catch in his voice, "but you'll never know how glad I am you told me. You see," he added slowly, "I may get a better perspective of life knowing as I do now I am filling a place in the world for another fellow."

"Maybe that would be worth considering," chuckled the old man, as he reached for his hat. "But please, Bryce, don't give the secret away. It would break the hearts of the people who have nourished you through all these years if they even dreamed you suspected the truth."

"I won't tell them," Bryce whispered, "but believe me, I shall always be grateful because I know the truth."

Out in the cold December air again, Bryce lifted his eyes toward the sky. It was now dull and grey and great flakes of fluffy snow were drifting down, adding a new weight of loveliness to the tall hills surrounding the old town and transforming the quaint,

old-fashioned houses into fairy palaces.

The air was exhilarating. Bryce drew in great breaths of it and his step quickened. For some reason he was extremely eager to get home.

Before the old colonial house from which he had so recently gone with anger in his heart, he now stood looking at it with tenderness. Strange he had never noticed how beautiful it was before—the straight firm pillars supporting the broad veranda reminded him of his father, so tall, strong and reliable. Suppose he hadn't been taken in? The thought nauseated him, and something clutched at his heart.

**ENTERING** the room, he saw his mother and Martha huddled together on the big divan before a cheery fire.

"Come and join us, Son," said the woman. "We are trying to make up a guest list for the New Year's party." Then timidly she turned her eyes upon the youth. "I wish you were staying with us, Sonny, for the New Year's party," she said softly, "even if it is considered old-fashioned and simple in these stirring days to start the New Year with prayer."

"Sometimes, Mother," Bryce said, as his arm went around her in a tender embrace, "in the twinkling of an eye a man sees himself as he is and in that instant realizes what is expected of him. From now on, I shall live according to the pattern by which you brought me up—unafraid." Then added firmly, "I shall be the man my heart inspires me to be. So count me in on your party."

"But Bob Trotter," Martha interrupted, "isn't he expecting you to join his revelers?"

"I'll surprise him by inviting the gang here for the kind of party one can attend and feel better for attending."

With Bryce on hand to make everybody feel perfectly comfortable, the New Year's party staged in the Alderson home, even with Bob Trotter and

his gang in full attendance, was a huge success.

When at last the house was quiet from the sound of singing and merry-making, Bryce tiptoed into the living room, and for a moment stood gazing fixedly at the picture of his foster brother.

"I've often wondered, Peter," he said softly, "why your eyes always seemed to follow me when I was in this room. Now I know. I was adopted into this family to take your place. Well," he added with a salute to a superior officer, "you won't have to watch me any longer. Your parents—my parents—shall never regret they took me in to fill your place."

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# BIBLE

# lessons for YOUTH services



## QUALITIES OF A SUCCESSFUL CHRISTIAN

By Oleda Glenn

### Introduction

Every person who has a desire to make a success in life strives toward that aim. To be successful, one must have good qualities. A Christian boy or girl must possess these qualities, as the persons around him are influenced by his life.

### First Speaker: Love

The greatest thing we need is love. The world is starving for love. Most important, we must love God and submit our lives to Him because He gave His only Son for us. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John 3:16. We should have love in our homes. We should take time from a busy schedule to have those family devotions that draw a family closer together, and closer to God. Many homes are torn apart by lack of love. We must have love for our fellow man. An individual can lead another to Christ through love. How else can one expect to lead their friends to God except by showing them love?

### Second Speaker: Prayer

One must lead a prayerful life if he expects to make a success in life. If one neglects to pray, his spiritual life is weakened. When you pray in the Spirit, you seem to be looking right into His face and unless a person prays in the Spirit, his prayers avail very little. Through prayer lost souls are redeemed and the sick are healed. "And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive," Matthew 21:22. Prayer is the way of communicating with our heavenly Father.

### Third Speaker: Vision

Today, people are being lulled to sleep spiritually by Satan's devices. Their eyes and minds are being shut to the lost humanity around them. A vision of lost souls is needed so that we might have a desire to work for God. There are people dying all around, even in our own communities, who have never been taught about the merciful goodness of our heavenly Father. We neglect visiting and praying with those people as we should. Some-

one showed us the way to God, and it is our duty to lead our friends to Him. One cannot possibly be a successful Christian just sitting at home and doing nothing about the work of our Master. One must have that burning desire to see souls saved before he can be a successful Christian and a good worker for God.

## A NEW YEAR

By Edna Conn

### Introduction

On this New Year's Day people all about us will again be reviewing in their minds the mistakes and failures of the past year, with firm resolutions to overcome them and do things in a better way during the new year. This "turning over a new leaf" is not always successful, as in most cases the new leaf is also soiled within a short time. For in his own weak sinfulness man is prone to mistakes and failures. Nevertheless, this innate longing for better things, this universal striving to conquer the weakness within us is a refreshing and healthful quality.

And in response to this very human need we find a fulfillment in the provision of Christian grace. Because of the power of Jesus' cleansing blood we have access not only to a new leaf, but to a new book—a new life, which can be kept clean by His amazing grace, "an epistle to be known and read of all men."

And so by virtue of this wonderful provision, let us stand with Paul in his resolution, "... Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," Philippians 3:13, 14.

### A New Heart

When we look back to the Law, and realize how laborious and difficult it must have been to live up to its manifold precepts, we are made more thankful for the new covenant of grace. Thousands upon thousands of burnt offerings were given, according to God's commandment, in atonement for men's sins and yet they continued to sin and found constant necessity for more sacrifices. Sin was in their hearts! Christ had not yet died! The precious blood of our Saviour had not

yet been spilled to make atonement for the sins of all mankind.

To live a life of holiness is impossible unless we are made partakers of His holiness through grace. For without the power of His shed blood we would be as Paul in Romans 7:19, "For the good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do."

If we have been born again, however, we have received a new heart which is no longer bound by sin and which delights in the things of God. Ezekiel 36:26, "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh."

With the God-given blessing of a new heart we receive an impelling and forceful urge to "press forward toward the mark."

### A New Life

2 Corinthians 5:17, "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

The miracle of new life, whether it be natural or physical, is wonderful. Most people accept the fact of God's creation in the natural things, but only those who have known the experience of the new birth can understand the glorious reality of a new spiritual life. Only vaguely can they even imagine the wonder of a new creature in Christ.

So much brighter is this new life in its vision, so much broader in its scope, and so much more lasting in its happiness that it is incomparable with the old existence of darkness of sin. The eternal reality of this new life is sufficient to change the vilest of sinners to the purest of saints. Some of you have heard the story of the wretched man who stooped so low in sin that he drank whiskey from the cuspidors in the taverns which he visited. But all of you have sung that glorious hymn which came forth from the heart of that same John Newton, made new by the blood of Jesus.

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now I'm found, Was blind, but now I see."

He is only one of countless thousands who have found this newness of life with its joyful and unending recompense.

### A New Goal

While the possibilities and hopes of a new year burn brightly within your consciousness, let us urge every unsaved person to turn to Christ. Except your new resolves and aspirations are founded on His truths, they are vain. Let your new year begin with a new heart and life.

Then join with us who know the Lord as we press forward to make this the greatest and most profitable year of our Christian experience, so that when this year comes to a close, we may feel sure that we have heeded the admonition of Paul in 2 Corinthians 8:10, "And herein I give my advice ... for you, who have begun before, not only to do, but also to be forward a year ago."



## PRESS CONFERENCE TIME!

By Paul L. Walker

(Note: Mr. Lighted Pathway is to be dressed up as a foreign ambassador, complete with high silk hat and scissor-tail coat. Admiral Pilot is to be dressed with false beard and a navy captain's uniform. Reporters are to be equipped with Panama straw hats, press cards and flash cameras.)

**INTRODUCTION:** Master of Ceremonies will be interrupted by press photographers who come running in from right side asking, "Where is he?" Master of Ceremonies quiets them down and then explains to the audience that a celebrated guest is present. He then introduces **THE HONORABLE AMBASSADOR TO THE CHURCH OF GOD Y.P.E., WHO IN HIS IMPORTANT POSITION CONTACTS 50,000 HOMES EACH MONTH.** He then has him pose for pictures by photographers who ask one at a time the following questions:

**Press:** Honorable Lighted Pathway, know your duties are very important, but just what is the purpose of your job?

**Honorable Lighted Pathway:** The purpose of my work as Ambassador to the Y.P.E. of the Church of God is to provide good reading for our young people who are living in a world of wicked literature supplied by Satan which is leading many young hearts astray. I am doing this through my motto which is: "THY WORD IS A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH."

**Press:** Mr. Ambassador, since you mentioned wicked reading, how do you suggest we cope with today's youth problems?

**Honorable Lighted Pathway:** Recognizing the tremendous problem young people have, my department has prepared a LAMPLIGHTER section which deals with all phases of youth problems and offers practical solutions to these problems.

**Press:** Ambassador Lighted Pathway, since many young people are reading more comic books, fiction, and adventure stories than ever before, do you think this has a bearing on our increase in youth difficulties?

**Honorable Lighted Pathway:** I certainly do. The wrong type of fiction and adventure has led many a young person astray, but seeing the need for the proper kind of fiction and adventure, my staff has prepared a special features department which provides many lesson-giving serials, adventure stories, articles, reports, and commentaries in keeping with the times and needs of our youth.

**Press:** How large a staff do you maintain in your work as official ambassador?

**Honorable Lighted Pathway:** To meet the needs of all concerned we have departments which try to meet the spiritual, educational, and family life of all of our homes which we serve as ambassador. For the spiritual welfare of our churches and Y.P.E.'s, we provide such departments as **QUIET ALKs WITH YOUTH, CHILDREN'S AGE, and HELPS FOR THE TEMPT-**

**ED AND TRIED.** For the educational program we have the **PATHWAY PULPIT, LIGHTS FROM FOREIGN PATHS, and BIBLE LESSONS FOR YOUTH SERVICES.** Meeting the family life of youth we provide the **HAPPY HOME CIRCLE.** Each of these departments is designed to provide help for our Y.P.E.'s and young people in their Christian experience.

**Press:** Mr. Ambassador, I know your services are very valuable, but just what do you charge to bring these benefits to young people?

**Honorable Lighted Pathway:** My services are very reasonable and for only \$1.50 per year, I shall come to your home once a month, and for only \$1.00 per month I shall visit ten homes and bring good reading to each one of them.

**Master of Ceremonies:** This certainly has been a pleasure (shakes hands), and to those of you who haven't met the Honorable Ambassador **LIGHTED PATHWAY** you can do so at our Publications Booth immediately after this service.

(Admiral Pilot walks in and the press mobs him.)

**Master of Ceremonies:** Hold it! Hold it! Now fellows! Don't mob our distinguished visitor. Well, Admiral Pilot, it is certainly a welcome surprise to have you drop by for a visit. I apologize for all this commotion, but you're such an up and coming celebrity until the Press demanded an interview. All right, reporters, one question at a time now.

**Press:** Admiral Pilot, what ship are you sailing now and what is your destination?

**Pilot:** I am sailing the ship **Y.P.E. SERVICE** and the Cape of Better Programs is where my crew and I are headed.

**Press:** Just where is your home port for these long tours you make?

**Pilot:** Home port is the Harbor National Youth Department, and we are rigged and made shipshape by two very sea-worthy sailors, O. W. Polen and Bernice Stout. These two officers charter our course and plan our cargo as we try to make home port every quarter.

**Press:** Speaking of cargo, just what is your ship carrying, Admiral Pilot?

**Pilot:** Personally, I think we are transporting the most important cargo in the world, for we are carrying interesting and Spirit-filled program material to all Y.P.E.'s. We have a program for every week in every department from the Juniors to the Seniors, and it will help steer your Y.P.E. to bigger and better things.

**Press:** You mean every three months you sail the seas to bring this important cargo? (Pilot nods yes.) But what is the record run you are striving for?

**Pilot:** Our goal is to make a record run of two Pilots to every Y.P.E. in the United States.

**Press:** Admiral, just before you go would you tell us your immediate destination, please?

**Pilot:** I'd be glad to. I'm headed for the Port of Publications Booth where I

hope to engage a lot more ports for my cargo, because for only fifty cents a quarter or \$2.00 a year I'll steer a Y.P.E. into a Spirit-filled, soul-saving station for God.

**Master of Ceremonies:** Thank you very much, gentlemen, and we wish you Godspeed in your great work for the youth. (Applause.)



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## AFRICAN DIARY

(Continued from page 7)

years of ministry already, had given us the commission to go and help build up a training school for men and women who would go out and preach Christ. The thousands of precious brothers and sisters that we had met in the various camp meetings were praying for us.

Surely God would not let us fail; surely we could not betray the confidence of the brethren at headquarters in America and disappoint the brethren in South Africa who had asked us to come. No, we would go ahead with all of our strength to build up something lasting for God and His church!

We thought and talked of the encouraging things, and before we had covered many miles we tingled with the challenge of doing something for God in Africa. We were convinced that He would help us work with the South African Brethren, and that before long Berea Bible Seminary would be many times bigger than what we found it.

### A ROADSIDE WELCOME

MORE THAN two hours had gone by since we left Kroonstad, and we decided that we must be nearing the place on the road where a welcoming committee was scheduled to meet us. We drove past several places where a couple of cars were parked, but no one seemed to be interested in us so we kept on going. At last we came around a bend, and there were several cars parked on our side of the road with a number of persons standing near them. When they saw our "Olds" come around the corner, they all looked suddenly our way and soon began to wave us down.

There on the highway we again received the most royal of welcomes to South Africa. They shook our hands, and I think we all tried to talk at once. Africa was already starting to become home for us. We met people on the road who were to become fast friends of ours, and who would stand side by side with us in the toil and sorrows that were destined to come our way.

Brother Anderson, who had visited America and made so many friends for South Africa there, was one who met us there on the roadside. Brother De Villiers, later to become my close friend and companion on treks through the jungles, was also among the welcoming committee that day.

Brother S. P. Schutte whom I had met briefly in America was also there. He and Sister Schutte have since that day been among our dearest friends, and their names will appear again in the following articles of *African Diary*. Brother Harold Jenkins and his family were there to meet us, too. Brother Jenkins was the District Superintendent of the East Rand at the time, and he extended to us the official hand of welcome on the occasion. We went to the Jenkins' home that evening where we were to stay for several days.

The more we got to see of the men who held positions of leadership in our church in South Africa, the more our

vision grew for the possibilities of seeing Berea Bible Seminary go forward. We were greatly impressed by Brother Jenkins' vision for the school, and we soon learned that he and Brother Derrick Grobbelaar were very close friends. Brother Jenkins was so enthusiastic about the school that I secretly thought at the time that he would make a good man for the teaching staff, should the school grow as I had faith it would.

We talked much about the prospects for the school with all of these men and others whom we met. The Executive Council and the Moderator arranged an official welcome for us at headquarters in Johannesburg. There we met more of the men that we were going to be working with, and had further discussions regarding the future of Berea Bible Seminary. The few days that we spent on the Rand went quickly and profitably, and we prepared to return to Kroonstad with a much better idea of the TASK that lay ahead of us if we were to build up Berea.

### GETTING DOWN TO THE JOB

UPON OUR RETURN to Kroonstad, we found much to be done. First of all, we had to move into our flat. Furniture had to be purchased, and many other things finished up. The school term was coming to an end for that year, and Brother Grobbelaar was very busy with examinations, et cetera. The course of studies also had to be drawn up, and many other plans made for the 1954 term of school.

The members of the Administrative Board came to Kroonstad and officially installed me as the Principal. It was a very impressive ceremony, and we were all very deeply touched by the Holy Spirit. At this time I met Brother Harley Pryce, who was the Chairman of the Board, and who had great faith in the future of Berea Bible Seminary. We also met Dr. Howard Browne, who is the President of the School, and Brother H. R. Carter, who was the secretary. These men greatly encouraged us and gave many helpful suggestions.

In our final meeting regarding the future policy of the Seminary, God gave us a wonderful spirit of harmony and unanimity. Derrick and I felt that great progress was being made toward our objective. It was at this time that I really got to know Derrick Grobbelaar, and my first impressions were deepened and hallowed by the hours that we spent together praying and planning and working. Often we talked until very late, and a few times the dawn found us still talking and planning.

Never had I found a man who so fully shared all my views on Scripture, nor did I ever meet one who so perfectly fit with my personality. Those were hard, tiring days but nevertheless exciting ones. At this time I was made to realize how great this man's love and vision for Berea Bible Seminary really were. He was unable to live near the school because he had not as yet cleared up his business on the farm.

Consequently, he drove in more than forty miles each day, and back again in the afternoon. This had been going on for many weeks, so I understood how happy he was to have help. I found him to be a spiritual giant and a lover of the Word of God like few ever become. He shared his problems with me, and I shared mine with him. We prayed about them together and God blessed us and helped us to look forward with faith to our future work together. The 1953 graduation program came and went—a great success indeed, as all went into the ministry.

### HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED

(Continued from page 17)

*Then bruise it, burn it, burden it with crosses,  
With sorrows bear it down.*

*Do what thou wilt to mould me to Thy pleasure,  
And if I should complain  
Heap full of anguish yet another measure,  
Until I smile at pain.*

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FEBRUARY, 1956

# The LIGHTED

# Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR





# Abraham Lincoln vs. Drink and Smoke

By CHESTER SHULER

MR. LINCOLN, WON'T you take a drink with me?"

The invitation came from the lips of a Kentucky colonel who, riding in a stage coach with Abraham Lincoln, had recognized him and desired to be sociable.

"No, thank you, Colonel," replied Mr. Lincoln pleasantly. "I never drink whiskey."

They rode along together for some time, chatting. Finally, the hospitable colonel pulled some cigars from his pocket, saying: "Now, Mr. Lincoln, if you won't take a drink with me, won't you join me in a smoke? Here are some of Kentucky's finest cigars."

Mr. Lincoln smiled. "Colonel," he said, "you are such a fine, agreeable gentleman to travel with that perhaps I ought to smoke with you. But before we light up, let me tell you a story—an experience which I had when just a boy."

"Certainly," agreed the colonel, politely. "I'll be glad to hear it, sir."

"One day when I was about nine years old," Lincoln told him, "my mother called me to her bedside. She was sick—very sick indeed—and she said to me:

"'Abey, the doctor tells me I am not going to get well. I want you to promise me before I go that you will never use whiskey nor tobacco as long as you live.'

"I promised my mother that I never would. And up to this hour, Colonel, I have kept that promise. Now would you advise me to break that promise to my departed mother and take a smoke with you?"

The colonel put his hand on Mr. Lincoln's shoulder and said, his voice trembling with emotion, "No, Mr. Lincoln, I wouldn't have you do it for the world. It was one of the best promises you ever made. I would give a thousand dollars today if I had made my mother a promise like that and had kept it as you have done."

Abraham Lincoln has been a national hero in America for many years. Although we have had many truly great national leaders, he still stands forth among them as perhaps the greatest of all. There is scarcely a person in our land today who would deny that Abraham Lincoln's honesty and faithfulness in keeping his promise to his mother helped to make him the great, good, and beloved man that he was.

If we are so fortunate as to have a mother, as did Mr. Lincoln, who abhors intoxicants and tobacco enough to exact such promise from us, we are indeed fortunate. Few users of liquor or tobacco will honestly say they are glad they are victims of it; most of them, like the colonel from Kentucky, would give much if they had never begun their use. For John Barleycorn (with all his cousins such as beer, wine, and other intoxicants), tobacco with its millions of slaves, are enemies of health and spiritual growth. Every wise girl and boy in the land will shun them—even without a promise made to mother.

# The LIGHTED Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

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Church of God Publications

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Editor Emeritus  
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## Crisis and Cure

WHAT IS THE TRUE crisis facing men today and what is the solution? This question, if answered by a cross section of the people, would probably provide a most interesting study. The civic leader would, perhaps, point to the bewildering juvenile delinquency records and call for recreation centers and civic enterprises. The social worker would call attention to the present social standards, with the debris of immorality, divorce, et cetera, and ask for social reforms. The religious leader would possibly view the over-all picture and cry for more churches, more workers, and more revivals.

Projecting itself with immutable clarity, however, is the knowledge that before and beyond all of the effects mentioned there must be an underlying cause. Moral, social, and religious decay finds its beginning in a foundation crisis.

One might wonder, especially in this hour, if Communism is the foundation crisis. While this awful evil is making a most savage attack upon the universe and causing sorrow beyond description, we must remember that this instrument of Satan, as did Nazism and Fascism, had its origin in the philosophy of man. The paradox is now evident that man himself provides those instruments which destroy man!

May we then concede, therefore, that the foundation crisis out of which proceed these many evils is the crisis of character? This is clearly taught in Matthew 15:18, 19: "But those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart; and they defile the man. For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies." Accordingly, it is quite clear that when real character is absent, the forces of perdition have a holiday. It becomes increasingly evident, therefore, that the need today is for character with the attributes described so beautifully in Philippians 4:8, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

HOW, THEN, ARE THESE conditions to be met? The prophet declared that one "should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me" (Ezekiel 22:30).

A reminiscence of the days not long past will reveal that, indeed, the hedge that existed then is missing today. I am thinking of the *family altar*. Perhaps no

single influence has exerted greater persuasion in molding sterling character than the family altar. It was a hedge of family fellowship, where perplexing problems were solved. Here the innate curiosity of the young mind was gently satisfied by wise parents.

The Bible was really the Word of God when Mother read it as a personal message from the Lord. Prayer around the family altar brought the family tightly together as Dad called each name and asked God to be especially close to him or her. It was easy to learn to pray there. Of course, it was a short, ill-phrased prayer, but somehow you knew God heard. Boys and girls who have become great men and women were converted there!

It is different now. There seems to be no time for the family altar. The close family fellowship is missing. The gang or club is the substitute. The problems go unsolved and evolve into greater problems. Curiosity is rewarded with ugly, foul alley talk and another young mind is poisoned. Sure, there is a Bible around some place, but it is just a religious book. And prayer — well, there is nothing personal and divinely intimate about it now. Really, it is a little old-fashioned!

The hedge is broken down now, but real men and women will dare to build, from the ruins, this bulwark of Christianity and true democracy.

Then, there are many gaps that must be filled. These gaps have occurred so gradually that they have not been perceived by many. The very subtleness of their origin makes them a greater menace, since they are accepted as a usual part in the whole of life.

It appears to me that the gap that offers the greatest invitation to destruction is the gap of selfishness. Apparently, selfishness has ascended to the throne of world dictatorship. The universe is certainly struggling for very life under its merciless tyranny.

It is surprising enough to find this evil to be master of the ordinary man, but to find it as the comptroller of the Christian is distressing. Too often I have met those who seem to be affable, amiable, and gracious until the decision between self and others arose. It was then that the loathsome influence of selfishness appeared and the apparently big character became exceedingly small.

Christendom had its origin in the unselfishness of a vicarious Christ. It has been perpetuated by the loving devotion of His followers. If His gospel is to reach all people, then this gap of selfishness must be tightly closed by a rededication of men to the greater values of life.

THE DEMORALIZING rifts that occur because of suspicion create another cleft that must be filled. It is incredible that suspicion could find lodging within the ranks of Christianity, but it has, with subsequent devastation. This is the broad gap through which bigotry, malice, and betrayal enter. This evil has caused nations to engage in war and the church of the living God periods of painful embarrassment and shameful delay. This gap can be closed only when men are willing to cast themselves into the purging fire of the Holy Spirit and drink deeply of the cup of brotherly love.

There are many other gaps that are evident, but I must conclude by mentioning the gap of so-called cultural advancement in religious worship. While quiet

(Continued on page 23)



# ONE WAY TO SPELL

# LOVE



"Tears crowded Elsa's eyes. Not *this*, she told herself."

By IRMA HEGEL

ELSA RAMSEY lifted the suitcase from the closet shelf, snapped open the stout brass catch and slipped the two pairs of nylons inside. Another present for the family! This one would be for Gretchen, a self-assured fourteen next month. Perhaps she and Johnny would arrive in time for the *Geburstagfest*. Elsa smiled dreamily, anticipating that long-delayed trip home to Germany. It had been four years since she had seen Mama and Papa and the brown-eyed little sister. The door to the bedroom opened and Elsa whirled about.

Jeff was standing there, his overcoat still on, his brown hair tousled from the wind, his broad face flushed.

"Jeff, is something wrong?" Elsa ran to her husband. "You are early."

"Nothing is wrong, honey—it's something good." Jeff reached out his arms and pulled her close to him, looking down into her upraised face. "Pete has offered me a partnership in the printing shop."

"Jeff, that's wonderful!"

"Wait a minute, honey. Pete also wants \$1000. We do have that \$500 we saved in the bank. I could raise

another \$500, but you know what it will mean, don't you? No trip to Germany this year. Maybe it will be several years and then we can all go over together."

Tears crowded Elsa's eyes. Not *this*, she told herself. For years she had been praying for this trip to Germany, skimping too, sometimes walking all the way to town to save a few pennies on the grocery bill. It wasn't fair. Mama and Papa had never seen their grandson except on a picture.

"I can't think." She pushed Jeff away, raising her hand to her forehead and shoving aside a lock of thick blonde hair.

"Poor kid, I know what a disappointment this is to you," Jeff murmured sympathetically. "If the trip means so much, I'll pass up the chance, though there's no telling when there'll be another one. Pete Michaels is getting old."

"I know," Elsa said breathlessly.

"Let me take a walk. You will look after Johnny for a little while? His afternoon nap—he still sleeps."

"Sure, I'll look after Johnny," Jeff agreed gently. "You take your walk. Wrap up warm though—it's chilly outside."



ELSA SLIPPED INTO the tan winter coat Jeff had bought her, and tied a red scarf over her hair. How good Jeff was, how tender. If only he wasn't, maybe this decision would be easier to make. Jeff wanted the partnership. She had seen the eagerness shining from his eyes and glowing in his face. He did have the young ideas in advertising and the selling ability the business needed. It was just that she was so terribly homesick for her family in Germany. Were they not part of her heart, too? She had been married only three months to Jeff, stationed with the United States Army in Dusseldorf, and then, unexpectedly Jeff had been transferred and her visa to go to the United States had arrived. There was that sudden, tearful leave-taking with her family, her promise to return to them soon.

She walked briskly along the familiar, sun-splashed street she strolled each day with Johnny. The same little houses rose on either side of the suburban thoroughfare, the pocket-size lawns still frozen and brown from the long winter. Not even a leaf showed on the trees. On the corner towered Hester Beale's old-fashioned clapboard home, the gingerbread trimmings of a century ago strangely out of place among the unadorned one-floor dwellings. Old Mrs. Beale was waving from a first-floor window. As Elsa approached, Mrs. Beale raised the glass. "You come in here, Elsa Ramsey. I want to see you."

Elsa hesitated, reluctant to talk to her corner neighbor, now of all times. As she wondered what excuse she could make, Mrs. Beale opened the door. "Don't shilly-shally, girl. Come in."

She started up the hedge-bordered path, thinking, I might as well humor her or there'll be a fuss. Even at seventy-five, the wiry old lady was as likely as not to come bounding after her.

"Mrs. Beale," said Elsa, ascending the porch steps. "I don't want to come in. I have a big problem, and I want to walk and think. You see, Jeff has had the offer to be a partner in Pete Michaels' print shop."

"Well, that's fine." Mrs. Beale's faded blue eyes sparkled approvingly. She wagged her snowy-white head so vigorously the high pompadour quivered. "Tell Jeff to take it. That husband of yours will own the business for himself one of these days. You'll see."

"You do not understand," Elsa protested. "If Jeff accepts the partnership, he must give Mr. Michaels the money we have been saving for my trip back to Germany."

"You love your husband, don't you?"

"You know I do, Mrs. Beale."

"My dear, there's only one way to spell love and that's g-i-v-e. Give up this money you've helped Jeff save and yours and Johnny's trip. Come in, child, this wind is cold."

# STILL RELUCTANTLY

Elsa followed the old woman into the living room with its clumsy plush furniture and the heavy gilt-framed family portraits on the walls. Give? But how could she? The price was too high. How could Mrs. Beale know the longing to hear the beloved language of the homeland or the aching desire to see those dear faces? She sat down on the horsehair sofa. "You called me in," she asked stiffly. "Why?"

"I want you to organize a New-comers' Club in our church. We'll have some tea while we talk. The water's just about to boil on the hot plate. Now there's Mrs. Emerson, the little oriental wife Tom brought from Japan; Catherine Kalegi, that dark, pretty D.P. who's staying with the Plings; Marie Wagner, who's from West Germany like yourself; and Connie Higgs, that homesick little British bride."

"Mrs. Beale," Elsa said excitedly. "I am homesick myself. What could I hope to give these women? I could cry with them, and talk of the family I left in Germany. But that is not what they need."

"What is it that you need, Elsa Ramsey?"

*"I don't want to come in. I have a big problem, and I want to walk and think."*

"To go home."

"Oh, no, my dear." Hester Beale was pouring tea from a shining silver pot. "You need to feel God working actively in you. And you need to be saying, 'Here I am, God. What would you have me do?'"

"Did you ever say that?" Elsa demanded angrily. "You live in this big house alone. You're not befriending those soldier-brides in any way that I can see. You never have."

Mrs. Beale handed her a cup of tea. A smile flitted briefly over the face crisscrossed by tiny wrinkles like an old dried peach. "Right now I'm trying to help you."

Elsa flushed red as the scarf she was wearing on her hair. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be. It's true enough. I was once a young wife, just as you are, only I was married to a mining engineer. I was tired of trips and strange places. I went home to visit my folks who lived here in this very house. It was good to get home. When my husband left for South America, I

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THE CHRISTMAS and New Year season passed and soon we were counting the days until the new term would open. Christmas was greatly enjoyed by us, but it was quite different, of course, to find it about eighty degrees in the shade, and when we mentioned snow everyone laughed at us. How I would have liked to have seen some snow! Many times in Canada I had wished that the snow would leave and never come again, but if I could have only seen a snowbank that day I would have got down and kissed it, and then rolled in it, I am sure. We missed the Canadian and American style dishes too, as roast turkey is not the traditional dish here.

## THE 1954 SCHOOL YEAR BEGINS

The friends treated us with great kindness, and the work got our minds off the things of yesteryear and on to those before us.

The more we prayed and prepared for the opening of our first year of Bible School in a strange land, the more the Holy Spirit impressed us that our efforts were going to be blessed. The school, though small when we arrived, had been started from nothing. When Brother C. L. Badenhorst, Brother Hudson, and Brother Grobbelaar started the school in 1951, they did not have a penny to work with. They contacted the brethren in the Northwest Cape area and raised about 500 pounds (\$1,400.00) to start on. Other help came as they continued to pray, work, and believe for Berea, and now God had sent us along to do what we could to help them.

On the first of February, 1954, we opened the first classes of the new term of school. God poured out His blessing on us in the chapel service, and through the spiritual warmth of that first day of school He again gave us the promise that He would bless our work. As we retired that night, and prayed by our bedside, we thanked God through tears of gratitude that the Church of God had sent us to Africa to labor for the Master.

The first morning there were fifteen students present and a couple of others came later. They were keen to study and they loved God. What an encouragement it was to us! However, everything was not blessing and singing and rejoicing. Brother Grobbelaar still had to drive in forty miles from the farm to take his classes. Dormitory space was so crowded that there was absolutely no floor space for all the beds required. As a result, we hung some of the metal cots from the rafters and built a short portable ladder for the boys to use in the evening upon retiring, and in the morning to descend upon. One fellow forgot that he was sleeping nearly six feet above the floor and he casually stepped out of bed. The concrete floor gave him quite an abrupt surprise. The girls' dormitory space was also very crowded, but these congested conditions were an encouragement for us all to pray earnestly for money with which to build.

We had been unable to get a cook, so Sister McLuhan had to go ahead and do the cooking. It was very trying and hot work, and with the many other things she had to do, it was a real sacrifice on her part. Many times I have praised God for a wife that shares the missionary vision with me and is ready to share in the sacrifices that are often required. After more than a month we were able to find a cook, but while her presence was a great blessing, it further complicated the housing problem. We kept believing that God would supply our needs, and so we launched out on the first year of school.

BROTHER GROBBELAAR and I were the only two teachers and we had two classes to teach. The Junior class from the previous year was not a large class, but as much teaching was required as though it had been a large one. With Brother Grobbelaar still having to drive forty miles from his farm every morning it left me with a very heavy load. With lecturing and preparation work, plus the training of the choir, we were kept going between sixteen and eighteen hours each day. It was exhausting work, and without a let-up day in and day out. God gave us all strength for the task, but we earnestly asked Him to send us another teacher, and funds with which to pay him.

The question of finances was always pressing. Apart from the money that the Church of God in America was



The Four 1953 Graduates of B.B.S.

# THE

By M. G. McLuhan

*Principal of Berea Bible Seminary*

sending, there was little else coming in. Our brethren in South Africa had not caught the vision for Bible Schools and were not supporting. The student fees had been set low to enable them to come, and to operate the school we had to subsidize each student by the equivalent of about \$7.00 per month. This made it very difficult, but God provided day by day. Often we faced a new week without enough money for food, but God miraculously provided.

We did not say anything to anyone, but there were days during the first two months of the 1954 term that we felt the burden was almost more than we could bear. When the load got so great that we felt we could not physically and mentally stand up to it, we put more time in prayer and every time God gave us strength and assurance to go ahead. It was very discouraging to find that so few of the South African brethren were supporting the school interest. In a few places we even experienced mild opposition, and some few declared that Bible Schools were not necessary. In the face of these things Derrick and I prayed that God would help us to reach the people. We were convinced that once they got a first-hand view of what God was actually doing at Berea, they would support the school.

A further distressing thing was the fact that we had to turn down students, and tell them that there was no more room. You cannot imagine how a person feels in a land so needy as Africa, when he gets a Spirit-inspired letter from a young life whom God has called. The letter is tear-stained, and the writer says that God has led him to apply for enrollment as a student. Though we had to turn these applications down for the time being, we acted in faith and told them that we were sure that God would enable us to provide more room for next year so they must be patient and wait.

WHEN WE WERE well into the second month of school, God answered our teacher problem in a wonderful way. Brother and Sister Mooneyham, who had been forced to leave Angola because of persecution, came to





McLuhans and Jenkinses on Christmas Day, 1953



Mrs. McLuhan, Jenkinses and Andersons at Springs, S. Africa

# AFRICAN DIARY

## THE FIFTH INSTALLMENT

help us with the teaching until some other mission field would open up for them. No one can know what a blessing the Mooneyhams were to us and to the school. When Brother Mooneyham and I worked together in the school in North Dakota, we had no idea that some day we should be working together training missionaries and ministers in South Africa. God's ways are very wonderful indeed.

Brother Mooneyham's presence greatly lifted the teaching burden. Both Derrick and I were able to let him teach one or two of our subjects, and the unmerciful pace that we had been forced to keep came to an end. Though both students and faculty were delighted to have Mooneyham at Berea, the housing shortage continued to be acute, and the prayers for money with which to build seemed to go unanswered.

There were times that we met in very serious prayer and deliberation and little by little we overcame our obstacles. Many times we earnestly thanked God for the dear old Church of God in America, and for the way they stood behind us. Many times we were conscious of the prayers of our many brothers and sisters there on our behalf. It is not so bad to be in the advance force which is attacking the enemy on a distant battle front if you know that the main army is standing firmly behind you and keeping the supply lines open.

During these days I had more reason to be proud of the Church of God than ever before. I assure you that our brethren here in South and Central Africa also appreciate the great effort that our American brethren are putting forth to help us reach the unreached of this needy continent.

ONE DAY ABOUT this time (March, 1954) we had a very welcome letter from Church of God Headquarters in the States. What wonderful news it contained!

### THE JOURNEY TO THE JUNGLE

Brother Tharp was going to attend our annual convention in South Africa, and also Brother Wade Horton was going to arrive earlier and make a tour of the Central African mission stations under Brother Du Plooy's supervision. That was not all—"Could I make arrangements to take Brother Horton, and Brother Saayinan, the Overseer of our church in South Africa, on this trip into Central Africa?"

We almost jumped for joy at all this news. No one can really understand how encouraging it is for a missionary to have a visit from the brethren back home. The prospect of having a visit from our "Chief," Brother Tharp, and also from Brother Horton, our world-wide mission representative, was glorious news to us. I had been longing for an opportunity to go right into the jungles and see our advance mission stations first-hand, and here was the opportunity!

After making satisfactory arrangements with Brothers Grobbelaar and Mooneyham to handle my classes for a few days I found myself on the way to Johannesburg where Brother Horton's plane was to arrive at the Jan Smuts airport.

Let me again give you a missionary's viewpoint. Many of the reports that come to our people reflect the attitude of the representative or official that is doing the visiting. Permit me to describe the attitude of the one who is being visited. No matter how kind the people treat you where you are serving, and regardless of the success of the work, there is something very encouraging in the visit of one of the brethren from back home. Letters are always welcome, but they are only pieces of paper with encouraging words written on them. They cannot compare with the presence of a real flesh and blood member of the body of Christ. There are so many questions that one wants to ask about things and people back home, so many things you would like to say, and events you would like to recount. These things cannot be done by letter.

There are even more deep-seated reasons than the above for wanting to see someone from home. No matter how staunch a man's faith is in the brethren back home, he sometimes wonders if they have unintentionally forgotten him. The smiling face of the old friend from across the sea assures the missionary that he has not been forgotten.

He also wonders if his letters home have been understood, or if they have failed to depict adequately the conditions under which he is laboring. Perhaps the brethren don't understand, and maybe they feel that he is not accomplishing as much as should and could be accomplished. All of these fears depart quickly after he has had an opportunity to talk his problems over with one of the

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# he proved his willingness to give

by Margie M. Mixon

*"... he won through  
death what life disdains  
to bestow upon  
such simple souls—  
lasting peace, and ever-  
lasting glory."*

Illustrated by Chloe Stewart

**H** E ANXIOUS, sad watchers noted a moan from the long, gaunt form. The clock revealed the time as 7:00 a. m. Many of the men wept. In just twenty-two minutes the last breath was drawn. Secretary of War Stanton broke the silence—"Now, he belongs to the ages."

Dr. Phineas Gurley, pastor of Mr. Lincoln, knelt as he said, "Let us pray."

Mrs. Lincoln, beside herself with grief cried, "Oh, my God! I have given my husband to die!"

John Wilkes Booth, the half-mad actor and assassin had fled Washington and now was in Bryantown, Maryland.

Bells began to toll in Washington—telegraph keys delivered the message in all directions—emotions of every description registered on the faces of the people—some wept—some appeared sick. The hatred held by many for Mr. Lincoln quickly melted into the purest of love.

Mr. Jim Bishop, in describing the scene, said, "The tears were universal. In New York, a red-eyed man, sober, stood on a corner talking to no one in particular and he said: 'If he could just come back for one moment, I know what he'd say; he'd say, Forgive him—he knew not what he did.'"

"No man made great by death offers more hope to lowly pride than does Abraham Lincoln;" said T. V. Smith, "he won through death what life disdains to bestow upon such simple souls—lasting peace and everlasting glory."

Strange events indeed led to the assassination of our sixteenth president.

On April 1—just three days before the final day—as Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln entertained a few friends at the White House, Mr. Lincoln commented, "It seems strange how much there is in the Bible about dreams. There are, I think, some sixteen chapters in the Old Testament and four or five in the New in which dreams are mentioned; and there are many other passages throughout the book





which refer to visions. If we believe the Bible, we must accept the fact that, in the old days, God and His angels came to men in their sleep and made themselves known in dreams."

Noting the serious expressions of the group, Mr. Lincoln hastened to add, "Nowadays dreams are regarded as very foolish and are seldom told, except by old women and by young men and maidens in love."

"Do you believe in dreams?" asked Mrs. Lincoln.

"I can't say that I do," answered the President, "but I had one the other night which has haunted me ever since. After it occurred, the first time I opened the Bible, strange as it may appear, it was at the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis, which relates the wonderful dream Jacob had. I turned to other passages, and seemed to encounter a dream or a vision wherever I looked . . . Everywhere my eyes fell upon passages recording matters strangely in keeping with my own thoughts . . ."

FURTHER QUESTIONS were asked about the dream and the President related it in detail.

"About ten days ago, I retired very late. I had been waiting up for important dispatches. I could not have been long in bed when I fell into a slumber, for I was weary. I soon began to dream. There seemed to be a deathlike stillness about me. Then I heard subdued sobs, as if a number of people were weeping. I thought I left my bed and wandered downstairs."

"There the silence was broken by the same pitiful sobbing, but the mourners were invisible. I went from room to room. No living person was in sight, but the same mournful sounds of distress met me as I passed along. It was light in all the rooms; every object was familiar to me, but where were all the people who were grieving as if their hearts would break?"

"I was puzzled and alarmed . . . Determined to find the cause of a state of things so mysterious and so shocking, I kept on until I arrived in the East Room, which I entered. There I met with a sickening surprise. Before me was a catafalque, on which rested a corpse in funeral vestments. Around it were stationed soldiers who were acting as guards; and there was a throng of people, some gazing mournfully upon the corpse, whose face was covered, others weeping pitifully.

"'Who is dead in the White House?' I demanded of one of the soldiers.

"'The President,' was his answer. 'He was killed by an assassin.'"

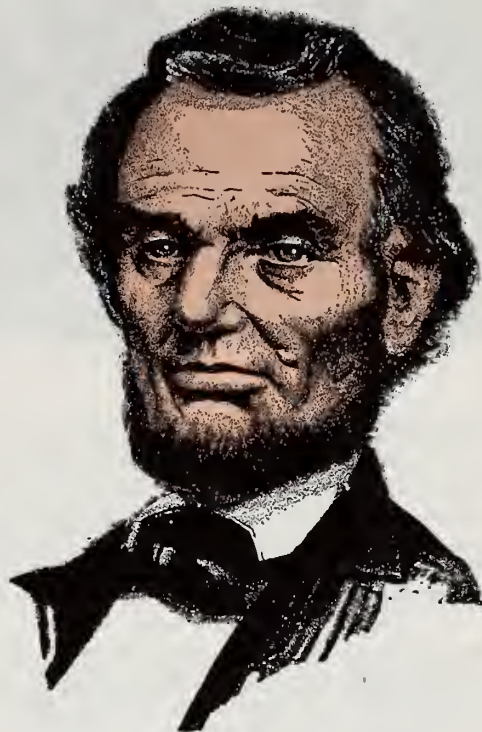
"Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd, which awoke me from my dream. I slept no more that night and, although it was only a dream, I have been strangely annoyed by it ever since."

How strange indeed that Mr. Lincoln's dream was a reality in just three short days. Even more strange it is that such an untimely death would win for this noble man that which he had spent half a lifetime striving for!

Death brought the kindness and friendship that often had been missing in his most difficult years. One of his biographers gives us a glimpse into the closing hours of his life—"Senator Sumner, sitting near the head of the bed, took the President's left hand in his and, bowing his head, began to sob. Seeing this, Robert Lincoln began to weep. Dr. Charles Taft said, 'It's the saddest death scene I've ever witnessed!'"

Deeply touched by the death scene was young physician Dr. Leale, an ardent admirer of the President and the first to administer care at Ford Theater where the assas-

sination occurred. Dr. Leale explained later to his wife why he stayed so near the President in his last hours. Realizing that reason might return before the end, he wanted Mr. Lincoln to know "that he was in touch with humanity and had a friend."



A GLIMPSE INTO the other portion of this unique event reveals tragedy instead of triumph.

The hatred that lurked in John Wilkes Booth's heart is indeed a contrast to the beauty of Lincoln's life. But was it hatred as much as pride? Early in life he told a chum, "What I want is not to be so fine an actor as my father, but rather to be a name in history. I will make my name remembered by succeeding generations."

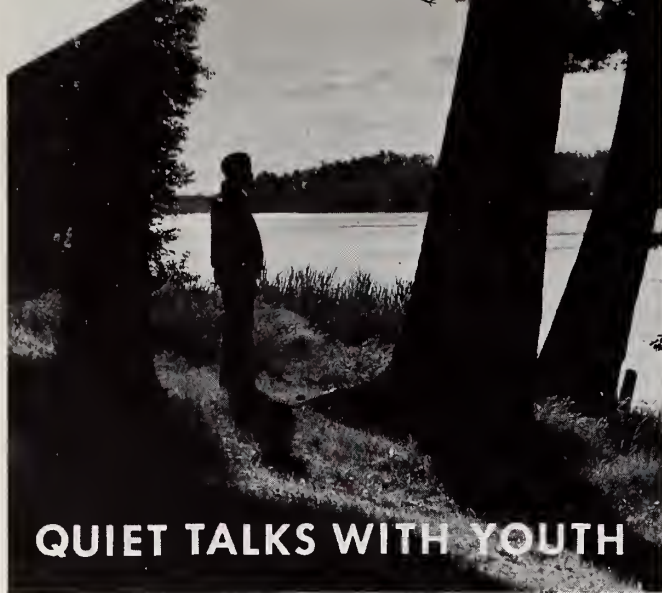
Reactions of others during America's hour of tragedy bring to light startling facts. Why was Secretary of War Stanton forced from his post by the succeeding President? Jim Bishop, in describing Mr. Stanton's actions shortly after the assassination, said, "He held the reins of government as though all his life had been a training ground for this one event." His serious errors of judgment later led to lying in an effort to protect himself. Partially responsible for this erroneous judgment and hasty action was his deep-rooted prejudice against the South.

Other lives figured prominently in this page of American history. Innocent people lost their lives and others went to prison. Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, keeper of the boardinghouse where John Wilkes Booth met with other conspirators, was the first woman in America to be legally executed. Authorities, in later checking all authentic records, felt that she was innocent.

Mrs. Peter Marshall, in relating Dr. Marshall's pastorate at the church where Abraham Lincoln had worshipped,

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## Those Persons

## We Truly Admire

exert a tremendous influence on our lives and destiny, and should be chosen with much care.

By WIRT BLAINE

**J** HERE ARE SOME FOLK today who say that our modern young people do not care much about what their elders say to them or think about them. We dislike to think that this is the case. We feel confident that young people who are true Christians do respect the counsel and the wishes of their elders, especially if the lives of those older folk inspire confidence and admiration.

The Bible tells us (Hebrews 13:7) that we should remember and observe the lives of those persons who have taught us the Word of God—such as ministers, Sunday School teachers, parents, or friends. In other words, if their lives are bearing Christian fruit as they advance in years, younger persons can safely look to them for a certain measure of visible guidance and inspiration.

Now, of course, a great deal more than mere age and experience is necessary to produce true wisdom in anyone's life. Yet in the case of a real Christian, the longer he lives on this earth the more he "grows in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ" (2 Peter 3:18), and the better able he should become to furnish a safe and inspiring example to others who have had less experience at the big job of living in this world. The advice and counsel of such older persons should also prove valuable to young folk.

We may not be fully aware of it, but the fact remains that most of us do admire some person or persons a great deal. Various reasons may enter into this, but the characters and lives of those we sincerely admire will surely have much to do with the development of our own character. This, as we can readily see, makes it highly important that we admire and emulate the right kind of persons.

First, let us think for a moment and see whether or not we are consciously aware of anyone whom we do admire so greatly that, consciously or unconsciously, we imitate him. If so, is this a proper sort of person—one whose footsteps are likely to lead us in the right direction?

Next, let us consider some of the qualities for which we should search in those we admire. The admonition in Hebrews 13:7 comes into play here, for we are advised to consider "the issue (manner) of their life," and to "imitate their faith" (R. V. rendering). We have a perfect

right to think carefully and decide whether the lives of such people do measure up to Christian standards. Now, let us think about some of the qualities for which we have a right to look in someone we admire, and who could influence our own destiny.

*Character* is highly important, but since every individual has character of some sort—good or bad—we had better check on this word. The dictionary, you will notice, really "goes to town" in trying to tell us what character is. It includes many, many attributes and traits. We are thinking now, however, expressly of Christian character; therefore, let us look in God's Book for assistance. James 5:10, 11 notes several qualities:

"Take, my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction, and of patience. Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy."

Here we find mentioned courage, patience, and endurance—all desirable Christian traits. We can think of many others to add to the list.

*Courage* was essential in the lives of the prophets of old. They had a tough job and needed courage to succeed. Their courage was the kind that endures suffering and affliction. Today we admire those who can suffer pain, hardship, failure, disappointment, bereavement, calamity, and still push ahead, praising God and courageously facing the not-too-bright future. We admire the courage which helps Christians—always a minority in most good causes—to work on, undiscouraged in the battle against sin and Satan, facing great odds with few visible results but helped by their firm faith in God.

*Patience* is a quality so rare today that it stands out brightly in the lives of those who do possess it. Most modern persons are exceedingly impatient, even over trifles. Modern life's high speed fosters impatience and intolerance. Yet in the persons we truly admire most, we look for—and expect to see—some degree of patience and understanding. How often do young folk say, or at least think, "No one understands me!" Well, patience certainly is essential to "understanding"! Patient and understanding elders usually succeed best in winning the confidence of the girls and boys. We aren't likely, however, to find the quality of patience anywhere except in the lives of

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# Mitzi's Valentine

*Mitzi gave her mother the most beautiful valentine a little girl could possibly give.*

By Ann Tegtmeier

MITZI WAS WATCHING her older sister Mona. Mona was making valentines to take to school. "Let me help you," begged Mitzi.

"No, Mitzi, you are too little."

"Too-little-too-little," said Mitzi in a sing-song voice.

"Too little like this throw-away red heart."

"Mother!" called Mona. "Please make Mitzi let my things alone. She will spoil something."

Mother came and whispered a secret in Mitzi's ear. Mitzi followed her into the kitchen. What they did was a secret, too. It was a valentine for Daddy.

"I wish I had a valentine to give someone," said Mitzi.

"This will be a valentine present from both of us," said Mother.

"Yes, but I mean a really, truly valentine all by myself," said Mitzi. "A valentine that no one else could give."

"Then be your own sweet self," said Mother. "That is a gift anyone can give."

NEXT MORNING MITZI watched Mona put the valentines into a big, red box—all except one. She hid that under her pillow.

"Shhh, don't you tell," said Mona. "It is a secret."

"I know two secrets," said Mitzi.

That night Daddy came home early. He had a big, red box under his arm. He hid it behind some books in his room.

"Don't tell Mother, said Daddy. "It's a secret."

"I'm getting tired of other people's secrets," said Mitzi. "I want a secret all my own. A secret nobody else can have."

"Think of something very nice to do at the supper table. Like drinking all of your milk," said Daddy.

"That is a secret anyone can have."

After supper Mitzi was playing in the big chair. She put her hand down into the side. She felt something hard and round. Now she had a secret.

Mitzi sat still and thought what to do with her secret. Fifty cents would buy a very nice hair ribbon. Or perhaps it might buy a valentine for Mother. Oh, there were lots of things she could do with her secret!

"Bedtime!" called Mother.

Mitzi wrapped the fifty-cent piece in her hanky. Then she hid it under her pillow.

BEDTIME AT MITZI'S house meant prayer time. Mitzi was good friends with God. She always told Him all about her day. She told Him about the cake in the kitchen. She told Him about the valentine under Mona's pillow. She told Him about the candy behind the books. She knew Mother and Daddy and Mona wouldn't mind if she told God.

After awhile Mitzi told God about the secret under her own pillow. But God didn't seem to be so friendly about it. Mitzi almost thought God was frowning. Mitzi thought about it for a long time.

Then she slipped out of bed. She ran downstairs.

"Why, Mitzi! Aren't you asleep?" asked Mother.

Mitzi told her mother about the fifty-cent piece. She told Mother what she had planned to do with it.

"But it really wasn't mine to spend at all, was it, Mother? That was why God wasn't happy about it, wasn't it? Now I can't buy you a valentine after all."

Mother hugged Mitzi very close.

"That was the very best valentine I shall ever have in my whole life!" she said.

# Tightening the Knot

By Etta Mai Scott

*What about  
your own marriage  
knot? Is it slip-  
ping? Look well into the matter,  
and if it is, make an  
effort to tighten  
the knot before  
the cord  
breaks.*

WELL, DOT," big Dean Alford exclaimed, after returning from their joyous honeymoon, "I guess it's time for us to settle down now and begin tightening the knot. That's just an old saying in this community," Dean laughed, "but you might find it both amusing and helpful to glean the meaning of it for yourself."

The young wife thought of the matter as she went about setting in order the cozy little house of which she was now mistress, but, reaching no sensible conclusion she finally questioned Mrs. Carter, her next door neighbor, as to just what her husband meant.

"Tightening the knot," laughed Mrs. Carter, "is a familiar saying in this particular locality, one which I believe has been handed down from generation to generation among the families who have grown up here."

"But what does it mean?" Dot asked, with a bit of curiosity.

"It means just this," chuckled the older woman, "the things that men and women do that bind them closer together as their years of married life increase in number."

"Oh!" exclaimed Dot, in a tone that clearly revealed she knew very little more than she had a moment or two before.

"It's like this," Mrs. Carter went on, "this small community prides itself on the few divorce cases registered against it, and one and all agree that it has been through the tightening of the marriage knot that such a condition exists."

"I guess I'm a little dull, Mrs. Carter," Dot answered but perhaps I will learn later on what weight tightening the marriage vows carries."

"I had to learn," laughed Mrs. Carter, "when I first came. But Mrs. West, the bride just before myself who came to live in the valley, advised me to visit with the neighbors and draw them out on the subject, and well, she finished softly, "doing just that opened my eyes considerably."

"But I'm a timid soul," argued Dot.

"Just the same," answered the woman, "visiting the folk living here and observing them closely will make you think seriously of the nice, congenial neighborhood in which you have come to live."

IT IS TRUE that Dot was timid, but she was also a keen observer, and through observation she soon discovered Esther Cooper, a very placid type of woman living on perfectly congenial terms with her husband. She attributed the fact of her happy existence to keeping herself calm when her husband came home in a dark mood.

When Dick arrived home like that, she explained, he wasn't the man she married, but only a tired, harassed businessman who would recover his amiable disposition ever so much quicker if she left him alone.

"Oh, yes," she admitted, when Dot questioned her about it, "it took a little time to learn that. But once I did, I found that it tightened the knot considerably. You see by one of the two of us remaining placid when the other is glum or nervous, no arguments can arise. And after all many a home begins its undoing by arguments. And by refraining from that one feminine attribute," laughed the soft-voiced woman, "I have a very happy home today and my husband rarely comes to it now in a dark mood."

The tightening of the knot took on an entirely different aspect in the next case. Quite an elderly couple were Mr. and Mrs. Burk, whose comfortable home Dot and big Dean frequently enjoyed. Here Dot discussed the matter with the man.

"Oh," chuckled the husband, good-naturedly, "I couldn't have accomplished even the half I have, if it hadn't been for my good wife. She's what one might call a seer, you know, good foresight, always looking ahead and planning. And because I discovered early in the game that her judgment was better than mine, we've worked wonderfully together."

Another man in the community attributed his success in married life to the rose-colored glasses his wife wore. No matter how dark and threatening the clouds might be above their heads, this good woman could always catch a glimpse of the silver lining.

"That," said the old man, as he went about serenely planting a row of bulbs along the old-fashioned walk leading from the house to the big front gate, "tightened our marriage knot."

Little Mrs. Tremble, the very busiest housewife in the whole neighborhood, and mother of seven children, gave credit for her happy life to the fact that she lived on what her husband provided, without complaining, and taught her children that mentality made them the equal of anybody, and that they had never been taught that money was considered wealth.

BUT IT WAS from little Mrs. Joiner, who shared her home with both her mother-in-law and her



sister-in-law, that Dot learned the greatest lesson. Such congeniality among these three women Dot had never seen before. In her heart she pondered much on how it had come about, since her own relationship with her husband's mother and sister was strained and unnatural. Finally, the opportunity came and Dot sought an explanation.

"I really give myself credit for this priceless possession," confided Mrs. Joiner, when Dot questioned her about it. "You see," she added, very softly, "I came from another state, which, I am sorry to say, carries no such reputation as this. When I arrived, I was quick to sense I was unwanted in a family that, without me, was harmonious. My husband, realizing I wanted to be friendly with my in-laws, shared the truth with me. His mother and sister, he told me truthfully, resented the love he had to share among us; therefore, they were jealous of me and my place."

"Well," said Dot, "you seem to have found a way around it, all right."

"Oh, yes," agreed the woman, "but it took both time and patience. My first move was to send John home frequently for a visit with his mother and sister alone. This hurt to the heart's core, but it gave them a chance to discuss intimate things in which they felt at that time I had no share. Then I began inviting them to our home, and making them so thoroughly comfortable that they had no excuse for thinking I wanted to monopolize my husband's affections or to break him from his home ties.

"I made it a point to call his mother every morning, sometimes asking her to tell me John's favorite dish, and frequently requesting her, when she had told me, to come over and prepare it for the evening meal. Then I began asking his mother to let me drive her when she wanted to run into town, or the sister to use my car, which was a wedding gift from my father. At first I was keenly aware they were puzzled over my attitude, but when they realized I was sincere in the matter, well," she added softly, "I simply became one of them, and we've lived in perfect harmony ever since."

AFTER THAT BIT of information, Dot went home to do a little thinking on her own behalf. Three miles up the valley lived Dean's people. She had been to see them twice, and his family had returned her visit both times. But there had been a chilly atmosphere between them. Dean's mother was not her mother, nor was his sister her sister. They had lived in their house—and she and Dean lived in theirs. Yet there were times when Dean had a faraway look in his eyes and his firm lips drooped a bit at the corners.

In a flash Dot understood why and resolved, as little Mrs. Joiner had done, that she too would wipe out any sign of petty jealousy and become part of her husband's family.

This took time, persistence and patience, but today there is not a happier home in the valley than that of Dot and Dean Arnold, simply because Dot learned from her neighbors what it meant to tighten the marriage knot, and of her own accord she tightened the one binding her to the man of her choice.

What about your own marriage knot? Is it slipping? Look well into the matter, and if it is, make an effort to tighten the knot before the cord breaks.

Illustrated by Chloë Stewart





*Proverbs 30:24-28: "There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise: the ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer; the conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks; the locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands; the spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in the king's palaces."*

THESE WORDS TEACH us that wisdom is not measurable in physical magnitude. The large man may be a small man. The little body may shelter a great soul while the elephantine and prodigious body may hardly have a soul at all. These things are evident; yet we constantly have to be reminded of them, because so many appeals are made to our senses. We are not called upon to admire bigness, bulk, surface and weight.

The same terms do not always mean the same things. Little is sometimes not really little. Greatness is not always greatness, but sometimes greatness minus. A single diamond may be more valuable than all the cattle in the Chicago stock market; yet in a time of famine a single lamb with its tender, tasty meat will be more precious than all the diamonds of a king's palace. Value varies according to circumstances. He is wise who knows the one thing whose value never changes. Wisdom alone is the true standard of measurement. The humblest life is greater than the sublimest art, and one spark of intellect is more precious than the most crushing animal strength.

Let us remove our focus from the "big" world as we know it; from the gigantic machinery, industrial and political powers, the panorama of life "according to Hoyle," from braggadocio and ego with its "sugar-shell, bitter-inwards" paradox, to gaze upon four feeble folk who teach us a great lesson in living. Gather around them closely and scrutinize their actions, for it is written, "Ask now the beasts and they shall teach thee, and the fowls of the air and they shall tell thee." We make a wise use of nature when we regard it as a book of divine instruction.

Everything has its lesson. The signature of God; His autograph, is everywhere and He denies not His own handwriting. His castle is in the dewdrops as well as the sun. While we are surrounded by such great instructors in so great a school full of letters, lessons, illustrations and appeals, let us learn, for if we fail now after the provisions of God are so great, how bitter our condemnation to be found fools before God.

## I. The Ants

THE ANTS ARE A people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in summer." This is foresight. Thank God for the foresight of the ants. Yet, some people seem to have no foresight at all; they are never sure what two and two will make. They seem to have no power to turn the past into the prophet of the future. They bury the past and act upon the advice, "Let the dead past bury its dead." All past is not dead, however, and we must not impose upon that living, instructive past the duty of burying itself. As far as great principles and fundamental conditions of life are concerned, yesterday is the key to open tomorrow.

The ants gather their meat in summer; that is, they know how to take advantage of opportunity and make the best of it. We have secular proverbs which match



this text: "Make hay while the sun shines" and "Strike while the iron is hot." What if the geniuses in hay and iron be found to be fools in the soul and madmen about their standing with God? "If the light in them is darkness, how great the darkness."

Every man has his summer; some are long and some are short, but there is only one summer, as the year has but one—one boyhood, one maidenhood, one prime of life and then . . . The man is seasoned by the years and his life is measured by the clocks. Yet, to some an hour holds more than the sixty marked minutes, while to others all the clocks in the world could not teach them the value of time. Some men never find time to do anything for they must first study it out and see how it may be approached, and while they are engaged in this serene and philosophical exercise, the entire matter slips beyond their grasp and influence. There is one thing that all men should take time to do and that is prepare for the future. No opportunity? Then how do you spend your time? In business, seeking material gain, working for your honest bread? To a given point this is right and desirable, but it is better to let your business perish, set fire to your shop and go hungry than to lose the opportunity of knowing God and following after Him.

The life is more than meat. When fire comes, it is not the toy, the luxury, the decoration you save, it is the child. The life is first and then come other things you may be able to save. Be as sensible in the spiritual as you are in the natural. Summer may be quickly going, but if one moment remains, grasp it, stretch it, make use of it, and much can be done.

## II. The Conies

THE CONIES ARE but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks." The tenant is weak, but the habitation is strong. Look at these very feeble folk, puny and perishable, going up toward the great rock house. Don't you see the beauty of weakness seeking strength, in feebleness hiding itself in some pavilion of rock? There is a law of compensation. A law that somehow, somewhere in the universe makes up to man the thing that he is lacking. Man must look out





By Evangelist JOE SOUTHERLAND

himself for this great complementary quality.

God provides a rock for the conies, and God provides Rock for all the weaknesses known to man. What if the conies should say, "Well, we are just a feeble people; God has made us thus, so we shall just stop on the plain and remain in summer or winter. We shall take everything as it falls out; we did not make ourselves, so we have no reason to look out after anything"? You would say that they were feeble indeed, not only in nature and physical faculties but feeble in mind and common sense as well.

Some people say, "I'm not equal to life; the task before me is too large; I cannot reach my ideals; my prayers outstrip me. Life is too much; I must succumb." Has God made a provision for this state of things? Yes! There is a Rock provided for all weaknesses. *The Rock of Ages* is the one Rock in which all man's weaknesses can be hidden, his feebleness defended. It is indeed a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence; yet it is laid in Zion by God himself. There is no other rock, no other resource, no other port in the storm of life. All who know this make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation. "The Lord is my rock and my fortress and my deliverer."

If we are short on one thing, then God makes us long in another. You may have no money, but you have good health. Circumstances may be dark, but your disposition is cheerful and hopeful. Adversity may give you sleepless eyes, but you have listening ears to hear the melodious song of the nightingale in the still of the night. You may be blind, but you have sunshine in your soul. God makes a provision and supplies a Rock, but it is only for those who climb. The conies *go up*. You and I must press our way if we are to find the Rock of our strength in our weakest moments.

## II. The Locusts

THE LOCUSTS HAVE no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands." Theirs is a very beautiful and practical republic. There is no king among them, yet a little bit of kingliness in each of them. You must

have kingliness to have a great republic, but you cannot have a grand state if you have a king only. In the locusts we see a combining of forces—not lonely, solitary, egotistical, self-reliant actions, but cooperation—going together, moving in bands. Look at a chain lying on the grass with a cow grazing at the other end. Which of the links holds the cow? Not the first, nor the second, nor the third, nor even the fiftieth. Not one of the links holds the cow, but all the links on the chain are doing so. What is the chain? A series of links. So links and chain and chain and links are all doing the work. It must be thus in business, families, churches, governments and all great confederacies of life.

We see a gracious shower of rain fall. It refreshes the thirsty, parched earth. The flowers drink the blessing and the brooks babble their appreciation as the earth looks young again. What did it? Catch one of the drops and say, "Are you doing this?" No! Then which drop did it? No drop did it—the shower did. And yet, what is the shower? A series of drops. In all our great Christian agencies it must be so. No one man can do it all in the natural or in the spiritual, but all of us can do our own bit. Band together. Every man cannot do the same work. One is skilled in one way; the other is skilled in another way. In combination we make a grand republic.

## IV. The Spider

THE SPIDER TAKETH hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces." Does this mean skill? Then skill will have its reward. Does it mean patience in working out beautiful and elaborate patterns? If so, then here is progress, getting into king's palaces, high places, realizing ambition. Every man is set on an ascending line of human life. We never find God calling a man downward, diminishing the volume of his manhood, toning down his good aspirations and putting him on the low scale of his being. All divine movement is upward. We are not always to be children, but men. We are not to be content at the point of conversion; we are to grow in grace not only to be branches, but to bring forth fruit and to abound in the Lord's work.

This is the test of growth, the standard of manhood, a reward for patience and skill. There is no joy like the joy of doing. The spider works slowly but masterfully. Your work may seem small, your labors futile, but even if you are never recognized here, if you reach your godly ambition, then you can be thankful and enjoy the fruit of your hands and the blessings of God. If you are tranquil in trust, uncomplaining in pain and suffering, then you have a reward. It may not be a marketable reward with a price ticket, but the soul will be taught, lifted and preserved—there is success.

If God gives such wisdom to insects and rodents, will He not give us much more? They cannot ask for more. We are urged in His Word to speak to Him to give us further supplies: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God." If we fail to be wise, it is not God's fault. Through prayer and pleading only can our graces be multiplied and all our divine attributes be enhanced and confirmed. The reading of books alone does not make us wise. The union with God is the source of wisdom.

We are sent to learn from the *ants*, diligence. To the

(Continued on page 23)



# HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON



## Grandparents

By Alda B. Harrison

*"They shall bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing,"*  
Psalm 92:14.

This month we are giving Grandmother and Grandfather the front seat on our Home Circle page. We are going to have a program and let a number of people speak to us and encourage us with their experience. Someone has said, "Adventurous living in later years involves the exposing of yourself to the influence of younger people." A woman who had thought of herself as being isolated by the younger generation came upon a formula which revived her life and restored her friends. Every day she read some anecdote designed to interest her grandchildren. Consequently, she always had a fresh story and came to be the life of the party. Her secret was that she found something to do. Each age of life is designed by our Creator to have its own privileges and surprises. In exploring each one zestfully as it comes we learn the true greatness of living.

Holman Hunt painted that wonderful picture, "The Light of the World," after he was eighty years of age.

Mark Twain felt after seventy that he was in a new country so possessed was he of a different atmosphere. Everywhere a stream of generous privileges seemed to be accorded him.

Let us see what others have to say about old age.

## HOW YOUNG ARE YOU?

Author Unknown

*Youth is not entirely a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not wholly a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips or supple knees. It is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions . . . nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals.*

*You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.*

*In the central place of every heart there is a recording chamber; so as it receives a message of beauty, hope, cheer and courage, so are you young. When the wires are all down and your heart is covered with the snow of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then, and then only, are you grown old.*

— — —

## SENSE OF HUMOR KEEPS YOU YOUNG

By Josephine Lowman

A VERY YOUTHFUL woman I know who is somewhere between the ages of 45 and 50, told me of the shock she received when her teen-age daughter asked her mother to tell her about the "olden days."

The mother gulped and said, "Well, it was very nice. Life usually is if you give it a chance." She could not think of anything else to say or do at the moment.

If you will be honest you will admit you probably did the same sort of thing to the "older generation" when you were very young. I can remember that at the age of 16, I felt so sorry for the older sister of a friend of mine because she was "an old maid" at the age of 24. How silly can you get?

For some time there has been a great leveling process going on, so far as age is concerned. This is due to advances in the science of nutrition

and prolonged youthfulness, to the fact that there are so many more older people about, that youth is more accustomed to them.

One of the nicest things about growing older, if you keep a youthful attitude, is that you will find yourself with very congenial and close friends of all ages, some much younger and some much older. This happens because you have gotten a perspective which allows you to choose your friends because of congeniality, a rapport of the spirit and mind, rather than because of age groups.

So, don't let it get you down, when you are feeling young and gay, and no doubt looking it, too, and some attitude of the younger generation comes along which jars you.

Surely try to give your children the benefit of your experience, but do not let the fact that they may not seem to appreciate or understand it entirely make you feel unhappy or older. Just keep the hearthstone blazing and the lifesaver ready.

Also, keep your sense of humor. There is something quite funny about a teen-ager telling her chic and attractive mother what is wrong with her clothes, her personality and manners, and about a teen-age son telling his father how to manage his money and his life. And, keep your mind open to the ideas of youth because they have some good ones which will keep you younger. — *Chattanooga Times.*

— — —

## THE BEST IS YET TO BE

By Elizabeth Redfield

I am a fifty-six-year-old grandmother. Both my grandmothers had passed on long before that age, yet I feel that I am only on the threshold of the bigness of life.

My past years were spent in construction for others. Today I am beginning to construct for myself—to laugh, to play, to do for the next twenty years the things I want to do.

As a Civil War orphan my educational advantages were meager. When at the age of nineteen, I married a man as poor as myself, I seemingly fortified the barrier that lay between me and the world of accomplishment.

I bore four children, bringing up three of them. Painstakingly and conscientiously, I taught them morality, honor and self-reliance. I cooked their food, oftentimes helping earn it. I washed

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# ... Helps for the Tempted and Tried ...

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON

## AN EMPTY LIFE

In March, 1940, a girl went to the Eddie Martin Airport near Santa Ana, California, and engaged a pilot to take her for a flight to the beach district. She insisted upon using an open plane and riding in the rear cockpit. When nearing Newport Beach, the pilot said he felt the plane lurch and glanced back to see the girl leap over the side to her death. In the girl's automobile was found a note, which read: "Forgive me. I just couldn't bear it any longer. It takes courage to die, but it is cowardly to live an empty, ill life." Behind these words there must have been the agony of a disillusioned life. We may call the poor girl foolish, but that is empty censure now. What was needed was someone's kind and friendly help while she lived. She would never have found life "empty" had some Christian filled her heart with the love of Christ.

Not all disillusioned seek sudden death, but there are many who are so living as to commit suicide by degrees. A Christless life is in an awful state. It is an easy prey to despair. How much the brokenhearted men and women of this world need the witness of a kindly servant of Christ. Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." —*The Watchman-Examiner*.

## FRIENDSHIP

By Paul F. Try

No matter what he was doing he always had time to help his friends and neighbors out of some difficulty.

He plowed their lots. He butchered their hogs. He helped them harvest their crops. He let them use his tools. And he still found time to serve as janitor, teacher, and superintendent in his church.

All called him "friend," and maintained that he was the best neighbor they had ever had. And the reason they liked him was because he was such a friendly man.

Life is like that.

It is only the truly friendly man who has friends.

It is the church which has the most friendly spirit that can accomplish the most spiritual good in this community.

It is the business that is the most accommodating which has the greatest success.

It is that nation which is most peaceable toward other nations that is the most respected and feared, and therefore safest from invasions.

To be a friend to man, one must work for man's benefit. One must become a servant to man.

Presidents, congressmen, and other officials can accomplish the most good —when they realize that they are public servants.

"The servant is not greater than his lord."

And to make, keep, and have friends —one must be a friendly man.—*The Challenge*.

— — —

## NEVER MIND

*Sometimes, when nothing goes just right,  
And worry reigns supreme,  
When heartache fills the eyes with mist,  
And all things useless seem,  
There's just one thing can drive away  
The tears that scald and blind—  
Someone to slip a strong arm 'round  
And whisper, "Never mind."*

*No one has ever told just why  
Those words such comfort bring;  
Nor why that whisper makes our cares  
Depart on hurried wing.  
Yet troubles say a quick "Good-day,"  
We leave them far behind  
When someone slips an arm around  
And whispers, "Never mind."*

*But love must prompt that soft caress—  
That love must, aye, be true  
Or at that tender, clinging touch  
No heartease come to you,  
But if the arm be moved by love,  
Sweet comfort you will find  
When someone slips an arm around,  
And whispers, "Never mind!"  
Evangelical Visitor.*

## THE VALUE OF TRUE FRIENDS

When Howard Hanley graduated from high school his plan was to study law. But his mother was a widow, and there was no money. He went to work in a little grocery store. The pay was small, but it was easy-earned money. Time went on and Howard settled down to be just "one of the boys." He spent his evenings at the club room, and went on excursions with the boys who drove their fathers' automobiles. Owing to the fact that there was no saloon near by, he did not acquire the drink habit. He had been clerking in the grocery about two years when his employer informed him his services were no longer needed. He went home, sat down and thought over his accomplishments, and concluded there was not much he could do.

Mr. Wheeler, the leading attorney of the village, was a friend of the Hanley family, and Howard decided to ask advice from him. When he had related his story, Mr. Wheeler replied, "Well, I haven't anything new to tell you. You know as well as I that you could have done better than you have. You are afraid to branch out for fear the work might be hard. I am going to speak plainly; laziness is your main trouble, and it is time you woke up and did something for yourself and your mother."

"I can't do differently and stay in this town. I —"

"You are wrong," interrupted the attorney. "You place too low an estimate on your ability, and surely you cannot expect the community to put a larger estimate on you than you do yourself. Opportunity is at your door now, if you will only grasp it."

"What? How? I haven't any business training, and I haven't any political pull."

"If you will fit yourself to fill a position, I guarantee that you will obtain one. Take a business course and prove your ability, and you will get the position."

"I haven't any money, and I can't stop work that long."

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# Poetry



## GOD'S LIGHT

By Clifford Thomas

*Lost in the darkness  
While groping for light;  
Blindly ignoring  
The wrong from the right.  
Luring attractions  
Of pleasure and sin;  
End in disaster,  
And turmoil within .*

*Then speaks the conscience,  
Insistent and strong;  
Jesus is willing  
To undo the wrong.  
Come to the Master,  
He'll point out the way;  
The light of His love  
Illumines each day.  
Conscience the victor,  
Surrender at last;  
And all evil ways,  
A thing of the past.  
Joy fills the heart.  
The spirit shines bright;  
Stepping from darkness,  
Into God's light.*

## WHAT WOULD WE DO?

If we had but this day to live,  
And if we KNEW 'twas so,  
What would we do, what would we say,  
And to what places would we go?

Would we continue living as  
We'd always lived before?  
Or would we seek, with feverish haste,  
To "even up the score"?

Would we, with tears, bewail our fate,  
And spend our day in sorrow?  
Or just await, with peace and hope,  
Eternity's tomorrow?

If we are Christ's and He is ours,  
Time's end should bring no fear,  
For it is but the Gate to Heaven—  
And may be very near.

—Chester Shuler

## LOOKING TO GOD

For perhaps a score of years  
He spent upon repairs  
Of watches, jewelry and stones—  
These were his daily cares.  
Each year he wore a stronger glass,  
In room more greatly lighted,  
For, never looking from his desk,  
He had become near-sighted.

The same is true of you and me  
Unless we take good care;  
The little worldly things each day  
Will seem to us most fair.  
And failing to look up to God,  
To heaven, all love-lighted,  
We stand to lose our visions here  
By growing worldly-sighted.

—Grace Cash

## THERAPY

Think of beautiful things—uplifting things—  
Of a bird that flies on scarlet wings,  
Of a tropical bird that soars and sings.

Think of charming things—disarming things—  
A melodious chime that rings and rings  
Or an emerald vine that climbs and clings.

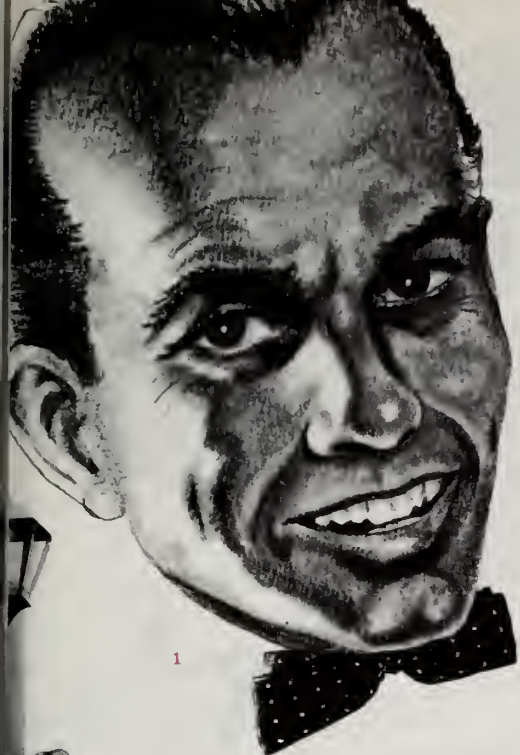
Think of heavenly things—of star-spray flings—  
Of a rainbow hammock that swings and swings  
And of God who has made such wonderful things!

—Louise Moss Montgome

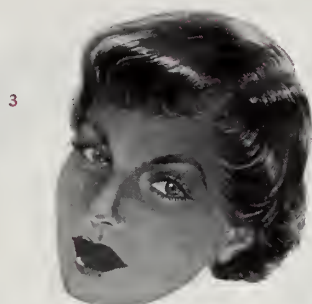


## W. Ellipe Ambrose

Illustrator, designer, and graphic artist.



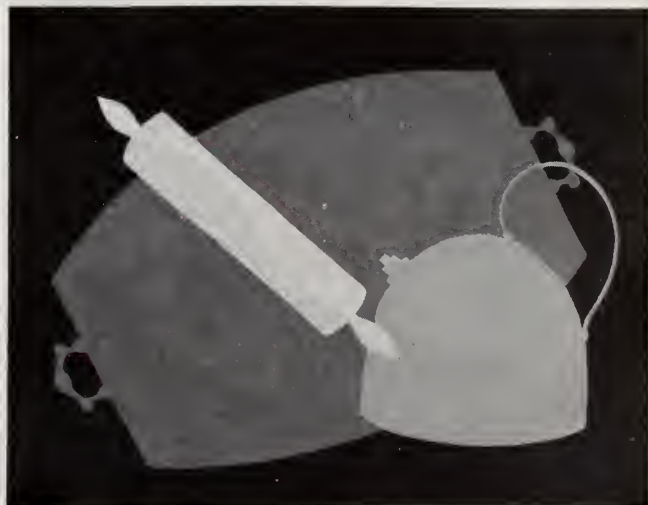
*W. Ellipe Ambrose*



- Media used:
1. pencil,
  2. water color,
  3. water color,
  4. opaque water color,
  5. casein.



This young man, a member of the Art Department here at the Publishing House, is the second artist to be featured on this page. He was born September 15, 1922, in Honea Path, South Carolina. He and his wife, Eleanor, are the proud parents of one child, Walter, Jr. After two years of private instruction, Walter enrolled in the Famous Artists Course. He was graduated from this noteworthy school with above the average marks. He is now taking an advanced program of commercial art from the same school. He is a diligent student of dramatic lighting. Walter is as competent a pianist as he is an artist. His talents and interests are multifarious, barring, perhaps, the mechanical field.



You stipulated that the drawings we submit to you should be in black and white only, yet one of Mr. Eubanks' drawings was in color. (See page 13 in January issue.) Why the incongruity?—Charles Vladimir.

Sharp eyes you have there, Mr. Vladimir. The color, however, was not in the original. The Art Department only added the color to enhance the page. Our request is still the same—no color, please.—Art Director.

**NATIONAL**

Church of God

**YOUTH**

**WEEK**

**APRIL**

**16-22**

**NATIONAL YOUTH WEEK THEME:**

**"Planting Time"**



**SEED PLANTING TIME**



**HARVEST TIME**



**YOUTH TEAM VISITATION TIME**



**SOUL SAVING TIME**

**A  
WEEK  
OF  
SPECIAL  
YOUTH  
SERVICES**

"BRING YOUR FRIEND NIGHT"  
"LAMPLIGHTERS CLUB NIGHT"  
"YOUTH MISSIONS NIGHT"  
"GOOD WILL NIGHT"  
"YOUTH DEDICATION NIGHT"  
"YOUTH FELLOWSHIP NIGHT"  
"YOUTH DAY"

Full particulars on the preparation and observance of National Youth Week have been sent to each local Y. P. E. President by the Church of God National Youth Department.



# OHIO STATE SPONSORS

By Ralph E. Day

## THRILLING "I CHALLENGE YOU" CONTEST

MORE THAN FORTY-FIVE pairs of churches in Ohio are now comparing their achievements in Sunday School and Y.P.E. weekly with their "challenger" church. It's a new method of checking up on the individual church's progress in various phases of the departments' programs to see if the particular church is doing as much as could be done or as much as is being done by a sister church of similar potentiality.

A worker (pastor, superintendent, or Y.P.E. president) contacts the "challenger" church each week either by telephone, telegraph, letter, card or personal visit and compares the accomplishments in Sunday School and Y.P.E. attendance, offerings, teachers' meetings, extension department contacts, organized visitations of absentees and prospects, PILOT and LIGHTED PATHWAY circulation, branch schools organized, coupons collected, spiritual experiences enjoyed, organization of a *Lamp-lighters* Club, special offering for the new youth and church campgrounds and reporting on time.

This is an occasion to promote fellowship on a broader scale as local churches who are "paired off" with churches of similar strength in a different section of the state, contact them weekly for 4 months. It involves setting one's progress pace in Sunday School and in Y.P.E. according to what their "challenger" church is doing.

**AWARDS! ONE-HALF** of all Ohio's churches will receive a lovely metal-on-wood plaque with an everlasting engraving, "WE SURPASSED (challenger church name) IN 1956." This enduring award will be displayed on the church walls during the coming years.

**GRAND AWARDS! TWO MISSION TOURS OF THE WEST INDIES WILL BE AWARDED:** one to the pastor of the Sunday School leading in the contest and one to the pastor of the leading Y.P.E.

The contest runs from January 1 to May 1.

## MEMBERSHIP DRIVE SPONSORED

THE OHIO CHAPTER of the Lee College Alumni Association is sponsoring its first real membership drive to build closer fellowships between former students of B.T.S. and Lee College who now live in Ohio.

Their promotional program broadens to include a quarterly bulletin which will reflect news items about Lee, activities of former and present students and perhaps rehearse "old school days." The beautiful, embossed membership card will be a prized possession of each alumnus living in Ohio as will the Lee College decal to be displayed in an auto or home window.

**SEVEN GIANT RALLIES** in the early spring of 1956 will hear the majesty of the voice of V. B. (Vep) Ellis as he declares the glory of the Lord in sermon and in song.

The availability of Sesac transcriptions of the singing of our own Vep Ellis with the Lee College choral group for radio broadcasts will add to the influence of these Lee College Rallies.

The 1956 convention songbook will be introduced in these rallies as former B.T.S. and Lee College students jam choirs at each of the seven rallies.

## OHIO BUYS CAMP SITE

A DREAM OF MORE than fifteen years is beginning to come true in Ohio. An active program for fund-raising and an earnest search for a camp site were a part of the state's youth program of September, 1954. The search was on . . . committees appointed by the state overseer were called in to view sites . . . prayers were offered on prospective sites for the actuation of God's will . . . ministers from all over Ohio were invited to view the prospective sites.

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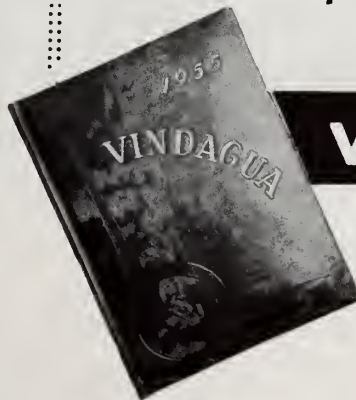
The site now has fifty acres under cultivation and thirty-five acres in woodland with an active spring of water flowing through a nice ravine suitable for lake construction.

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## QUIET TALKS WITH YOUTH

(Continued from page 10)

true Christians who have themselves passed through the fires of life's trials and have come forth victorious in the Lord.

*Endurance* is a quality which makes winners in any contest. Anyone can start a race—including the Christian race—but to finish successfully takes real endurance to the end. "Behold, we count them happy which endure," wrote James. "Enduring" persons find happiness at the end of the road. This, too, is a quality found only in the lives of true Christians; those who believe that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to

them who are the called according to his purpose" (Romans 8:28).

*Kindness* is such an attractive and winning quality that the real brand is always recognized by animals and people. We just naturally expect to find it in the lives of those we admire, whether they be old or young in years.

*Good cheer and good humor* are always attractive traits. Jesus spoke often about "being of good cheer" (Matthew 14:27; John 16:33, et cetera). A kindly, cheerful attitude stands forth brightly today amid so many lives that are cruel, selfish, and fretful.

A modern rendering of Hebrews 13:7 advises us to consider or look at the "fruit" in the lives of those who have successfully run the race of life. The Bible also specifically mentions the "fruit of the spirit"—love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance" (Galatians 5:22, 23). These attractive and rare qualities are found in any appreciable degree only in the life of a real, genuine Christian person, because they are the result ("fruit") of the indwelling Holy Spirit's presence.

Then we ought to think also of some qualities which ought *not* to be present in the life of some one we admire and may imitate. Of course, it is always easier to see flaws in someone than their good qualities. Since most persons have not yet reached perfection, we shall see some flaws in almost any life we examine—including our own! Self-importance, vanity, deceitfulness, false humility, selfishness, however well veiled—these and many other things we wish, of course, to avoid.

Finally, here is a thought we can not well neglect to keep in mind. It may not be so attractive just now, if we happen to be young in years. But it is true as true can be—and no matter how we feel about it at the moment, we shall surely realize its truth a bit later. Here it is: The same laudable qualities which we expect to see in older persons—particularly those we especially admire—should be found in *us* also. Some day, as surely as we're alive, someone is going to select *us* as a model! And oh, what a responsibility to lead someone even slightly astray from the heavenly pathway!

We do not expect to find perfection in this earthly life, of course, and only the Lord Jesus Christ forms a perfectly safe Guide to follow. We must, therefore, be very careful of our hu-

man models—the finest will not be flawless.

Let us not, then, fail to learn and profit from the lives of older persons who are trying earnestly to live Christian lives. At the same time, may we never neglect reading and studying our Bibles, listening attentively to good ministers and Sunday School teachers, parents and other Christian friends' advice, and seeking that daily momentary fellowship with the Lord Jesus which will help keep our feet on the narrow, sometimes rough, but always safe pathway to the heavenly land. Nothing will be of more importance to any of us, whether old or young in years.

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## AFRICAN DIARY

(Continued from page 7)

men from "back home."

With bounding hearts we saw the great airliner come in and soon the warm hand of Brother Horton was in my own. A large crowd of our people were present to welcome him also, so there was no time at first to do more than speak a few words of welcome. The car was ready, however, and we went immediately to the home of Brother and Sister Schutte for supper before we started out. Many of the brethren in the United States will remember Brother Schutte because he was in America for some time during 1952.

It was quite late when we headed up the Great North Road from Johannesburg; our destination the advance mission stations of our Church in the heart of the Central African jungles. On through the night we drove, but the road known as the "Great North Road" is tarred all the way to Rhodesia so we had no trouble. As we were all tired, we did very little talking that night.

I saw for the first time the huge Baobab trees, and then Brother Saayman informed us that we were not far from the famous Levubye Mission Station, first mission station started by Brother Du Plooy. Though Brother Horton, Brother Walker, and perhaps others have written concerning some of these places, I wish to describe them in detail. It has been my privilege to revisit some of these places several times, and every time I am more deeply impressed with the love, vision, sacrifice, and passion for souls that they prove in the man that built them.



## ONE WAY TO SPELL LOVE

(Continued from page 5)

tayed right on with my father and mother, pleading weakness, a nice comfortable excuse for some of the women of my generation. My mother wasn't pleased at my decision. She told me that she had left her home in New England to come west with my father, and that a wife's place was with her husband.

In the lonely months that followed, I came to know what Mother meant. All I lived for was my husband's return and that wonderful feeling of having his arms around me once more. Ed never did return from that South American assignment. He was killed in a mining accident. Another engineer and his wife, who accompanied Ed, returned with a fine baby born in that very jungle I had been afraid to enter. For a few years I had my father and my mother. When they died, I had no one."

HESTER BEALE put down her cup and leaned back in her chair. "You might call it an old woman's whim, but whenever I see a lonely, homesick wife I do what I can to ease the hurt. I thought if I called on you who seemed so strong and so sure of yourself, perhaps you could help these strangers who are a little newer to the community than you are. I was mistaken, of course. I'm sorry."

Elsa drank her tea and put the cup in the saucer. She rose, buttoning her coat about her. Hester Beale's words came back to her. *One way to spell love—g-i-v-e*. An impulse stirred inside her, like a caged bird seeking flight. Was it the activity of God moving at long last in her heart?

"Mrs. Beale," Elsa said clearly, "I'll organize that Newcomers' Group in our church. I'll call on all of them tonight and get started."

The faded blue eyes looked in hers. A smile flickered over the small mouth with its maze of wrinkles in the corners. "Then Jeff is getting his partnership?"

"I love Jeff, Mrs. Beale."

"Of course you do, my dear. You've just proved that."

Still guided by this reckless generosity she had never experienced before, Elsa bent over and kissed the old woman. Her aching restlessness melted like ice before a springtime sun. In reaching to another's loneliness—in one generous gesture—she

was healed, strong, ready to build again and hope.

"Thank you, darling," she whispered.

As quickly then she straightened, turned and ran from the old-fashioned living room, down the porch steps, along the path—home to Jeff and little Johnny.

## LARGE LITTLE LIVES

(Continued from page 15)

*conies* we are sent to learn a way which terminates in a great Rock. We are sent to the *locusts* to learn how that many littles combined are sufficient for the order of the day. From the *spider* we learn perseverance, patience and skill.

God help us to study the methods of these feeble folk and to practice them that our own lives may become greater spiritually, physically and materially by the examples of these *large little lives*.

## THE LAMPLIGHTER

(Continued from page 3)

dignity is essential to sincere worship, cold ritualism strangles intimate devotion. While it is imperative that worship be decent and in order, stern regimentation is apt to deter the worshiper from "coming boldly to the throne of grace." God would have us to "enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise . . ." Psalm 100:4. He would have believers to sing from their hearts and pray from their souls. Expressive worship is essential to impressive Christian living.

These dangers must be met today by us! The future is bright if we will be "the light of the world." Youth is the answer! Youth has the strength of the forward look. Youth has the resources of undaunted courage. Youth has the potential of a life yet to be lived! Youth has the urge of adventurous faith! Youth SHALL meet the challenge!

## HOME

—the place from whence we came, the spot where our parents rest, the land to which we will eventually return.



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# BIBLE *lessons for* YOUTH *services*



## JUDGING OTHERS

By Mrs. George W. Ayers

**LEADER:** Tonight, our subject is "Judging Others." Our Scripture reading is found in Matthew 7:1-5. (Reads from Bible.) Now, let us turn to John 3:16, quote it together, then read together verse 17 and 18. (All read.)

We find many persons today who try to judge or condemn others for their acts, their thoughts, almost everything about them; but we find in Philippians 2:12b, "... Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." It is not the minister's duty to judge you; he is the "messenger." He delivers the message, and when you have heard it, you are to measure your own life by the Holy Word. He is to feed the sheep, to preach the word... exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine (2 Timothy 4:2).

Neither is it the task of the other church members to keep you in line; they are to talk with you, pray for you, and then if you still resist living as you promised God and the Church, you become as a heathen man as mentioned in Matthew 18:17. That puts you back where you were before you believed in Christ; your heart will become hardened and seared. No, others are not to judge us, but we are to judge ourselves. Let us have the first speaker to tell us about it.

**FIRST SPEAKER:** (Reads from Bible, Romans 2:1-11.) Those verses with this poem sum up the way we should feel.

### Myself

I have to live with myself, and so  
I want to be fit for myself to know;  
I want to be able, as days go by,  
Always to look myself straight in the eye;

I don't want to stand, with the setting sun,  
And hate myself for the things I've done.

I want to go out with my head erect,  
I want to deserve all men's respect;  
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf,

I want to be able to like myself.  
I don't want to look at myself and know

That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.

I never can fool myself, and so,  
Whatever happens, I want to be  
Self-respecting and conscience free.

—Edgar A. Guest

**SECOND SPEAKER:** It is an impossibility for one person to know what prompts another to do or say as he does. Even if he were in the same circumstances, he would react differently; God made us each with our own individuality. There are no two persons exactly alike; neither do we react the same when confronted with the same problems, but let us each remember that we are accountable to God for the acts that we do.

### The Better Way

It's so easy to speak in an unpleasant way

Of things others do and words others say;

Yet there may be a reason for all of their acts,

And we should be wiser to seek first the facts.

So when even the facts seem to prove you are right,

'Twould be wiser, by far, if you slept for a night

Ere you uttered harsh words you are tempted to say—

And then, in the morning, would kneel down and pray

That God in His mercy would grant you might live

In a way that to others some help you could give;

That your words might be helpful, and never untrue,

And that God might be honored in ALL that you do.

—Chester Shuler

### THIRD SPEAKER:

#### The Faults I See in Me

I have so many faults myself, I seldom ever see

A defect in another's life, but what I see in me.

I make so many foolish mistakes, I feel condemned to find

A bit of fault in anyone, when I'm so far behind.

I used to censure everyone; I was a Pharisee

Until, quite unexpectedly, I got a glimpse of me.

I tried to justify myself, and frame some alibi;

But here I stood—caught by myself—and "I" to "me" won't lie.

And now whenever I'm inclined some other's judge to be,

I always go and take a look at him whom I call me.

I find it is a splendid thing, just try it and you'll see,

To keep from criticizing folks, let each "I" look at "ME."

—Herbert Buffum

**FOURTH SPEAKER:** In Philippians 2:12, we read, "Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." We must each search our own lives daily, and as Paul says, keep the "old man" crucified in us (Ephesians 4:22, 23).

1 John 2:1, "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." When we have sinned, we should go back to God and ask for a re-application of Jesus' blood; we can do this alone, for our Father hears our prayers each time that we come unto Him.

### The House Inside

I have a house inside of me,  
A house that people never see;  
It has a door through which none pass,  
And windows, but they're not of glass.

Sometimes I like to go inside  
And hide and hide and hide and hide,  
And doctor up my wounded pride  
When I've been treated rough outside.

I meet my Heavenly Father there,  
For He stoops down to hear my prayer,  
To heal my wounds and cure my care,  
And make me strong to do and dare.

Then after I am made quite strong  
And things are right that were all wrong,

I go outside where I belong  
And sing a new and happy song.

And then I hear the people say,  
"You're blithe, and bonny, good and gay,"

And it's because I feel that way,  
But they don't know the price I pay.

You have a house inside of you,  
Where you can fight your battles through,

And God will tell you what to do  
And make your heart both strong and true.

—Author Unknown

**FIFTH SPEAKER:** Remembering the Scripture verses that our leader read in the beginning of this program, about folk trying to see the mote in the other person's eye when they have a beam in their own, I should like you to think on these lines.

### Be Careful What You Say

In speaking of another's faults,  
Pray don't forget your own;  
Remember those with homes of glass,  
Should never throw a stone.

If we have nothing else to do  
But talk of those who sin,  
'Tis better we commence at home  
And from that point begin.



We have no right to judge a man  
Until he's fairly tried;  
Should we not like his company,  
We know the world is wide.

Some may have faults—who has not?  
The old as well as young,  
Perhaps we may for all we know  
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,  
I find it works quite well  
To try my own defects to cure  
Before of others tell.

And though sometime I hope to be  
No worse than some I know.  
My own shortcomings bid me let  
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence  
To slander friend or foe,  
Think of the harm one word can do  
To those we little know.

Remember, curses sometimes, like  
Our chickens, "roost at home,"  
Don't speak of others faults until  
We have none of our own.

—Author Unknown

**SUGGESTED SONGS:** "Search Me,  
Lord," "Cleanse Me," "Nothing Be-  
tween."

## PROMISES FOR SOUL, MIND, AND BODY

By Willard L. Carraway

"The Lord is not slack concerning  
his promise," 2 Peter 3:9a.

**LEADER:** A promise is a declara-  
tion which gives to the person to  
whom it is made a right to expect or  
claim the performance of a specified  
act. God's Holy Word is filled with the  
grandest promises every heard. In  
fact, there are around 33,000 of these  
declarations directed to mankind. Yes,  
each individual has a right to expect  
or claim the performance of any one  
of these promises that he might hap-  
pen to need, provided he will meet  
God's requirements first. Simple faith  
is absolutely necessary. We must re-  
member that the One who has prom-  
ised is not slack concerning His prom-  
ises and that He is always interested  
in the people of the earth. He has  
promised to us all that we need for  
soul, mind, and body. We shall now  
hear from our first speaker as he  
talks on the subject, the Soul.

### FIRST SPEAKER

**Soul:** Having all knowledge and wis-  
dom, God has known, from the mak-  
ing of man, the value, the desires, the  
weakness, and the needs of man's  
soul; therefore, He has provided in  
His Word a promise for each situa-  
tion of the soul. There are conditions  
to be met before receiving these prom-  
ises. For example, if you desire mercy  
and pardon, you must have a repent-  
ant soul (Isaiah 55:7). If you desire ev-  
erlasting life, you must be a believer  
on Christ (John 6:47). If you want the  
Holy Ghost baptism you must be obedi-  
ent (John 14:15, 16). Do you want a  
crown of life? Then you must be  
steadfast (Revelation 2:10). If you  
wish to shine as the stars for ever and  
ever, you must be a soul winner (Dan-  
iel 12:3). If you wish to soar away to  
be with Christ in the Rapture, you  
must continuously look for Him (He-

brews 9:28). These are only a few of  
the many promises and conditions for  
man's soul, that are set forth in the  
Bible. John 15:7 states "If ye abide in  
me, and my words abide in you, ye  
shall ask what ye will, and it shall be  
done unto you." This is a wonderful  
promise directly from Christ. Don't  
you believe the One who has prom-  
ised? Then let us ask, believe, and  
then receive the very needs of our  
souls.

### SECOND SPEAKER

**Mind:** Through the turmoil of this  
life it means much to have peace of  
mind. I'm so glad that this wonderful  
peace comes with salvation of the soul,  
and it stays with us as we continuously  
walk with God. Not only will God give  
peace of mind, but He has promised  
us wisdom that all of our adversaries  
cannot gainsay nor resist (Luke  
21:15). We find also that God giveth  
wisdom: out of his mouth cometh  
knowledge and understanding (Pro-  
verbs 2:6). Friends, do you need some-  
one to direct your paths? Have you  
tried to face the world with your own  
understanding? Then listen to what  
God's Word has to say: "Trust in the  
Lord with all thine heart; and lean  
not unto thine own understanding. In  
all thy ways acknowledge him, and he  
shall direct thy paths" (Proverbs 3:5,  
6). Yes, we can have that which we  
need for our minds regardless of what  
it may be. With such guidance where,  
besides the glory world, could be our  
destination? Let us trust God for the  
leading we need in this life.

### THIRD SPEAKER

**Body:** God, who made man and  
breathed the breath of life into his

nostrils, has known all the while that  
man's body is dependent on Him for  
its welfare. Though we have some  
wonderful physicians in our land, God  
is still more sufficient than all of  
them put together. In His Word He  
has placed a promise for each need of  
the human body. He knew we should  
not be able to do our best for Him if  
our bodies were sick; therefore, He has  
promised to heal the afflicted. Not only  
did He promise to heal the body, but  
He has also promised that if we seek  
Him first above everything else, He  
shall add the needful material things  
of life to us. I believe God wants His  
people to be well and healthy and have  
the best things in life. Let us seek Him  
and ask for these great promises to be  
fulfilled in our lives as we need them.

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## HE PROVED HIS WILLINGNESS

(Continued from page 9)

told Americans in her book first published in 1951, "At first I was suspicious that New York Avenue's Lincoln tradition, if not unauthentic, had at least been exaggerated and glorified with the passing years. I determined to find out for myself just how accurate it was. Several old safes in the church were filled with musty records. Finally, I found the trustees' book of pew rents covering the Civil War period. Under the 'L's' was one page with the unadorned notation, 'A. Lincoln.' The President had been a bit behind in his pew-rent payment at the time of his assassination. Other fascinating records and documents completely satisfied me. It was all true—together with more, much more, that has never been published.

"All of New York Avenue's Lincoln stories testified to the man's humility, his friendliness, and his innate spirituality—despite all that has been written since then to the contrary."

**IN SPEAKING OF** Abraham Lincoln's life, Nelson B. Keyes and Edward Felix Gallagher in their recent book *Hope of the Nation*, said, "Few men in history have stood for higher ideals or suffered more opposition in carrying them out. He had brought to his high office a becoming humility. He had done his best to be sympathetic and understanding of those who did not share his beliefs. He had shown mercy at its best upon many occasions. He had hungered and thirsted for a greater degree of justice in himself and between men. He had hoped and prayed for peaceful means to settle differences. He had patiently suffered reproach. He had seemed to falter at times; but he had persevered to the end.

"Then came the shot that ended the struggle. Those who had been arrayed against him had their moment of exultation, but it was short-lived. Lincoln had given his all that all men might find a better way. Great powers that had been arrayed against him felt a surge and a mighty tide set in against them. Men across the world had seen a great faith demonstrated, and vindicated. In the memories of his countrymen, this humble and awkward man began to take on new and greater stature.

"It took perhaps two generations to bleach out the most extreme bitterness against him, and give him a fixed place in the goodly company

of the elect. His place among the immortals now seems fixed. But in his own lifetime it was not so. To his other attributes, he added that most blessed of all the qualities that are required of us—the willingness to give."

## HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

(Continued from page 16)

and ironed and knit and sewed for them. At eight o'clock they were sent to bed, while I read and studied for the next two hours that I might become a more intelligent mother.

After they were out of the home nest I took a business course, working my way and graduated just before my fiftieth birthday. Then I went into a newspaper office—and one of my life-long dreams had come true.

Yesterday, I spent in God's country, the open spaces and the long roads of the big Southwest. Today I am in the man-made cities of the East. I have had six months' instruction in art in one of your wonderful public night schools; I have visited art galleries and studios.

I haven't adjectives to tell you what I think of your public libraries, but they are manna to my starved intellect.

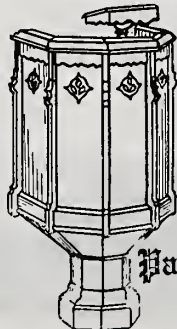
I attend lectures galore. I enjoy the feasts the various cults offer. My body sits entranced before the great opera and concert singers, while my soul soars to heaven with their melody. Only last night I laughed, cried and sang with Sir Harry Lauder.

Time is the only limit, and lack of funds the only restriction. I have sat in a man-made battleship on a God-made ocean—oh; the wonderful, wonderful things I have experienced! All, all, dreams come true.

Tomorrow I shall add the past to the present and write, write, write.

Ah, dear God! "The best is yet to be, the last of life, for which the first was made."

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## HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED

(Continued from page 17)

"You won't have to stop work. Prepare yourself at home. I will be your teacher. Go home and think about it."

The next morning he called and told Mr. Wheeler he had decided to accept his offer, and the lessons began at once.

Howard progressed fast, and by the time the civil service examinations were held he was quite proficient, and passed successfully. He now informed his tutor that he purposed applying for the position of court stenographer, as that place was soon to be vacant. "Very good, but you lack experience. You are classed as a mere boy. You can't take dictation nor use the typewriter, can you?"

"Try me."

The dictation was given, and looking over the work critically Mr. Wheeler said, "Perfect. You have done well. I will use my influence for you." When the judge was interviewed, he said there were already several candidates for the place, but he would let a test decide among them. When the test came, Howard Hanley surpassed them all, and was given the appointment. He went to his tutor and said, "I want to thank God and you for my success. If you had not been a true friend to me, and given me that straight talking to, and if I had not accepted Mother's God, and prayed, I would not have this position today."—Unknown.

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# March Is Preparation Month For V.B.S.

## Don't Pass It Up

The multiplicity of church duties during the busy summer months tends to crowd out Vacation Bible School in some of our churches. Don't be guilty of passing up one of the best opportunities of the year to win souls for Jesus Christ, to increase the attendance of your Sunday School, and to make contacts in the homes of your community.

Children are more easily attracted to the Vacation Bible School with its appealing program of handwork and recreation than they are to the Sunday School during the busy public school year.

Many of the children who attend Vacation Bible School will become Christians during that period. Many times the unsaved parents of these children are reached through the converted pupil. People in your community who have not had an introduction to your church before will attend for their first time to see the graduating exercises of their children. When the parents behold the benefits that their children have derived from Vacation Bible School, their hearts will be touched, thus opening another door in the community for the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. More and more pastors are beginning to realize that Vacation Bible School is one of the very

best evangelistic agencies of their churches. In a growing church, the future must be considered. In this program of evangelism, child evangelism cannot be relegated to the background.

At V.B.S. the children become acquainted with many of the Sunday School teachers and pupils, thus, increasing the Sunday School attendance. The students of Vacation Bible School become "hot prospects" for regular Sunday School attendance. Through them their parents can also be enrolled. Not only do these children find Christ as their personal Saviour, but between twenty and thirty hours of supplementary Bible teaching is provided in ten days; whereas, a full year of Sunday School provides only fifty-two hours. We need Vacation Bible School to supplement our Sunday School training program.

With a program that pays such great dividends as Vacation Bible School, we cannot afford to allow last-minute planning, a half-interested pastor, or complacency on the part of the church cause us to pass up this wonderful opportunity. If you want to avoid making the V.B.S. an annual headache, start now to make your plans. When plans are made far in advance, the school will operate smoothly and the staff will cooperate more willingly.

### LEADERS IN ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for November, 1955

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL

##### Group AA

North Carolina	29,103
Tennessee	18,591
Georgia	17,460
Florida	17,243
Alabama	17,199

##### Group A

Ohio	7,000
Kentucky	6,976
Virginia	6,902
Texas	5,765
Mississippi	4,444

##### Group B

California	5,691
Michigan	4,603
Illinois	3,674
Pennsylvania	3,367
Indiana	2,814

##### Group C

Missouri	2,899
Maryland	2,626
Arkansas	2,609
Oklahoma	2,477
Louisiana	2,246

##### Group D

Arizona	1,495
Kansas	1,022
New Mexico	680
Western Canada	544

##### Group E

Washington	748
North Dakota	598
Montana	434
Iowa	416
Delaware	391

##### Group F

New York	266
Idaho	216
New Jersey	231
Nebraska	176

##### Group G

Central Canada	132
Alaska	71
Minnesota	51

#### Y.P.E.

##### Group AA

North Carolina	11,194
Alabama	10,045
Georgia	9,826
Tennessee	9,172
Florida	8,252

##### Group A

Kentucky	5,065
Texas	4,123
Virginia	3,887
Ohio	3,764
Mississippi	3,752

#### Group B

California	3,009
Illinois	2,374
Pennsylvania	2,096
Michigan	1,905
Indiana	1,793

#### Group C

Arkansas	1,740
Missouri	1,672
Oklahoma	1,556
Maryland	1,480
Louisiana	1,185

#### Group D

Arizona	724
Kansas	502
New Mexico	344
Western Canada	147

#### Group E

Washington	415
North Dakota	278
Iowa	242
South Dakota	206
Maine	200

#### Group F

New York	212
Nebraska	117
Idaho	112
New Jersey	110

#### Group G

Central Canada	117
Minnesota	44
Alaska	32

### NATION'S TOP TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for November

Greenville (Tremont Avenue), S. C.	1,027
Atlanta (Hemphill Avenue), Georgia	640
Detroit (Tabernacle), Michigan	611
Kannapolis, North Carolina	554
Middletown (Clayton Avenue), Ohio	547
North Cleveland, Tennessee	501
Wilmington, North Carolina	495
Lenoir, North Carolina	477
South Gastonia, North Carolina	453
Alabama City, Alabama	450

### NATION'S TOP TEN IN Y.P.E. ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for November

Nicholls, Georgia	325
Home for Children, Tennessee	292
East Laurinburg, North Carolina	219
Whitwell, Tennessee	215
Saddle Tree, North Carolina	212
Columbus (29th Street), Georgia	206
Louisville (Faith Temple), Ky.	200
Cincinnati (12th & Elm), Ohio	198
Newport News, Virginia	197
Greenville (Tremont Avenue), S. C.	189

### NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPTS.

#### ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for November

Louisville (Faith Temple), Ky.	1,284
Abingdon, Virginia	356
East Nashville, Tennessee	347
Birmingham (Pike Avenue), Ala.	225
Lumberton, North Carolina	220
Tampa, Florida	212
Akron (Market Street), Ohio	203
Eldorado, Illinois	202
Krafton, Alabama	139
Bedford, Virginia	120
Princeton, West Virginia	120

### TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

West Virginia	45
Tennessee	30
Florida	28
Ohio	27
North Carolina	26
South Carolina	26
Georgia	25
Kentucky	20
Virginia	19
Alabama	16
Illinois	15

### YOUTH STATISTICS THIS MONTH

Saved	3,005
Sanctified	1,351
Filled with Holy Ghost	1,001
Added to the Church of God	950

Since June 30, 1955

Saved	14,816
Sanctified	6,514
Filled with Holy Ghost	4,991
Added to the Church of God	4,576

Branch Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1955	40
Branch Sunday Schools reported as of November 30, 1955	336
New Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1955	51
New Y.P.E.'s organized since June 30, 1955	65

# FABULOUS FIVE FREE!

for joining the Pathway Book Club

**HOW THE PATHWAY BOOK CLUB OPERATES**—Each month the Pathway Book judges will make a selection for each division from the very best Christian literature printed. These selections must meet the approval of the judges. Then the book will be reviewed and described in "The Book Path," which will be sent free to each member.

The member will decide whether or not he desires the book. If so, he does NOTHING, it will come automatically. If he does NOT want the selection, he simply mails in the rejection slip that will be attached to "The Book Path."

Each book he selects will come to him at the regular publisher's price, (retail) and must be paid for, plus a few cents postage, within 10 days. TWO BOOKS NOT PAID FOR CANCELS YOUR MEMBERSHIP UNTIL THE BALANCE IS PAID.

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1. Free—five books for joining.
2. Free membership. No dues.
3. Free—one book for every four selections at publisher's price, **after your first selection.**
4. Free—subscription to "The Book Path," a monthly review of the forthcoming selections and other valuable information about new Christian books.

### NOW IS THE TIME

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- To add to your present library.
- To begin your church library.
- To add to your church library.

**CHOOSE YOUR DIVISION** Now you may choose the club division which offers the type books you desire. If you like Christian fiction, missionary or biographical writings, then it is the Regular Division for you. A minister or Bible student will delight in the helpful selections of the Ministerial Division. Children twelve years of age or younger will be excited by the books offered by the Junior Division.

**CHURCH OF GOD PUBLISHING HOUSE**  
Montgomery Avenue, Cleveland, Tennessee

This special Pathway Book Club offer begins March 1—lasts till May 15, 1956

Watch for entry blank in March edition of the **Lighted Pathway**



MARCH, 1956

# *The* **LIGHTED** *Pathway*

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR





## Publishing House Contest

THE GREATEST CONTEST in the history of the Church of God Publishing House begins *March 1* and concludes *May 15*. Many valuable and practical gifts will be given as prizes. The purpose of the contest is to distribute more widely the Church periodicals and song books. Through this method we hope to enlarge the ministry of our publications and also extend the good services of the Publishing House to many new customers.

During this contest we hope to attain a circulation of 70,000 LIGHTED PATHWAYS. This, of course, will not be a difficult task if everyone will do just a little. If each person who now reads The LIGHTED PATHWAY would introduce it to some friend, we would far exceed our goal. Will you help us in this project? For the contest only, the *subscription price has been reduced to \$1.25 per year*. By boosting The LIGHTED PATHWAY you will not only increase its ministry but you will also help your state officers win valuable prizes.

The following are the basic contest rules:

1. For the period of the contest the states will be grouped according to membership.
  2. Each Overseer and Youth Director may earn a prize.
  3. In order to earn a prize in the Publishing House Contest and to qualify for the grand prize in group—
    - a. Each Overseer and Youth Director must reach the *Evangel* quota for their state or states at the rate of one *Evangel* for each two members.
    - b. Each Overseer and Youth Director must reach quotas for at least two of the other three categories.
  4. There will be a grand prize for the Overseer and Youth Director in each group having the greatest percentage above the necessary points to qualify.
- The proposed quotas are:
1. One *Evangel* for each two members for your church each week.
  2. One LIGHTED PATHWAY for each two members of your church each month.
  3. One 1956 convention song book for each two members of your church.
  4. One new Pathway Book Club member for each church in your state.



### ATTENTION "ART PAGE" FANS

The art page has attracted considerable attention from artists and potential artists on the field. Our staff of artists is pleased with your response. We wish to point out, however, that several drawings submitted to us have been done in inferior paper, which, prohibits us from printing them. We have received some sketches on ruled notebook paper, cheap grade blotter paper, and same on brown paper bags.

Our offset camera man can reproduce your drawings with higher fidelity if they are submitted on a good quality drawing paper or bristol board.

If you choose pencil as your medium, please use **STRONG** tonal contrasts. (Pencil is the least desirable, from our reproduction standpoint, than most other media.)

Please do not bend or crease any of your drawings intended for reproduction. For other information concerning rules for art page please see page 2 of the December, 1955, issue of the LIGHTED PATHWAY.—Art Director

# The LIGHTED Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

LEWIS J. WILLIS, Editor

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Editor-in-Chief  
Church of God Publications

ALDA B. HARRISON  
Editor Emeritus  
The LIGHTED PATHWAY

Vol. 27

MARCH, 1956

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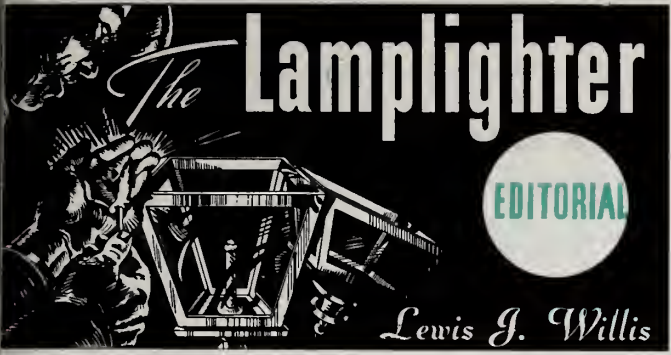
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ONE QUESTION, PLEASE

HERE IS A SINGLE question which should continually probe the meditation of every professed Christian. It is a question that is simple in structure but profound in significance. Actually, a sincere answer to this question reveals the true status of the believer. It is with tender concern, therefore, that the Master esteems one's very soul with the searching words, "... Lovest thou me?" (John 21:16).

All imagined virtues are ignored by this question. It presents itself to the court of man's true self and demands a correct answer. Simply stated it requires only a simple reply. "Do you possess love for the Person of Christ Jesus?" One must answer "yes" or "no," for there is no middle ground. Hence, the question becomes the rule of true discipleship.

Actually, love for the Person of Christ has always been the law of discipleship. When the lawyer asked Christ for the great commandment, "Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment," Matthew 22:37, 38. Although in this day men have substituted creed, ritual and other measurements as the rule of discipleship, with the Lord the law remains the same, "... Lovest thou me?"

Notice Christ does not ask about religious position, prestige or possession. He does not ask for one's theological beliefs. Devotion to the church or the kingdom work is not mentioned. Attendance at church services or faithfulness in stewardship is not questioned. All other matters are left out of—rather all are included in—our Lord's question. The all-inclusive and, therefore, all-important question dealt with the personal attachment to a personal Christ.

No one escapes this question. Even the mighty apostle Peter was questioned three times as if to emphasize its importance. Nothing screens anyone from the searching, purging, imperative words. Obvious gifts, distinguishing graces, acknowledged accomplishments do not excuse one from the soul examination evoked by this question. All are examined and all receive a true verdict, for one knows the truth when this question probes him.

Outward religiousness does not exempt one from this query, for one may keep the church law and be piously correct without love. One may hold a high office in the church, but so did Judas. Great religious privileges do not necessarily prevent this question, for Peter had stood in the glory of the Mount of Transfiguration. Unusual self-denial does not forestall the query either, for Peter had been able to say, "We have left all to follow thee"; yet Christ felt it necessary to ask him, "... Lovest thou me?"

THIS QUESTION IS a divine X-ray which proves the true condition of the professed Christian. It examines his profession of faith for truth and sincerity. It analyzes the handshaking and backslapping to show the amount of genuine fellowship and brotherhood. It reveals clearly how many of the "sacrifices for Christ" were honest or were efforts for praise and self-exaltation. It portrays plainly how many of the efforts to succeed in Christ's work were stimulated by personal vanity or selfish ambition.

There is a story of a Christian who slept and dreamed. In his dream the Christian was met by a stranger who asked, "How is your love?" The Christian reached into his bosom and brought forth his love. When weighed, it amounted to one hundred pounds. The Christian felt very happy but then noticed the stranger was preparing to analyze his love. When he had broken it into atoms and tried it in fire, he made notes of his test and handed them to the Christian saying, "May God save you!" The following were the notes:

Bigotry, Prejudice and Fanaticism	10 parts	
Personal Ambition	23 parts	
Love of Praise	19 parts	
Pride of Denomination	15 parts	Wood, Hay and Stubble
Pride of Talent	14 parts	
Love of Authority	12 parts	
Love to God	4 parts	Pure Love
Love to Man	3 parts	

Without love for Christ everything is wrong for the professed Christian. Every testimony becomes as a "Sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Worship becomes a "form of godliness" without power. Christian fellowship becomes awkward and strained. Stewardship becomes acts of habit and possibly hypocrisy. The Lord's sacrament becomes a mockery. Indeed, love is the vital breath which gives substance and meaning to Christianity.

Love for Christ is our urgent need today. It will transform and make us to become like Christ in compassion, tenderness and service. It will bind believers together and keep them in the right path. It will provide sufficient energy to attempt the difficult task and persevere until it is finished. It will still the grumbling tongue, purge the envious heart, silence gossiping lips, and empty a scheming mind. Love to the Person of the Lord is the element which makes religion alive and salvation real. I implore you, therefore, to hear and answer well the Master's question, "... Lovest thou me?"

ANTICIPATION!

The April edition of The LIGHTED PATHWAY will contain a variety of interesting features. Among them will be:

JOHN WESLEY, BEING DEAD HE YET SPEAKETH  
By Ray H. Hughes  
National Sunday School and Youth Director  
Much of the manuscript was written from Wesley's chapel and home in London, England.

SPECIAL EASTER SERMON  
By Donald Aultman  
TRAGEDY AND TRIUMPH  
By Joe Southerland



## Va Donna Hughes Leaf

God? Death? Heaven?  
How does one reconcile it all?  
Pamula found the answer in the  
pastor's message.

# Unless You See Him

**T**HROUGH A CLOUDED haze of sleep, Pamula Vincent heard the telephone ringing. She struggled awake, half-aware that she'd been hearing the ringing for a long time in her sleep.

She heard her parent's bedroom door open and her father clump sleepily down the stairs.

Who could be calling at this time of night, Pamula wondered as she pulled the blankets closer about her neck. It must be near midnight. She'd gotten home a little after ten from the young people's meeting.

She heard her father come upstairs, and she was almost asleep again when the door of her room opened and the light flashed on. Pamula squinted her eyes against the harshness.

"Pamula," her mother's voice was gentle, quick, but somehow full of tears.

Pamula sat bolt upright, wide awake, knowing that the telephone and the tears—what *did* it mean?

"Pamula, dear." Her mother's arms were secure about her. "The Lord has taken Hal. We must be strong now and help poor Aunt Clare all we can."

Her mother talked on, but Pamula wasn't listening. The Lord has taken Hal. No, she really must be dreaming. The ringing telephone, her mother's words were just a bad dream.

Why, just yesterday Hal had bought an old rattle-trap car from Handle Mentz the junk man. He was going to paint it bright red and stencil fire-crackers on it. He'd been so full of enthusiasm when he'd come over to tell her about it. Then shyly, he'd

asked for a small loan so he could buy the paint. And although she'd teased him a little she gave it to him, knowing that he would never have asked for it if his desire had not been so great.

"The brakes weren't any good," her mother was saying. "And he was too close to Harper's Bluff."

Pamula looked at her mother then, and seeing her face, she knew this was no dream.

It was like a vacuum, the days that followed—the lost feeling, the funeral and Aunt Clare, grief-stricken but almost tearless.

"It's the Lord's will," Aunt Clare told Pamula one day as they sat together in Aunt Clare's strangely empty-sounding house. "We don't always understand but we must trust Him. I know that Hal belonged to Christ even before his death. That is my comfort. Hal is happy in heaven."

Heaven. The word burst through Pamula's sorrow. A single word. She repeated it softly to herself in much the same way a child will repeat a word new to his vocabulary. Heaven. Heaven.

"It tells us here in Revelation 21:4," Aunt Clare said, thumbing through the Bible lying on her lap.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

Aunt Clare read on but Pamula didn't hear anymore. Hal crying? I cried, Aunt Clare cried, and all of us



who lost him cried. But Hal crying, too. And God wiping away his tears.

A sudden, deep pain shot through Pamula's heart. Aunt Clare, seeing her moist eyes, patted her shoulder.

"Remember, dear, we haven't lost Hal. He has only left us behind for awhile. Go on home now, Pamula. The Lord will comfort you. He comforts the old in one way, the young in other ways."

NEVER AGAIN will I feel any comfort or peace in my heart, Pamula thought as she walked the few blocks home. Her heart ached, it seemed empty and the pain was like a physical thing.

Hal. Heaven. Crying. Heaven. God wiping away all the tears from Hal's eyes. Over and over the words and phrases went through her mind.

It seemed that something would explode in her head before she reached home and hurried to her room.

Alone there, she let the tears come. She knew that the tears were not for Hal. They were of her soul as were the questions flooding her mind.

Would God some day wipe away her tears? Would she, Pamula Ann Vincent, some day stand at the gate and

would God be there smiling, patting her shoulder and wiping away her tears?

Or would the gate be closed to her?

How could she know? Aunt Clare had said something about Hal belonging to Christ even before his death.

Pamula remembered other talks and testimonies. "When the Lord saved me—" "Since I belong to Christ now—" Other similar phrases slipped through her mind. She'd heard things like it for years but they had never registered. They didn't fit together in her mind even now. Only that there was heaven and there was darkness, and she wanted heaven. She wanted the assurance that God would some day wipe the tears from her eyes.

Hal belonged to Christ, so Aunt Clare had that assurance.

"But how do you know when you belong to Christ?" Pamula whispered to herself. "How do you know when you are saved? What does it mean? How do you know? Oh, what shall I do?"

Pamula sobbed uncontrollably until she was exhausted and her head seemed to be swimming. Questions

(Continued on page 22)

"She walked over to the window and rested her hot, flushed forehead against the cool glass."

illustrated by chloe stewart





LATE THAT NIGHT preceding the big mid-term chemistry test at State University, I pushed the books aside and half closed my weary eyes. Soon I was half asleep in my chair, but my mind was still racing. Why I should be thinking of my childhood I don't know, but I saw my whole life in mental pictures as vividly as if it had been a moving picture on the wall.

I saw myself—just a serious-faced child, wide-eyed, not saying much, but listening, and thinking some. I wasn't old enough to attend school. About all the learning I received in those days was around the family altar. We were there every day. I really didn't know just what it meant, but I knew God was good, and that I should grow up and read, sing, and pray as my parents did. I remember one song especially. I think they must have sung it almost every day. The name of the song was "Just a Closer Walk With Thee."

I suppose, like many small children, I did not know much about God. But I always thought that Mom and Dad must be a lot like Him. They were always good to me. Oh, I know, a few times I thought they weren't—when they punished me, but later I knew that was for my own good.

Mother's voice was so kind, and, oh, so gentle. When she called me for family devotions, I knew her voice was like an angel's. Even now I hear her call my

name. But it is just an echo from the past—just a beautiful echo.

Father never talked much, but we knew that every word he said came from a heart of gold. I used to look at his big, rough hands as they held the well-worn family Bible, and I just knew that the Book was safe in his hands.

Then my dream began to unfold, and I saw myself graduating from the eighth grade. That was *something* for a country boy like me. Dad was still reading from the same family Bible, and Mom was still calling my name for family worship.

After I received my diploma, I remember Dad said, "Son, we're proud of you—proud of you, not so much because of your intelligence, but because of your Christian character. Never forget the Christ you have learned about at the family altar. Never turn your back on Him, Son. He means more than anything else in the whole world."

Scholastically I had finished second in my class. Although though the class was small I was thrilled when Mr. Osborn our principal said, "You are one of our very best students. You'll make a mark for yourself in the world some day!"

Four years later I received another diploma. The time my father didn't say he was proud of me. I wondered



why. I thought he should have been, for I a country boy, had graduated with top honors from a large city high school. I think he was pleased, but somehow I seemed to feel some doubt in his honest, mild blue eyes.

Time passed, and Dad's hair had become more like drifted snow. His hands were still firm and strong, however, as he held the same old family Bible. And Mother's voice was still like an angel's when she called my name. Frequently, however, she called my name in vain, when I would be somewhere studying—studying to finish first in my class and to make my mark in the world some day.

I THINK I WAS a little frightened myself sometimes. The things which I thought would mean so much to me just—well, just didn't. All the people in the little country church that we attended seemed to be such simple folk, and our pastor was not very well-educated. Sometimes I found myself counting the mistakes he made in English instead of listening to any great truth he might develop.

Then, too, I wanted to amount to something in life. As far as I knew all our relatives had been farmers, and "dirt" farmers at that. I felt I had two strikes against me at the start. On that first day that I went to high school I knew I had outgrown my old brown suit when I was in the sixth grade. It was on the first day in high school that Dale Austin called me a greenhorn. I believe that word burned into my very innermost being, and I was determined to show Dale Austin and the world what I could really do.

Dale flunked out of school when he was a sophomore, and I was glad! Yes, glad! And when I made top honors in the senior class, I let him know about it.

I think Dad knew that my heart hadn't kept pace with my mind. He used to talk with me about it. I listened respectfully, although I had come to feel that Father was very *set* in his ways, and arguing would not help. Besides, he had sacrificed much to send me through high school.

He was deeply concerned, I know, that night before I left for the State University. He wanted me to attend a small Christian college, but I could not agree. I knew that a diploma from State would mean far more. And that is what I wanted—another diploma. Yes, and suppose the *greenhorn* could be top man in a great university!

I am a junior at State now. I shall receive another diploma next year. It seems that the dream should have ended there, but it didn't. I saw myself graduating from State, not with highest honors this time, but well up there.

Then I received my master's degree in business education. It was shortly after this that Dad called me home. It seemed that the angels had become weary waiting for Mother and were calling her home.

That train moved so slowly! Finally I looked upon her pale face, but I never saw her lovely eyes nor heard her sweet voice again. I should never hear her call my name again!

I cried as though my heart would break. How I wish it had! But soon I was back at State studying again, for



a doctorate, for another diploma—a Ph.D. Father was at the commencement again. He looked broken, almost feeble. I know that part of his heart was gone when Mother died, but I also know that those big hands, though trembling now, still held the same old family Bible.

Suddenly I remembered that many years ago, when I received my eighth grade diploma, Father had said, "Son, we're proud of you." Would he say it again? I found myself hoping that he would. Surely he would be proud to have a Ph.D. in the family! But all I could see was hurt in his eyes. In my heart I knew he could not be proud of me because I was giving God second place in my life.

Why did the dream have to continue? Why must I see the years ahead? I saw myself becoming prominent in the business world. I had position, wealth—anything money could buy. I had a fine home, but a godless one with no altar, no old family Bible. We had a Bible—the latest translation—but it was never read. There was no angel voice calling my name. My wife was unsympathetic and grasping. Our home was childless, prayerless, Christless, godless; but, of course, I kept up a front. Few people knew. Some might have said that we were happy.

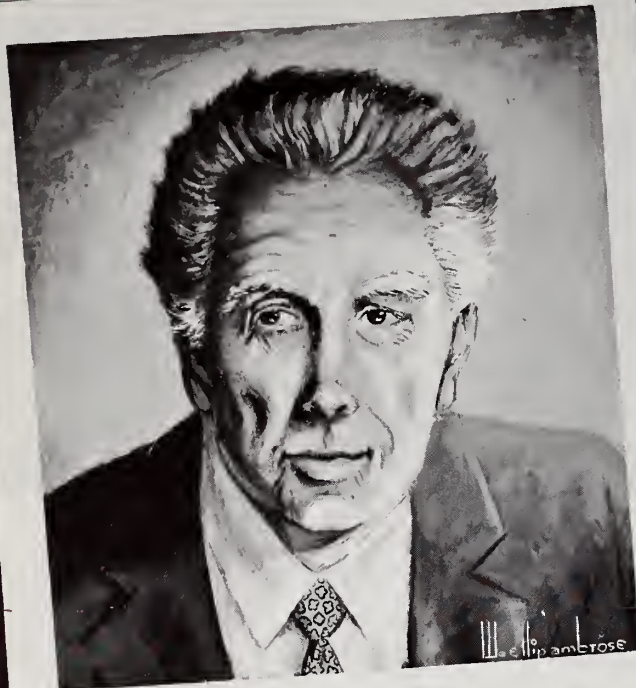
Then a depression came, and the stock market crashed. One night I went to bed a wealthy man, and awoke in the morning a pauper. My wife deserted me, and my grand friends had nothing but sneers for me. I was defeated. Perhaps I was not too old to start again, but I had lost heart. What was there to work for? Nobody cared! Nobody cared! This thought mocked me constantly. Perhaps Dad would have cared, but he was gone. For years he had gone to the family altar alone. Then one morning he went for the last time. I wasn't there when it happened, but when they found him his fingers were grasping the old family Bible.

THEN I AWOKE with a start, and my eyes were swollen with tears. I had to tell myself a dozen times, "It's only a dream—only a dream."

Yes, it was only a dream. I am still a junior at State, and as far as I know, Mother and Father are still alive and well. I have not written for some time. Am I going to write now? No, I am going home to see them

(Continued on page 20)





# Youth Age **UNDESPISED UNREGRETTE**

By Phyllis Primmer

"Spry for his age, they said. A great man in his day, Brother Bell was. Still a great man. Lives for the Lord all the time. Don't know where he gets his energy."

OH, IF ONLY I'D had a chance like that when I was young." A correctly dressed matron turned to her shorter, Sunday-dressed friend who sighed. "Indeed. How I wish I were young again!"

They both looked lingeringly at the talkative energies of the young people in their teens and early twenties, grouped around the church steps.

The two young fellows and three girls that had taken part in the evening service laughed with the easy grace of happy young people. There had been farewell testimonies before the four returned to Bible college for another year, taking with them Lois, the smartly dressed young blonde.

Others lingered with them in the youthful farewell chatter and in the groups beyond.

Voices from the outer shadows on the lawn rose and fell in spurts of conversation. Then one spoke clearly into the lull. "I feel so sorry for young people these days . . ."

The group at the foot of the steps paused momentarily, stared rather questioningly at each other, then with an unexpressed shrug of dismissal, they closed in the conversation void with their own unfinished talk.

One voice vibrant with age came clearly to the young people. "Oh, I don't know why you should. They can get the same help we had to live our Christian life and work for the Lord—the Father and His Word the Bible, the Son and His blood-bought redemption, the Holy Spirit and His work of blessing."

Most of the little groups of conversation turned to listen, for this man, old Brother Bell, had spent forty-eight years of daily service for His Lord in the heart of Nigeria.

"Nope. No call at all to feel sorry for these young people. They got everything we had. Um humph. And a little bit more. Where I tramped through reptile polluted swamps to reach my converts, they'll fly over top. And don't think for a minute that they won't be better able to deal with the spiritual problems of benighted heathens than I was after tramping myself well nigh to death's door to reach them."

"Oh, but these modern temptations—" Another voice protested.

"I tell you the only difference between young Bob here," old Brother Bell soundly clapped a smiling six-footer between the shoulder blades. "The only difference between Bob and myself when I started out is that he'll get where he's going faster. And the Lord be praised that he is going in the right direction. For were he not, with cars and planes and money to be earned, he'd only get to hell faster than I could have in my day, were we the fellows going in the other direction.

"Yep. When I hear folks say they wish they had these



kids' chance, it makes me sort of wonder if maybe they aren't just trying to excuse their own unfruitful lives. You had your chance! You were young once! Lack of years is the only difference between these kids and you right now. The Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit are not respecters of years. They are dwellers and workers for all eternity where there are no years.

"Nope." Brother Bell pulled at his scraggy chain. "I'm a thinking that you'd do things just exactly the same way you did the first time. Yep. You'd have the same with which to work. Let me tell you all . . ."

**BOB AND THE OTHER** Bible college students turned full attention to the earnest, high-pitched voice. Others from the other groups did too, for they all knew when old Brother Bell "let fire" as the young people said, with some of his advice, whatever followed the "Let me tell you" was well worth listening to.

"'Tis like Paul says," Brother Bell's gnarled fingers fumbled with thin India paper till he found the first book of Timothy. "Now young man, there is a fellow that knows how to be young and old without letting the years, or the lack of them, get in his way and trip him up. Well nigh blind. Older and in worse shape than I am. That's pretty bad, eh Bob?" He grinned and rubbed his brittle chin again.

Everyone was listening now, some nodding over his words, spry for his age, they said. A great man in his day, Brother Bell was. Still a great man. Lives for the Lord all the time. Don't know where he gets the energy.

"Paul was a man with a profession. A lawyer. A man of the innermost circle of intellects of his day. A member of the Sanhedrin. What you youngsters would tab as a gray beard of the gray beards. Yet he was so energetic, so zealous, such an example that we think of him as perpetually young.

"Yep. That's his secret. '*Be thou an example of the believers.*' And he meant it in every way—in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, and in purity. There is a message in every one of those, and if I get going on them, none of us will get any sleep tonight."

Brother Bell grinned a little shyly and hurried on as if he had a lot to say and little time in which to say it.

"You can be an example of the believers in spite of your lack of years, in every one of these phases. Here's how. First, by giving attendance to God's Word—reading, exhortation and doctrine, Paul says. Second, by neglecting not the gift that is in you.

"You can't excuse yourself by saying you haven't any gift. Too many good people think that only those who are musical or have a gift of gab are talented. Paul said the gifts are prophecy, ministry, teaching, exhorting, giving, ruling and shewing mercy.

"Now take me, for instance." He smiled directly to the outer circle of older listeners. "My gift is stubbornness. Yep." the age-lined face grinned broadly. "It's been called by some as just plain contrariness. But when blessed by God and used to push through jungles with the gospel to natives never reached by those without stubbornness, then even stubbornness is a gift!

"Everyone of you young folks here have a prettier gift than that. Use it! Give wholly! And this giving wholly has a lot more in it than you think. You see, you develop that gift God has given you, and you give wholly, not that your gift may be given prominence, but so that

the blessing of God may flow through you to bless others in whatever way they need the blessing of God—be it forgiveness of sin, eternal salvation, sanctification. That is how you learn to meet God, to be used of God. Give wholly."

**THE AGED VOICE** hurried on again, as if speaking by memory from some deep recess of human experience.

"Then and only then, your profiting will appear to all! How can it help it! You will glow with an active spiritual life. And as is often the case when the spiritual life shoots upward to vigorous growth, your mental, physical and material life develops as well.

"Yep. You save yourself and them that hear you, for how can people watch a living example of a Bible believer without responding? If the Bible believer is a true example as set out by Paul in his few simple instructions here, those that hear can't help but believe."

Brother Bell closed his Bible with a motion tender as a caress. He slipped it into his inner coat pocket. Then he laid his gnarled hand on the crook of Bob's arm. He seemed a little weary, as if he had said more than he intended, but yet had more he must tell this new generation of Christians.

"I'm an ugly, old man. Yet did you ever hear anyone say I was ugly? Nope." He chuckled. "I hear what they say when my back is turned. 'My, isn't he spry? What gumption! I don't know how he does it after all those years in the tropical jungles!'

"Bob, young man, I never let any man (or woman either for they can be even worse than men at this) despise my youth! I just got myself so busy doing the things that would make me an example to the believers." He named them off again—word, conversation, charity, spirit, faith and purity. "They couldn't despise my youth. Sure I made mistakes. I still do. Ripened age is no abolisher of mistakes. But by the time someone was gassing over my errors, I was galloping my horses in the right direction again.

"See, Bob." Brother Bell seemed to have forgotten the others listening. "That's the secret of all Paul's teachings. An undespised youth gives an unregretted old age. And you'll not stand before the throne with empty hands when you leave years behind for eternity.

"If I had not lived every day working to be an example as Paul sets it out, I too would be filled with regret. All I'd hear people saying would be 'poor old

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# trifles

By CHESTER SHULER

*"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much," Luke 16:10a.*

HEARD THE LATEST, Emily?" asked Sam as the two met on the street.

"I'm afraid I haven't. What is the very latest, Sam?"

"Joe Brown's back home. They say he's going to help his dad in the store." Sam shook his head in a puzzled way. "Can't quite understand it. Thought Joe had a good job with the railroad company, didn't you?"

Emily nodded. "So I thought. But if Joe's here to stay, I'm glad. You know he's one boy who always came to church and our youth meetings when he was at home. And we need faithful members, that's sure."

"Right. Well, I must run along. See you tonight at the committee meeting, Emily."

"How about bringing Joe Brown along, Sam? I'm sure everyone would enjoy having him."

"I'll try," Sam promised.

Joe Brown was welcomed by the four young folks gathered that evening at Emily's house. "It's nice to be back with the old gang once more," Joe said, sinking into an overstuffed chair. "But look, don't let my presence interfere with your committee work, will you?"

"Not at all, Joe," Emily assured him. "Our meeting won't take long, if we get busy and concentrate. And then perhaps we can find something to eat around this plantation."

"How wonderful," grinned Joe. "And if I can do anything to hasten things, just let me know—although as you'll recall, I'm not much of a hand at such things."

"Our first problem," said Sam, "is the subject for our program. A subject may seem like a mere trifle, but it's really important. Let me see—"

In the puzzled silence which followed, Joe spoke: "Excuse my butting in. But Sam mentioned 'trifles,' and I'm here to tell you that some trifles can be mighty important—and dangerous." He grinned wryly. "I ought to know, because it so happens that a 'mere trifle' in the form of a costly error accounts for my sudden return home."

The four program-makers stopped work, and looked with interest at their guest. Emily asked, "Would you like to tell us more about that trifle, Joe? Not that we wish

to be personal—even if girls are said to be slightly curious creatures—"

Joe laughed. "It's not precisely a secret. Besides, I know this town is eager to know why I did come home. As you know, I worked in a big railroad office in the city. My work had to do with the routing of freight to various points throughout the country.

"One of our largest shippers wanted a carload of building materials rushed to a certain town in Nebraska, some fifty miles distant. I was told to make up the necessary orders in a rush. Soon the car was started on its journey. A week later, our customer was on our necks. Why hadn't his material arrived? How long did it take our jerkwater railroad to move a car fifty miles, anyway?"

"An investigation was started, of course. It ended quickly—on my head. The car had arrived all right—at a station with the same name but in the State of Nevada, several hundred miles away. In my haste to type the address, I had struck the *v* key on the typewriter instead of the *b*, which is located next to it, when I wrote the abbreviation for the state name. As my former boss pointed out to me in forceful language, 'those keys are one-fourth inch apart on the typewriter, but those towns are so far apart that we just can't afford to employ the services of a fellow who makes such errors.' After he had fired me, the boss cooled down and offered some free advice. He said, 'Joe, I hate to let you go, and I hope you will profit by this lesson. Never forget that a trifle can become a very important thing.'"

"He must have been the prize grouch!" exclaimed Amy. "Some men are cranks about details in an office. Don't I know!"

Joe shook his head. "On the contrary, he was a fine man to work for. And I must admit he had a perfect right to fire me. Such mistakes are costly to a firm's reputation as well as its treasury."

"I think," said Emily, "we won't need to look farther for a subject for our program. 'Trifles' suits me fine. And if we could put Joe Brown on it as our first speaker—"

Joe threw up his hands. "Not on your life," he grinned. "Me tell that story in public? Well, hardly. But the subject is a good one, and I hope you can develop it helpfully."

"It seems to me," said Sally thoughtfully, "that Jesus never overlooked small and seemingly insignificant things, or people. He accepted a small lunch from a little boy, and then performed a miracle by using it to feed 5,000 persons. He spoke often of such trifles as a sparrow, a stone, fox, lily, coin, fish. He honored small Zacchaeus by visiting in his home and teaching him. And—" Sally's tone became low and reverent. "Finally, He died on the cross to save a small and insignificant sinner, like me, just as much as a rich and powerful one."

"Now there," exclaimed Joe emphatically, "is your speaker, folks! Who could do better than Sally? She has something there. Just as I said, we overlook trifles too often these days. We hurry too much, I guess. We overlook some great persons and things just because they don't appear to be unusual."

HARRY NODDED. "One day when I was in a strange city and feeling plenty lonesome, a fellow came up, smiled, and said a few words. It was just a 'trifle,' I suppose, but I appreciated it a lot."

"That's true," said Emily; "but couldn't a person be—"

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# In the LION'S Den

By ESTHER MILLER PAYLER

**A**LL THROUGH THE long journey from Jerusalem to Babylon, Daniel and his three friends, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah kept wondering what would happen to them. "King Nebuchadnezzar's armies conquered Jerusalem, our home. He left some people there. He took some along. We are kept from the others for some reason," said Daniel.

"I'm homesick! I'd like to run back home," sighed Mishael.

"The soldiers'd kill you," cried Hananiah. "You must go on."

"God is with us," exclaimed Azariah. "That we know. He will go with us."

When the caravan of prisoners was inside the city of Babylon, the king's officer ordered Daniel and his friends: "This way, boys."

"They're taking us to prison!" wailed Mishael.

"To the king's palace," whispered Daniel.

"Maybe they'll torture us," muttered Hananiah.

After they had gone through many rooms, the king's officer pointed to a golden bench in a hall, ordering, "Sit there."

The boys huddled together and looked at the big rooms of the palace. Soldiers tramped past. Men in rich robes and jewels swished past, but no one paid any attention to the four Hebrew boys. At last a little old man with a black beard and a seal ring on his right thumb, waddled up to them. "I am Melzar. From now on you stay in the palace. You will learn our language and science, so you may help govern. You were picked out because you're strong and smart."

"You mean we go to school and live in the palace?" asked Daniel.

"Yes," nodded Melzar, rubbing his red nose. "For three years you will receive daily fine foods and meats and wines from the king's table."

"We do not eat rich foods or drink wine. Moses, with God's authority, gave us certain rules about eating and drinking," said Daniel.

"The king tells you what to do, not Moses," snapped Melzar, twisting his ring.

"We must do as God says. Please, sir, will you let us eat cereals, fruit and vegetables and drink water and milk, as we're used to?" begged Daniel.

Melzar shook his head.

"Please," begged the other boys. "Our fathers taught us that wine makes people who drink it stupid and slow to learn."

"If you look thin and weak next to the other boys in the school who eat the king's food and drink his wine,

I shall lose my head for neglecting you," worried Melzar.

"Let us try for ten days and see if then we're not stronger and learning better."

"No," retorted Melzar. He turned away.

**DANIEL FOLLOWED** and laid his hand on Melzar's arm. "Please, let us try for ten days. Then if we're not in better health than the others, we'll do as you say."

"All right," answered Melzar. "Since you're so devoted to your religion even though you're far from home, I'll let you try your plain food and drink."

For ten days the servants brought the food and drink the boys asked. "How silly," giggled the servants. "We wish we could have the wine and fat meats!"

Every day Melzar stuck his head into the schoolroom. He was always frowning when he came in, but when he saw the boys he smiled: "I see you're none the worse so far, boys."

At the end of ten days, Melzar bustled in. He felt the boys' muscles, he stared at their clear eyes and skins: "You've won. You shall do as your God says."

"Thank you," answered the boys.

"When the examinations come, see that you will do well."

"God helping us, we shall," answered Daniel. "Thank you again."

The boys studied hard. On the day of the examination before the king, Melzar came to get them "You look fine. See you do fine."

The boys answered all the questions the king and his helpers asked them. "Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah, you shall be my helpers," announced the king. "You're the best in the school, so you shall have the best jobs."

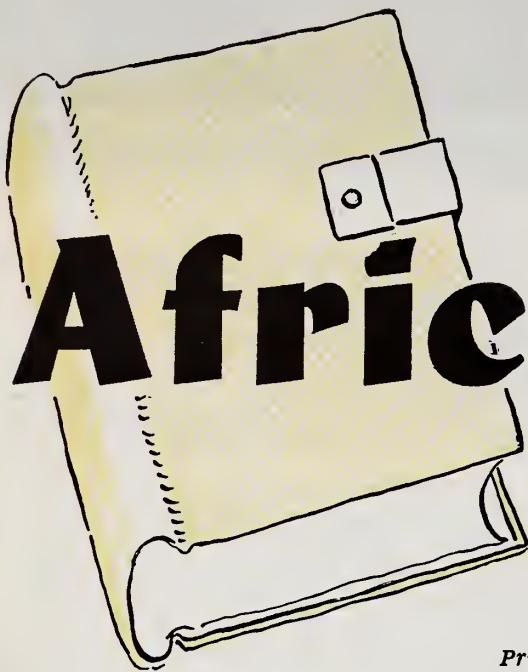
The friends bowed low: "O king, live forever. We shall do our best."

Melzar smiled and bowed. As they left he patted the boys on their backs. "You've been faithful to your God. He has helped you."

**AS TIME WENT ON** and Daniel and his three friends were in important jobs, some of the other helpers of the king were jealous. Once they had the king make a golden image, and ask all to bow before it. When the three friends did not bow down, saying, "We worship only the true God," they were thrown into a fiery furnace. God kept them from harm. Their clothes did not even smell of smoke and they were not burned, even though they walked in the fire.

Later, Daniel's enemies knew he opened the windows  
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*The story of Levubye, a work that carried the full gospel message nearly 2,000 miles farther north into the African Jungle.*



# African Diary

By M. G. McLUHAN

*Principal of Berea Bible Seminary*

LEVUBYE WAS FOUNDED in 1927, in the face of tremendous adversity. It was the first step in a grand ideal that Brother Du Plooy visualized. The amount of white missionaries coming to Africa always has been totally inadequate for the task. The expense involved in sending them and maintaining them has been very great. These facts, along with the discouraging financial difficulties that hindered his work, had brought him to the decision that he must train native converts to carry the gospel to their own people.

Some laughed at him, but he believed that God had given him the plan and so he set out on the task. There were times that only his faith in God, and his indomitable spirit carried him through. He built Levubye for this purpose, and at the time of building it was the northernmost outpost of his work—a work that in thirty years was destined to carry the Full Gospel message nearly 2,000 miles farther north into the heart of the jungles, and to be a pattern which other churches would follow.

We left the main highway and travelled for quite a number of miles on a dirt road, then we came to a very badly faded signpost and marker. We made out the word "Levubye" with great difficulty, but once assured that it was the true marker we turned off. For a couple of miles the road led through gullies, ditches and ruts, and at last we drove under the big trees at famous Levubye, the first mission station I had visited.

It was near dawn when we stiffly got out of the car, and soon we received a very warm welcome from Sister Du Plooy and her daughter Yvonne. As we were completely fagged out, we went to bed for a few hours to catch up on a little sleep.

When we got up the sun was shining brightly and everything was a hustle and bustle about the place. We had told them that we wanted plenty of pictures so they were preparing. After breakfast we were taken around the station and to say that I was impressed is putting it mildly. Every building had a story of sacrifice and hard work connected with it. Everything had been built under difficult conditions, and the whole station was a monument to faith.

Though civilization had come much nearer to the station than it had been twenty-eight years ago, I still admired the spirit of sacrifice that I found in Sister Du Plooy and Yvonne. They had buried their lives away from the things that most white people think are necessities for happiness, but they were immeasurably happy in their work for God. These two women with their staff of native teachers were doing a magnificent job of not only bringing the gospel to the natives, but also sending it to the remote areas in the persons of those whom they were training. They not only teach them the truths of the gospel, but also train them in crafts that make them self-supporting and versatile.

This has not only proved itself to be the best method, but it is the scriptural method of missionary work. As the great importance of this work made itself felt on my heart, I felt proud of the grand job that the Church in America and Africa is doing for the purpose of reaching the heathen with the gospel.

AFTER WE HAD TAKEN sufficient pictures and visited with Sister Du Plooy and Yvonne we took off on the second lap of our journey. Our next stopping place was to be Matibi mission station in Southern Rhodesia. We realized that we should really have to



hurry if we were to get there before nightfall, and I did not relish the idea of driving through jungle roads in the darkness.

Soon we came to the northern border of the Union of South Africa. Before us lay the great Limpopo River, and on the other side we could see Southern Rhodesia, southernmost province of the Central African Federation. We were not detained long by Customs and Immigration officials, and soon we were speeding along toward Matibi mission again.

The country began to change, and we could see that we were heading toward the Central African jungles. The thorn trees on either side of the road became more dense, and the grass was higher and thicker on the ground. The road was no longer a nice, tarred, full-width highway, but just two narrow strips of tar. When you met a car you were obliged to turn off and run one side of the car on the gravel and the other side on the tarred strip. It is very hard on tires, and is rough in places.

It was here that the great vastness of Africa made itself felt on me. We drove for several hours, and the topography did not change except for the occasional river. The ever-present thorn forest became more dense and in places the thorn trees were interspersed with Mopani trees whose green leaves made the forest thicker still. It was a warm day, but not nearly so hot as I had expected. We looked for game, but while we knew that there must be plenty of game in the forest, we did not see any because they don't move around much in the afternoons. The early morning is the time when they are often seen crossing the roads and leaving the watering holes.

THE SUN WAS JUST setting when we came to the branch road that led to Matibi. In spite of our hurry we had not made it quite soon enough, and would have to travel at least part of the way in darkness. The road, though much better than the faint trail that had led to Matibi when it was started, was still very rough and dusty. There were places where there was no road, just solid rock with a row of smaller stones and rocks on either side to indicate the way. There were steep ravines with sharp rocks underfoot which could quickly destroy a tire if caution was not used in driving. We found going very difficult and slow for the Oldsmobile, as a Jeep is the right vehicle for that kind of roads.

Once or twice we were not sure that we took the correct fork in the path, and we proceeded slowly until Brother Saayman (who had been over that road before) saw something that was familiar. It is quite an experience to be driving on a faintly marked trail through jungle and strange country, and that in the night. If we should perforate our gas tank or puncture the crankcase cover we should have to walk for several hours to get to the main road, and help would still be many miles away.

The actual distance from the main highway to the Matibi Mission was only 28 miles, but it seemed like 128 miles. There were narrow places where we had to hold to within a few inches one way or the other, especially in one place where we were crossing a sort of causeway over the river. After negotiating several more rough spots we came on flatter ground and Brother Saayman informed us that we were nearing Matibi.

We drove through a native village where the cattle and children had so tramped the ground that it was all hard and the road was hardly visible. After we passed that we crossed one more little dry stream and then we

saw a light. We noticed that there was a **DANIEL** fence and a garden, so we knew that Matibi was near. In the darkness we made out the shape of huge rock mountains, and it appeared that the road was going to pass right between them.

As we rounded the first bend there were more fences, and then we heard a great noise. The girls who were attending that school had been told that we were going to come that night. They were expecting us, and when they saw the lights they raised a great shout of joy and soon our lights revealed that they were standing in a large group waiting to welcome us after we had come through the last gate and parked.

This was something glorious—imagine being welcomed by a hundred former heathens—but praise God they are no longer heathens, they are Church of God Christians. Here in a mission station in the heart of Central Africa I heard them singing "There Is Power in the Blood of the Lamb." Tears came into my eyes as I pictured in my mind the great paradox with the past. These same girls not so long before had been singing in the stillness of the jungle night—ah—but no such songs as these. They had been chanting the hideous chants of their heathen rites, while they danced around the sacrificial fires—perhaps the fires were licking at a human body at that.

Gone were these old days of spiritual darkness, gone the terror of the witch doctor and the devil dancers. Gone the filth and squalor of their primitive past. Clean, and with their shining black faces reflecting the lights, their voices set the jungle echoing with a new song that had never been heard there during the centuries of darkness that had passed one upon another.

Once more I was proud of the long arm of our mission board that reached across half the globe and took the dark hand of the African and led him into the light of Christian civilization.

As they sang a song that was new to the African jungle, I thought of the day that together we shall sing another new song, a song that heaven has not heard before. Yes, we shall stand in uncounted numbers, not on the sands of the thorn jungle in Africa, but by the crystal sea. There will not be just one color, but all will be there from every kindred and tribe and nation. No longer shall we be looking with straining eyes for things to encourage our faith on the earthly pilgrimage, but with faith satisfied in sight we shall look at His thorn-marked brow decked by many a crown. As we look, from our throats will come an unlearned song and an untaught rhapsody that will make the pillars of the highest heaven tremble.

IF I COULD SHARE any of my feelings with the folks in America I should like to have shared my feelings that night. The rich harmony that came to my ears, the impact of its meaning, and the fact that these were my brothers and sisters in Christ constituted one of the greatest experiences of my life. Here in a few seconds the great mission offerings that I had seen, seemed paid for ten thousand times. Here the toil and labor of the ministry that had passed over my head seemed paid for many times over.

How I wished that I could take the singing of these girls to one of the great mission services in America. How I wished that my brethren there could see the entrancing vision that was mine that night in the African bush—the

(Continued on page 23)



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Your Association or—

# WHOM

"... They took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus."

Acts 4:13

less chicks putting on dress parades as a result of a few old clothes and her needlework.

An incident not so humorous occurred one day as she strolled through a wooded area nearby. She came upon some very beautiful, but lonely (she thought) kittens. After chasing and catching them she lovingly caressed them to her bosom and stroked them thinking "Pretty kitties." They might have been pretty, but they surely didn't smell very good. Poor little Jincey Mae in all her sincerity had made the sad mistake of capturing, not pretty kittens, but baby skunks. No amount of laundering would relieve her clothing of the terrible odor. They had to be buried. Are you defiling the skirts of your Christian garment with the sins of this world?

SIN MAY LOOK pretty and seem desirable to many unexperienced and innocent youths. They should, however, consider the after-effects. Take a lesson from little Jincey Mae and the baby skunks. They looked pretty to begin with, but she paid a sad price for the privilege of caressing them a few minutes. Young boys and girls in their spirit of adventure may play with, pamper, and pet sin for awhile, but they are bound to pay a terrible price. Again I repeat, you can't play with a skunk without stinking, neither can you play or associate with sin without getting stung. The sting of death is sin," 1 Corinthians 15:56. "And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death," Revelation 20:14.

Go to the streets. Observe the foul mouths. Hear their filthy talk. Does it not come from those who have indulged and lived in sin. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," Matthew 12:34. When the heart is filled with sin and clothed in unrighteousness, we might expect the mouth to be nothing more than an exhaust for the filthy contents there-

**M**EN CAN TELL with whom you keep company. There is an old adage that I was taught from my childhood which says: "If you can't keep good company, keep by yourselves."

Go to the streets. There pick the men from the crowds that keep company with drunkards and harlots. You can do it. Sin leaves its marks! Job 10:14 states, "If I sin, then thou markest me." Sin always marks men and women. Many today have in their bodies the marks of sin and disgrace. While sitting in the car on a street in Valdosta, Georgia, some time ago, I had an experience not easily forgotten. It was Saturday afternoon, and the crowds were thronging the streets in the usual hustle and bustle of life. It seemed that God just opened my eyes and gave me a spiritual insight. As the people passed, it was easy to pick out the sin-scarred faces and the sin-wrecked bodies. Distress, anxiety, perplexity, and an inner dissatisfaction were written on the countenance of that judgment-bound, unregenerated crowd.

If you associate with and have fellowship with sin, you are bound to be sinful. You cannot handle a dirty washpot without becoming smutty. There is quite a witty account given of Lorenzo Dow, one of the early American revivalists. He gained a reputation not only as a very effective preacher, but a good detective as well. Once a cow was stolen in the com-

munity where one of his meetings was in progress. Dow gave assurance that he would find out who the thief was and asked that every person meet at the church on a given night. When all had arrived Dow had the people gather around a washpot that was turned upside down, under which he said was a rooster. His instructions were that the lights were to be turned out and in turn each person should touch the pot with his finger. When the guilty person touched the pot, the cock would crow, and the thief would be revealed.

The lights were extinguished and the ordeal was carried out according to instructions. Finally the lights were lighted again and fingers were inspected. There was only one man who didn't have soot on his finger. He was the guilty one. He had refrained from touching the pot in fear of being revealed. Just so, if we handle sin it is sure to taint and mark us.

Neither can one play with a polecat without stinking. My Mother has a deaf sister who is a great lover of nature and especially of animals and wildlife. Due to her physical handicap she was not so well versed in the facts of life as the other children who could hear. As a child she was very fond and considerate of these friends of the lower realm. Upon finding a frog, he felt cold to her, and to prevent his suffering from a chill she was known to sew a little coat on him to keep him warm. She also had poor feather-



# DO YOU RESEMBLE?

in. Profanity is no sign of intelligence. "But those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart; and they defile the man. For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: these are the things which defile a man," Matthew 15:18-20.

We are aware of the terrible proportions to which the evil of juvenile delinquency has come in this fair land of ours. We are made to stagger in amazement at the audacity and vulgarity that is taking possession of too many American youths. A good boy becomes a bad boy. A promising lad becomes a culprit. Why? The answer is usually found in the wrong kind of associates. Often we hear, "She was a virtuous young lady until she started associating with 'that girl.' Now she has fallen to the lowest state." How true are the words, "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

This falling from decency and respect because of wrong associates did not begin yesterday nor last year, but has been going on as long as the human race has been in existence. Was not the first sin committed because of Eve's associating with Satan? He taught her to doubt, lie, rebel, and sin. The Bible account will verify this. Young Amnon, son of King David, was overwhelmed with a lustful desire for his sister, Tamar. He might have overcome this lewd passion, but he was associating with the wrong fellow. Jonadab was that sort of friend who is really a foe. He encouraged Amnon in this sinful inclination and suggested plans to Amnon that made the sin possible and convenient. His lust was gratified, but it cost him his life. He died a grievous death at the hand of his brother as a result of this hideous sin. He had the wrong kind of associates. A youth who acts upon impulses of the hour, and is often thoughtless, is easily influenced. His adventurous drives can be suppressed or agitated, depending on his comrades.

There were considerable associations between Jehoshaphat, the good king of Judah, and Ahab, the evil king of Israel. One of the tragic results of this association seems to be the marriage of Ahab's daughter to Jehoram, Jehoshaphat's son. Jehoram's reign was one of sin and evil. He celebrated his accession to the throne by murdering his brothers. He was a cruel man and an idolater, causing the people to bow down to unclean idols and

leading them into acts of lust and licentiousness. When a sickness seized his body and resulted in his death, the people were glad. The Scripture said he departed without being desired. The record tells us he did evil in the sight of the Lord because he had a daughter of Ahab to wife. He chose the wrong associates.

How many young men and women today would have been wholesome, upright, morally pure, and materially successful had they not chosen the wrong associates? Think of the homes that have been broken because of the wrong kind of marriage, the divorces that have been granted and adulteries that have been committed because someone chose the wrong companion. May God help our young people to realize what Jesus meant when he said, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." Young people, are you willing to face Christ and the judgment with your present associates?

**TO BE CHRIST-LIKE**, we must be with Christ. Good has its influence as well as evil. Christ is a good example. He has influenced the whole world. His birth was obscure and practically nothing is known of His childhood, youth, and early manhood. With only three and one-half years before the public gaze, He was crucified as a criminal at the age of thirty-three; yet, He lived such a life, taught such a doctrine, preached such a gospel, died such a death that all men everywhere, everyday are forced to acknowledge the greatness of His person. Thus He has changed the course and destiny of countless thousands of men, women, boys and girls. Why? For one reason, He was a man of prayer. Much time was spent in communion with His heavenly Father. Often He passed the whole night in prayer. Thus His life was the power and witness of the Father, bringing people into His fellowship.

Not only His own life, but also the lives of His followers have been a powerful force in Christianizing the nations. John Bunyan is the author of *The Pilgrim's Progress* which possibly ranks next to the Bible. The reading of this famous book has influenced more people to a righteous life than we can easily imagine. There are reasons for the power of this book. It is true that the author was a devout follower of Christ, but the book itself is the product of a twelve-year prison term in Bedford jail. During this time Bun-

yan's associates were almost exclusively with his Lord and Master. This celebrated masterpiece is a product of a close association with Jesus Christ.

There is a report that married couples begin to look alike after spending many years in the constant presence of each other. I don't know about the authenticity of this statement in every case, but one thing I do know is that to stay close to Christ is to resemble Christ.

Acts 11:26, "And the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch." To me to be called a Christian is the greatest compliment that can be paid one. Just how the disciples at Antioch acquired this new title we are not told. Today people are often referred to as "holiness people" because they preach, teach, and practice a life of holiness. Others are referred to by some as the "tongues people" because of their speaking with other tongues as the Spirit gives them utterance. I like to think of the disciples at Antioch as a group who talked so much like Christ, walked so much like Christ, and whose lives were so completely centered around Christ that they began not only to take on His likeness, but His name, also. They were called Christians first at Antioch. Dear reader, are you living so you can justly bear the name "Christian"? Alexander the Great said to a soldier of the same name who was a coward, "Either change thy name or mend thy manners." Many so-called Christians should either change their name or mend their manner of life.

**ELISHA:** "And when the sons of the prophets which were to view at Jericho saw him, they said, The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha," 2 Kings 2:15. Elijah was one of the greatest and most powerful prophets of all time. As he passed the fields one day he cast his mantle on Elisha while he was plowing with oxen. From this day forward Elisha followed Elijah and became his servant and assistant. Until Elijah's rapture, these men seemed to be constant companions, Elisha ministering unto his master. He became so much like the old prophet that he was chosen to fill his office. The sons of the prophets saw such a resemblance of manners and activities that they cried, "The Spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha." Oh, that the effects of the Spirit of our God can be seen resting upon us, His followers.

**DANIEL:** Another celebrated Bible character to demand our attention just now is Daniel. As a young man Daniel had been carried into wicked Babylon as a captive to King Nebuchadnezzar. If environment were the only influence pulling at this youth, he possibly would have fallen into the pattern of evil and idolatry that was in vogue about him. This boy however,

(Continued on page 26)



# HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON



We are glad to introduce to you a group of beautiful young women, the wives of some of our young ministerial students of Lee College. Recently we organized a study group, the Happy Home Circle, meeting twice each month. At Christmas they invited the husbands to meet with them to enjoy a social meeting. We are sure we were benefited by this meeting since we all became better acquainted.

Many interesting subjects will be discussed in their meetings, but the real purpose is to help them to be more capable ministers' wives. A minister's wife has much to do with the success of her husband. A minister's wife should be an example to her husband's members. Her home should be neat. Her children should have nice manners. The best way to teach them is by example. Then there is much for the minister's wife to learn about helping her husband in carrying on his church work. These are some of the subjects our girls plan to take up in their meetings. These young women are very well-equipped educationally speaking. A large number are secretaries, bookkeepers, stenographers and have other responsible positions at the Church of God Publishing House and at Lee College. Some have children and are keepers at home.

The second night we met I asked each of the girls to stand, tell where they were from and give their testimony. This was very interesting and spiritual. When they finished giving their testimony there was hardly a dry eye in our midst. I assure you mine were not dry. We are looking forward to a great time in the future.



# Helps for the Tempted and Tried

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON

## PERFECT TRUST

I may not always know the way  
Wherein God leads my feet;  
But this I know, that 'round my path  
His love and wisdom meet.  
And so I rest content to know  
He guides my feet where'er I go.  
I may not always understand  
Just why He sends to me  
Some bitter grief, some heavy loss,  
But though I cannot see,  
I kneel, and whisper through my tears  
A prayer for help, and know He hears.  
My cherished plans and hopes may  
fall,  
My idols turn to dust;  
But this I know, my Father's love  
Is always safe to trust.  
These things are dear to me, but still  
Above them all I love His will.  
Oh, precious peace within my heart;  
Oh, blessed rest to know  
A Father's love keeps constant watch,  
Amid life's ebb and flow.  
I ask no more than this; I rest  
Content, and know His way is best.  
—The Evangelical Christian

## WHY SHOULD I WORRY

Author Unknown

Oh, why should I worry when Jesus  
is mine,  
He walks by my side all the way.  
He bears all my burdens, that Saviour  
divine;  
He loves me by night and by day.  
Oh, what a great wonder to have such  
a Friend—  
A Friend that's so loving and true,  
A Friend that's so gracious, so good,  
so kind,  
A Saviour for me and for you.  
I'm chosen by Him in His wonderful  
grace,  
His child forever to be.  
That grace is sufficient to keep me  
always  
Till Jesus in heaven I see.  
I know that my Saviour will help me  
again,  
From things that my soul would  
annoy,  
With love He correcteth but comforts  
again  
And changes my sorrow to joy.

He ever is with me to care and provide,  
In trouble He whispers: be still!  
I'm heir to His kingdom whatever  
betide,  
For so is my Father's good will.  
I need have no fear for the powers  
of hell,  
Secure in His care I abide,  
He's promised to keep me and all  
things are well,  
He'll never forsake His own bride.  
With joy I am nearing that beautiful  
shore,  
Its glories I soon shall behold.  
It matters but little how fierce billows  
roll,  
When home in that city of gold.

## A THANK YOU NOTE

I want to express my thanks  
to my friends who showered me  
with Christmas cards. I wish I  
could sit down and write each  
of you a thank you letter and  
tell you how much I appreciate  
you, but since it would be quite  
a task to do this, I take this  
way of expressing my thanks  
to you and hope that you will  
have a very happy and useful  
life until another Christmas rolls  
around.

May God bless you this com-  
ing year and make His face to  
shine upon you and give you  
peace.—Alda B. Harrison

## DO IT WITH A SONG

By Nellie Good

Somehow the task seems lighter  
When we do it with a song;  
It stills the heart's complaining  
And keeps the courage strong.

No lot seems so grievous,  
Nor filled with cares the day,  
When love takes up the burden  
And sings along the way.

Somehow, though skies are gloomy,  
Or roads are rough and long,  
He will not lack for comrades  
Who travels with a song.

## A PRAYER FOR EVERY DAY

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Make me too brave to lie or to be  
unkind.  
Make me too understanding, too, to  
mind  
The little hurts companions give, and  
friends,  
The careless hurts that no one quite  
intends.  
Make me too thoughtful to hurt others  
so.  
Help me to know  
The inmost hearts of those for whom  
I care,  
Their secret wishes, all the loads they  
bear,  
That I may add my courage to their  
own.  
May I make lonely folks feel less alone,  
And happy ones a little happier yet,  
May I forget  
What ought to be forgotten; and recall  
Unfailing, all  
That ought to be recalled, each kindly  
thing,  
Forgetting what might sting.  
To all upon my way,  
Day after day,  
Let me be joy, be hope! Let my life  
sing!

## HOW FAR WILL YOU FOLLOW?

By Mrs. James F. Vernon

How far will you follow the Master?  
How far will you follow His lead?  
Do you follow for love of His service  
Or only to follow some creed?

The curious crowds followed Jesus,  
But left Him for other things new;  
The hungry for loaves or for fishes,  
But for Bread of Life, there were few.

The afflicted followed for healing,  
But of ten, there returned only one;  
The Twelve followed Him to the gar-  
den,  
Fell asleep, the battle not won.

Shall we fully follow the Master—  
Accept Him as God's only Son,  
Trust firmly His every promise,  
And ever by faith follow on!

# Poetry



## THEY'RE GOD'S CREATION

By Carl L. Cutrell

I like to hear the chirping birds  
And watch the busy bees,  
I like to smell the flowers,  
And I'm fond of budding trees.

It's great to see the mountains  
As they seem to reach the sky,  
Or gaze at rolling rivers  
When the water rushes by.

To see wild animals at play  
Or scurrying in fright,  
Engulfs me with beseeching joy,  
And fills me with delight.

For these things are a part of life;  
They help to make a nation;  
And though not human such as we,  
They're part of God's creation.

## SPRINGTIME

By Beulah Briggs

The hills are decked with springtime;  
The overspreading green  
Seems sprayed with golden frosting  
Of buttercups in mien.  
Each royal-tinted lupine  
Is fingertipped in white,  
And patched and plaid in purple  
Or lavender so bright;  
While skies are blue with wonder  
And white clouds lend their awe,  
To a picture nature painted  
Without one single flaw.  
For these hills show forth with beauty  
Our Lord in majesty  
And brings to lowly mortals  
A glimpse of heaven to see.

## ON A MARCH MORNING

By Athie Sale Davis

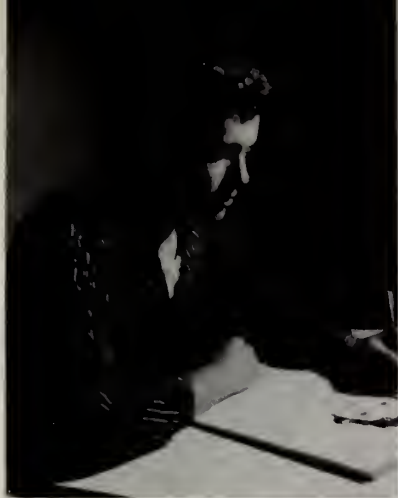
Daffodils show golden  
Above each slender stalk,  
While violets in purple  
Edge my garden walk;  
These lovely flower tokens  
Prove that spring is here  
Although the sky is murky  
And the day chilly and drear.

## I TURN THE PAGES NOW

By Edna Hamilton

Long ago, I learned by heart—far  
back in childhood days—  
The loveliness of springtime, its sun-  
shine and its shower,  
The beauty of the hyacinths, the  
chattering of the jays,  
Lilacs in huge clusters bending low  
their leafy bower.  
Elusive paths through woods with lacy  
ferns and flowers,  
Violets unfolding, in robes of richest,  
purple hue. . .  
I love to call from memory those  
happy sunny hours,  
And all the springtime of my life  
when everything was new.  
As I turn the pages now, in my book  
of memory,  
I'm saddened with the thoughts of  
springtime days gone by,  
My eyes are blinded with a mist . . .  
till I can hardly see,  
And it's obvious that dismal, dark  
clouds fill my sky. . .  
But perfume from the hyacinths comes  
through my open door,  
I hear a bluebird singing, and I  
know it's spring once more!





*Lighted Pathway's  
third artist  
to be featured on this page*

## Claude E. Terry, student of art

notice to artists — page two, this issue

Our visiting artist this month is a Georgian. Claude Terry is nineteen years of age and a sophomore at Lee College. His interest in art began in earliest childhood and has increased through the years. Always in the fore of school activities, Claude is now associate art editor of his school paper and art editor of the Vindagua. Considering his heavy class schedule, his output of art work is tremendous. Actually, the three sketches reproduced on this page were chosen from over ninety sketches submitted.



claud e terry



- Q. How did Mr. Ambrose (February issue) obtain so much detail in the watermill scene? The drawing couldn't be over three inches wide.—David Pate.
- A. This drawing was reduced considerably. The original drawing was fourteen inches wide.—Art Director.



# Youth IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Claiming spotlight honors for the young men is Warren Beavers. He was born in Dayton, Tennessee, on November 20, 1922, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Beavers. After the usual woes and joys of "growing up" Warren was converted as a young man on December 3, 1946. Since that time he has dedicated himself to Christian service.

Warren graduated from the high school division of Lee College in 1950. Immediately thereafter he enrolled in the Bible College. He was a member of the first class which graduated from the Bible College in 1955. While at Lee he was president of his senior class and president of the Ministerial Club.

Having had considerable and varied experience in church work, Warren has served in many capacities. He is a successful evangelist and pastor. It is his determination to continue serving Christ in full-time ministry. We expect continued good reports from this young man.

Caught in the focus of the spotlight for the young ladies is Gail Ramsey. Gail is the daughter of the Reverend and Mrs. H. B. Ramsey and was born in Chattanooga, Tennessee, on February 3, 1935. She was converted at an early age and united with the church in Jacksonville, Florida. Being a talented musician, she has been very active in church musical activities.

Gail graduated from the Pasadena High School in Pasadena, California, in 1953. Following high school, Gail enrolled in the Pasadena City College for one year. In 1954 she came to Lee College and graduated in 1955. At Lee she was active in campus affairs and served in several important capacities.

In college, Gail's training was in the field of business and secretarial practice. She plans to do office work in Greenville, South Carolina, where her father is overseer. It is her desire to serve Christ in whatever she endeavors to do.

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## YOUTH UNDESPISED—AGE UNREGRETTED

(Continued from page 9)

fellow.' 'My, I think he gets uglier every day.' Yep. I could be as pretty as Lois there and if I were filled with regret for empty years, they'd still say it. There is nothing more ugly to me than regret!

"You give yourself wholly, young man, and you'll take the best of your youth with you into old age. No matter how bent," he made an attempt to straighten his hunched shoulders, "or how gnarled the hands or how ugly the face, your life can breathe a sweetness of early maturity which seems the more pure the earlier it begins.

"Here now, I've talked too long. But remember, Son, 'take heed unto thyself and unto the doctrine, continue in them, for in so doing thou shalt save thyself and them that hear thee.'"

**BOB GRIPPED** Brother Bell's old hand in a hearty hand shake. "Thank you, Sir. I'll never forget what you said tonight."

Old Brother Bell turned and walked between the quiet groups of listeners. He turned momentarily. "No, Son. Remember what Paul said. He was a better Christian, and a better educated man than I. He said it much better."

"God bless you," Bob answered. And

Brother Bell walked on. "God bless you," others said, too, for they knew there walked a man without regret.

Each turned back to his own thoughts, taking to them varying degrees of holy determination to be an example. And they ticked them off mentally in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity as they had seen the gnarled fingers do.

## A CLOSER WALK

(Continued from page 7)

as fast as a plane can take me.

When I get home how wonderful Mother's voice will sound when she calls my name! How precious Father's hands will be as he holds the old family Bible, and how sweetly we shall sing "Just a Closer Walk With Thee." I know that Mom and Dad have always sought God's will, and I know they have walked so close, oh, so close to God. And I want to join them from now on. The dream's going to be different! Through the years I want just a closer walk . . . And when my steps are slow and feeble I feel that Christ will wait for me. And sometime, beyond the sunset, when I hear my angel mother's voice calling my name again, when I take that last step into eternity all I want is "Just a Closer Walk With Thee."

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## TRIFLES

(Continued from page 10)

come bogged down by paying too much attention to trifles and failing to do the really important things?"

Sam agreed, "We surely must maintain a balance, I suppose. That requires wisdom and intelligence, too. Probably it's easier to look after the big things—as we think of them—and neglect the trifles, than the opposite."

"I know people who want to handle big things only," grinned Harry. "Big shots," we call them. But they'd never get very far if it weren't for the people who attend to the details for them."

"That," Sam admitted, "was supposed to be my job in the railroad office, and I failed, just once."

"Words are small things," said Sally. "We use them to express our thoughts, however, and that makes them important. It is considered only a trifle, I suppose, to speak to someone flippantly or unkindly. But just one such word can do a lot of damage."

"Speaking of trifles," Joe added, "I heard of an accountant who missed getting a good job, apparently because he didn't keep his pencils well-pointed. It seems that he and another applicant, equally trained for the position, were being considered. The interviewer managed to ask each to lend him a pencil. This fellow searched through his pockets and finally found one; but it had a blunt point. The other applicant produced several, each nicely pointed. The employer evidently figured that the latter would make the better accountant because he was careful of details, or trifles."

"It seems," said Emily with a relieved smile, "that at least one program has been started, thanks to Joe's rather bitter experience and his kindness in sharing the lesson with us. Cheer up, Joe—we'll soon start looking for that food."

"A mere 'trifle,'" laughed Joe; "but an important one, I'd say."

## IN THE LION'S DEN

(Continued from page 11)

of his room toward Jerusalem three times every day, knelt and prayed to God. One of the jealous enemies said, "Daniel does his work so well, we cannot get him into trouble that way. We shall ask the king to make a law he cannot change, saying that anyone who asks anything of any god or man except the king, for thirty days, shall be thrown to hungry lions."

The mean men laughed and rubbed their hands, "We shall get rid of Daniel this way, for he obeys his God in everything."

When Daniel heard the law was signed by the king, he said to himself: "I wish I did not have to disobey, but the law of God is more to me than any man-made law." He knew his enemies were spying, but Daniel went to his room as always. He opened the windows toward Jerusalem. He knelt and prayed to God. He heard the door open before he got up from his knees. "They're telling the king. Soon they will arrest me," Daniel thought. He went on with his

work as usual, praying God would be with him.

IN THE EVENING the king sent for Daniel. When Daniel came into the king's presence, he said: "Daniel, your God to whom you are faithful will save you. I tried in every way to keep you from the lions, but I could not change the law once it was made, or break your enemies' trap."

Daniel nodded, unable to speak. Led to the lion's den, he could hear their hungry roaring. The soldiers shoved him into the den. A heavy stone with the king's seal was placed on the den's mouth. Praying, Daniel spent the night with the lions prowling about. The king did not eat. He could not sleep for worry. At dawn, he hurried to the den, calling fearfully: "Daniel, servant of the living God, is your God able to help you?"

Daniel answered, "O king, live forever. My God sent his angel to shut the lion's mouths, and they have not hurt me."

The king shouted joyfully, "Open the door. Bring Daniel out!" He embraced Daniel, saying, "You're not hurt. I'm so grateful to your God, I shall make a decree to send to all my people, telling them of your great God."

Daniel went to his room and, as usual, opened the windows toward Jerusalem and knelt thanking God.

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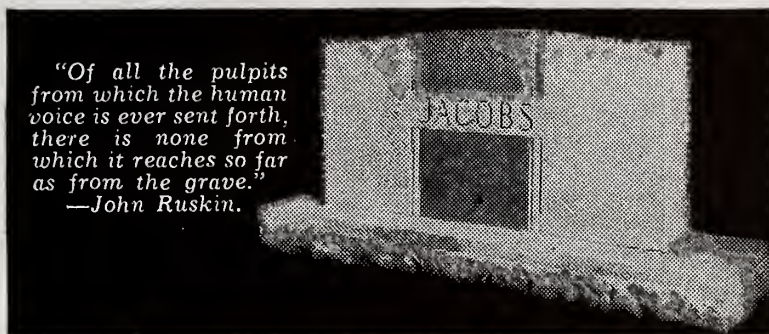


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## UNLESS YOU SEE HIM

(Continued from page 5)

without answers. What could she do?

She walked over to the window and rested her hot, flushed forehead against the cool glass. It was getting dark. Supper would soon be ready.

She could ask her mother about this. She could ask Dad or Pastor Harlan. Aunt Clare would know, too. But a resistance swept over her. She couldn't ask them.

Pamula went to the bathroom and washed her face. The water was cooling and refreshing and it soothed her thinking.

"I guess I was just upset," she excused herself. "Hal was my dearest cousin."

**SHE MADE A BIG** effort to act cheerful when she went downstairs. She talked to her father awhile and helped Julie with her homework.

Her smiles were false, however, and she knew they didn't reach her eyes or come from her heart. There was something wrong there that didn't let the smiles have any feeling.

"Routine," Pamula said as she slipped behind her counter in the Five and Ten the next morning. "Maybe that's what Aunt Clare meant about comfort."

She hummed as she folded dust coverings and checked supplies, but her work didn't distract her thinking as she had hoped it would. Now instead of wondering if the well-dressed man was buying the candy for his

wife or sweetheart she was thinking, "Is he saved?" And looking at the woman in the shabby coat she thought, "Will God someday wipe away her tears?"

By noon Pamula was as weary as if she'd worked a Christmas rush. She noted her pale face in the mirror as she combed her wavy hair.

Chatting with the girls as they lunched together was an effort. Even window-shopping at the suits in Wilber's Fashion Shop provoked little interest.

"You're not eating much lately," Mother remarked at supper a few nights later.

"Marg and I had a malt after work," Pamula excused this particular meal. "Chocolate, and you know what chocolate does to the appetite."

When her mother looked at her with worried eyes, Pamula knew her attempt to be gay had failed. She just wouldn't cooperate. It just lay heavy and troubled in her chest.

Oh, what shall I do? The question came back to haunt Pamula as she went into the living room after dishes.

"Take it to the Lord in prayer," Julie sang.

Pamula jumped.

"What were you thinking about?" Julie laughed. "That's part of the hymn our Sunday School class is going to sing tomorrow. Will you play it for me?"

Pamula played and listened to Julie as she sang. Why, there is a message for me in the song, she realized with

surprise. She had never really listened before. Was it that way with church and Sunday School? Sometimes—she flushed—she never even knew what the sermon had been about. Hadn't she really listened? Was that the trouble? Was that why she couldn't understand this big trouble now?

Pamula went to her room as soon as she could and eagerly dropped to her knees beside the bed. Her hands were clasped, her head bowed, but no words came.

"Oh, what shall I do? O God, what shall I do?"

She lifted her face and that was her prayer as she knelt there. She felt a strange relief.

**PAMULA SLEPT** better that night and there was an excitement in her heart as she went to church with her parents the next morning.

She listened to the message—really listened. "How do you see Jesus?" Pastor Harlan asked. "Some people see Him as a great man—fine, decent and a good citizen. Some see Him as a teacher—the greatest teacher the world has ever known. Still others see Him as a miracle-maker. He calmed stormy seas. He made the blind to see. He raised the dead."

"Yes, we see Jesus as a great man. We see Him as a teacher. We see Him as a miracle-maker. But I say to you," Pastor Harlan pointed his finger and it seemed to point straight at her, Pamula thought breathlessly. "I say to you, that unless you see Jesus as the Crucified One you are lost!"



Pamula closed her eyes. Here was he answer to her prayer last night. See Jesus as the Crucified One—the Crucified One. The words went on and on in her mind like the repeating of a broken phonograph record.

It was raining when she left church and she was glad, for it checked Julie's incessant chatter. Pamula was quiet and thoughtful outwardly as they walked home, and nobody could guess the wild turmoil that was going on in her heart and mind.

After dinner she excused herself from accompanying the others to Aunt Clare's and went to her room.

Through the rain-streaked windows she watched her family get into the car and drive down the street. Then she turned away. Her room, without the electric lights, was gray and cheerless. The whole house seemed expectant.

**SHE WAS ALONE** now. She went to her knees on the rug and leaned her head and arms on the bed.

"Dear God," she whispered. "I feel that I am lost. Unless I see Jesus as the Crucified One I shall be lost forever." A hard sob shook Pamula, and she covered her face with her hands. "Please help me, God," was her anguished cry, "for I don't understand the Crucified One."

"I know," Pamula spoke partly to herself, "I know Jesus died on the cross."

Suddenly something happened. She raised her head. Her eyes were closed; yet it was as though she could see—a cross. Rough and weathered. A cross, and upon it—Jesus.

"There are—nails in His hands!" Pamula cried aloud in actual pain. "And in His feet! Nails in His hands! For me!"

"And blood," Pamula panted. "Blood on His side. He is shedding it for me. Trickling red drops of blood. O my Jesus, because of my sins!"

"O Lord, and your poor head. That terrible crown hurting you. A crown of thorns, Lord. Oh, if I could take it off!"

"Your poor face, Master! The pain upon it. Pain for me, Lord. My Lord, I am so sorry. My sins have caused it and you are suffering for me. My Lord Jesus, forgive me. Forgive me, my Crucified Lord Jesus. O Lord, take me, save me, use me, Lord. Save me, my Jesus, the Crucified One."

Deep sobs shook Pamula and the tears blinded her and ran down her cheeks. Her throat was hot and parched and still she cried unto the Lord.

Then it changed. It seemed that the hands of Jesus were held out to her. And the blood was washing away all her sin. The crown of thorns shimmered away and in its place, for one brief instant, was the golden crown of a King.

And His face. The pain was gone and there was a smile there—gentle, loving, forgiving. Jesus, the Saviour. Her Saviour.

Pamula still knelt, lips parted; her crying now was a relief. Her pain

and anguish were gone. Instead her heart was full, but at peace. Sweet, blessed peace!

Quietly, she thanked God.

She felt a little exhausted as she walked again to the window. She was tired, but oh, the peace, the joy!

The clouds were breaking up outside. The sun was breaking through, sending golden lights upon the light clouds that still hovered in the sky.

Golden lights. Someday for her there would be a golden city, and God, wiping all the tears from her eyes with His gentle, loving hand. Pamula knew.

## AFRICAN DIARY

(Continued from page 13)

vision of smiling African faces revealing the joys of the justified soul. Once you see it, you want to see it again and again.

As we labor here in Africa, our great, continual prayer is "O God, keep the mission vision clear in the eyes of our people in America!" The laborers are so few, the means so inadequate to reach them all, and the time is so short. The "Hammer and Sickle" are cutting and beating at the ripe grain, and the Mohammedan Crescent is leading many off. We must work, and give more than before to get the gospel to these needy people. It is necessary that we reach them now—not tomorrow or five years from now—**NOW IS THE TIME!**

If you feel that you cannot afford to give much for missions, just let your imagination bring you over here in the heart of the African jungle. Let it take you to one of these hopeless tribes where Christ is unknown. See the hopeless fear that lives in every eye when the witch doctor seeks to find the guilty person who caused some member of the tribe to die. The man in question may have died a very natural death, but superstition and demon worship cause the African to believe that some other human being is to blame, and that one must die, too.

Let the ears of your imagination hear the wailing—the hopeless, lonely wailing of the mother over her dead child. Listen to the chanting and moaning throughout the night. After your soul has been crushed and terrified by these things, then go to another night scene—to Matibi—and listen, I say **JUST LISTEN**. Let me tell you when you hear those dusky, young children of the Living God raise their voices on the night, your eyes will become a pool of tears, and when they stand in unison and sing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," you will feel like lying flat on your face before the throne. You will feel like taking off your coat, and taking off your watch, and emptying your wallet that more of the hopeless dwellers of the jungle may hear and believe, and be saved, and sing the songs of deliverance, too. I am sure that these songs are the most like heaven that I have ever heard.

**Next Installment:** Matibi — Doorway to the African Heart in the Heart of Africa.

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## OUR ENEMIES AND VICTORY OVER THEM

By Charles Linton  
INTRODUCTION

Proverbs 16:7, "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

When a man's ways please the Lord, which they can do only when they are religious, just, and charitable, the Lord makes even his enemies to be at peace with him, to submit themselves. Experience proves that nothing succeeds like success. Where a man is prosperous and things go well with him, even ill-wishers are content to cast away their dislike, and to live at peace with him. Christians learn that it is only when they obey and fear God that they can overcome the assaults of the enemies of their soul the devil, the world, and the flesh. The Talmud states, "He who is agreeable to God is equally agreeable to men."

### FIRST SPEAKER: The Devil 1 Peter 5:8

Behind the forces antagonistic to the Church, Peter sees another, the master force, the inspiring power of all, and thinking of him as the one great foe, speaks of "your adversary the devil." The doctrine of a personal Satan is regarded by some as a superstition, but when we turn to Scripture, which of necessity is our only source of information in this matter, the teaching is plain. We have the same evidence for the personality of Satan as of God. He is universally spoken of as a person; we are taught to pray, "Deliver us from the evil one." He is as a roaring lion and suggests the twofold idea of power and great cruelty. He has a work and he goes about it. Satan does not possess supreme power; but he probably has larger agencies under his control than we suppose, and wherever man is, Satan seeks his destruction. Are you weak, or are you a leader? Be sure of one thing, his eye is fixed on you; he thirsts to destroy your faith, your purity, your peace, and your good name.

Satan attempts to cast us down; God permits him to tempt, in order to raise us up. There are three ways in which we may resist him. (1) *Sobriety*—the opposite of intoxication. Any-

thing that strengthens the lower principle of our nature, deadening us to conscience and reason, intoxicates. Christian, be sober, let nothing engross you until it masters you. (2) *Vigilance*. "Be vigilant." Victory is promised those who maintain a vigilant attitude at all times. Take heed that he come not upon you unawares: five minutes off your guard may mean the loss of your most sacred treasure. (3) *Steadfastness in the faith*. Faith in God is the fort from which the adversary would dislodge us; driven from that, all is lost, unless God in His mercy brings us back again. Satan can do us no harm while we are enclosed in the strong walls of faith in God.

### SECOND SPEAKER: The Flesh Galatians 5:17

The true Christian will strive not to fulfill the lust of the flesh. Every man has two selves—a higher self and a lower self. A bad man has his better self. When temptation is away, in calm, thoughtful moments, or when he is stricken by mortal illness or bowed with a great sorrow, or perhaps when the beauty of a sunset or the strains of sweet music call up memories of childhood, the better self will rise in the heart of a wicked man with pain and unutterable regrets.

A good man has his lower self. The human saint is far removed from the heavenly angel. His body and its appetites are with him; the soul has its meander powers, its earthly passions, its self-regarding interests. There are times when the spiritual life is dull and feeble; then some sudden temptation, or perhaps only the depressing atmosphere of the world, will reveal to a man his worse side. The two selves are in conflict. They are not content to lie at peace each in its own domain. Both are ambitious to rule the whole man. While the flesh brooks no restraint, the Spirit strives to bring the body into subjection. Thus it comes to pass that life is a warfare, and the Christian a soldier.

In the strength of the Spirit of Christ the better self of the Christian will ultimately obtain complete victory. The stress and strain of the war is but for a time. In the end all enemies will be subdued. Meanwhile, the secret of success is with those who "walk in the Spirit."

## IF YOU BELIEVE

By Helen Lackie

In the Bible, we are promised many blessings if we remain true and faithful to Jesus Christ. In order to remain true, it is often necessary to overcome temptations and trials which are encountered along the road of life. Jesus knew the significance of these trials and temptations, and He promised deliverance if we shall only believe and trust in His keeping power.

The three Hebrew children were faced with a trial which meant life or death. They remained true to the Lord and received marvelous deliverance. Today we, too, can overcome the burdens placed upon us by Satan if we show faith, courage, and determination. For the next few moments, suppose we let the three Hebrew children represent faith, courage, and determination.

### Faith

In Ephesians, faith is referred to as the shield of the Christian, and Paul states that we shall be able to withstand the enemy through faith. We are assured of a successful, prosperous life if we exercise our faith. Faith is so powerful that we may even have victory over the world. How could we possibly fail in our Christian lives with all these wonderful promises? We have nothing to fear as long as we let Jesus Christ remain the central Character in our lives. This is possible—if we believe.

### Courage

If we are strong and courageous, it will be easy for us to overcome the trials which we meet from time to time. We prove our love to Jesus by remaining strong and true in a time of tribulation. The world today is in a terrible condition and could be compared to the fiery furnace into which the three Hebrew children were thrown. The world is wicked and evil, and is constantly attempting to drag some poor soul down with it. The world is on an express train bound for hell, but we as Christian young people can have victory over the world by being courageous in our fight for what we know is right. We can fight a winning battle—if we believe.

### Determination

It is easy to become discouraged when we meet trials, but the grace of Jesus Christ is sufficient to give us a determination to remain true. Young people today need to receive a greater vision of what Jesus Christ has done for them. One of the reasons that many young persons give for not living a Christian life is that their friends will laugh at them and ridicule and persecute them. They must remember that the persons who would ridicule them for being a Christian are not their friends. The Bible teaches us not to be ashamed of Jesus and His words, or He will some day be ashamed of us. The Bible also teaches that we are blessed when we are persecuted for righteousness' sake. Determination is a test of the faith and courage of a Christian. It is easy to have determination—if you believe.



## CHRIST ABOVE ALL

By Leonard Townly

**TOPIC TEXT:** Ephesians 1:15-23

**FIRST SPEAKER:** Above All in His Birth

Scripture reference: Luke 2:11

A choir of angels proclaimed the birth of Jesus the Saviour and the Son of God. Other "saviors" have been born. Let us study them in contrast to the birth of Jesus. Moses was a sheep herdsman and son of a slave; yet he became the deliverer of his people from bondage. Martin Luther, a miner's son, did much to save religion from formalism and superstition. George Washington, a wealthy plantation owner's son, is often referred to as the father and deliverer of America. Abraham Lincoln, a frontiersman's son, is sometimes spoken of as a savior of America when it was torn by war. But by no means can any of these be compared to the Son of God, who was born to save His people from their sins. Christ is above all in His birth.

His birth was miraculous in that He was conceived of the Holy Ghost by a virgin. His birth also was told in advance to both Mary and Joseph by angelic messengers. At His birth He was visited and adored by shepherds and worshipped by wise men. Upon His birth, fear came to Herod, who knew that the evil of his own life would be condemned by this One who was born King of the Jews.

**SECOND SPEAKER:** Above All in His Words

Scripture reference: John 7:46

All leaders of men know the power of words. Some fifteen years ago Mussolini frequently stood on his balcony in Rome to sway with his fanatical speech the thousands who were massed before him. At about the same time another man in Germany, known as Hitler, often stood in his stadium to blast forth in guttural speeches which swayed the multitude to do his will. No other man in their generation so mastered the type of speech which these men possessed.

Centuries before these men, however, a Man stood, sometimes on a balcony sometimes in the street, sometimes in a crowd, and sometimes with just one person. The words which He spoke brought life and not death to men. The messengers sent by the Sanhedrin to imprison Christ reported, "Never a man spoke like this man."

Christ feared no man, and He spoke fearlessly, simply, and sincerely. He spoke the truth and no man has been able to successfully charge Christ with teaching lies, falsehoods, or errors.

**THIRD SPEAKER:** Above All in His Acts

Scripture reference: John 10:25

Perhaps many thought of Jesus as a magician or a showman because of the many wonderful acts He did. However, there was purpose motivating all the acts which He performed. He desired to show men who He was; "The works that I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me," John 10:25.

At one time, a woman guilty of adultery was brought to Him. While talking to Jesus, she learned about

and experienced forgiveness of sin. A palsied man was brought by four friends and let down in the presence of Jesus; again salvation and healing were wrought. A funeral procession was at the gate of the city of Nain. By Christ's act of raising the lad from the dead, a son was restored to his mother. His acts were called miracles, and He is above all in them.

Jesus was a man of action and He went about doing good. Others will receive the impulse to do good deeds of service for Jesus' sake, but the Lord by His very nature is above all in His acts.

**FOURTH SPEAKER:** Above All in His Death

Scripture reference: Matthew 27:54

When Jesus was condemned to die the death of a criminal, even the officer assigned to carry out the execution exclaimed, "Truly this was the Son of God."

Jesus did not die a mere martyr's death. The first Christian martyr, slain by stones, was Stephen. Also a martyr, stilled by the sip of hemlock, was Socrates; but none of these can be magnified in his death above the death of the Lord. As we recall the scene preceding the actual crucifixion, the Lord was the essence of peace amid the confusion, of calmness in the presence of disorder, and serenity among those who were fearful for what they were doing.

After that came the actual death itself with remarkable demonstrations which accompanied it: the earthquake, the opening of the graves, the darkness which settled over the scene, and the tearing asunder of the veil in the Temple.

The Lord in His dying breath exclaimed, "It is finished." He had accomplished the purpose of His coming. In His death He is above all who ever died or ever will die.

**FIFTH SPEAKER:** Above All in His Glory

Scripture reference: Revelation 3:21

The risen Redeemer reigns in His glory and is pictured as sitting with His Father on His throne. The setting of this passage in the book of Revelation shows that Jesus is glorified by redeemed men. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me," Revelation 3:20. If men will hear this invitation and accept it, they are enabled to live overcoming lives and permitted to sit in glory with Him.

Men ascribe glory in human terms to other men for the greatness they attain, the power they achieve, the wealth they gather, the honor they secure, the prestige they possess, or the position they occupy, but above all these is the Christ whose glory is in His power as Creator, Sustainer, Redeemer, Intercessor, and Advocate. It is the eternal glory of a ruling, reigning Redeemer who even now is at the right hand of His Father awaiting the coming of those who trust Him and are known as His disciples. The Lord is above all in His glory. He is above all in everything.

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## WHOM DO YOU RESEMBLE?

(Continued from page 15)

had been brought up right. He had something higher and nobler instilled deeply within him that restrained him from conforming to such an ignoble life. We know he visited and held consultation with three other Hebrew children who had the same fortitude for righteousness he had. He shunned the evil. When commanded to worship and pray to the mortal king, he staunchly refused, and spent his times of worship in communion with his God. This boldness cost him a night in the den of lions, but he came out unharmed.

On the night of the great banquet which Belshazzar made to a thousand of his lords, Daniel was not present, though he was one of the highest ranking men in the kingdom. His faith and religion would not permit him to attend such an infamous, heathenistic affair. No doubt, he was at this time in close fellowship with his God, thanking him that he was kept pure from such unbecoming society.

When the handwriting of Jehovah appeared on the wall and broke up the drunken party, the men of the court could not read the writing. Then Daniel was summoned. He was referred to by the queen and Belshazzar as having "within him the spirit of the holy gods," and "light, understanding and wisdom, like the wisdom of the gods was found in him." No wonder the "spirit of the gods" was realized in him; he prayed to his God at least three times a day, whether amid sanction or protest. On this night it was easy to tell with whom Daniel had been keeping company. He immediately recognized and interpreted the handwriting of his Father. Young people, you too can live faithful and true to God amid all the follies of sin and unbelief in this present age if you will stay in communion with Him.

**PAUL:** Can it be said of you, "He has been with Jesus?" Have you spent enough time with Him that others can recognize His likeness in you? The great Apostle Paul said, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Do you have any signs of Jesus about you? Or have you been with Him enough?

When in the presence of certain Christians, we feel that we have been in the presence of Jesus. When we see them, it is as though we have seen Christ in a measure. When we hear them, we are made to feel that we have heard what Jesus would have said on such an occasion. These saints have spent much time in the presence of Christ, and with His people.

On the other hand, we have all heard someone discourse and it seemed as if the demons had control of their speech. Their very demeanor and atmosphere suggested that they represented the underworld. Their speech, their countenance, their attitude all depicted them as being chil-

dren of Satan, having kept base and vile company.

Heredity does not completely destine our course. Environment plays a tremendously great part.

Let our associations be with God and the godly. "Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus," Acts 4:13.

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# National Youth Week—April 16-22

O. W. Polen, Assistant National Youth and Sunday School Director

NEW AND CERTAINLY worth-while! Interesting and appealing! Helpful and encouraging to our youth!

National Youth Week will be observed for the first time at the Church of God, April 16-22. This is a week of special youth evangelistic services and activities designed specially for the young people.

The benefits the young people themselves will receive from the observance of National Youth Week will demand their full participation. The benefits the local church will receive from the young people in the form of increased church interest will demand the fullest support of each local church.

The National Youth Department has mailed an attractive blue and white *National Youth Week brochure* to each pastor. This provides all the necessary information relative to the organization and observance of National Youth Week in the local church. Each church has also received an eye-catching 17 x 22 inch blue and orange poster which emphasizes the theme of this week: "Planting Time."

The aim of National Youth Week is to give special emphasis to the local Y.P.E. and to encourage young people to renew their consecration to their Saviour by:

1. Winning other young people to Christ.

2. Securing new members for the local Y.P.E.

3. Strengthening the relationship in the church between the young people and adults.

4. Enlarging their fields of activity in the interest of the church.

5. Increasing the church's appeal to the young people.

Each night of the week has a special designation: Monday night—*Bring Your Friend Night*; Tuesday night—*Lamplighters Club Night*; Wednesday night—*Youth Missions Night*; Thursday night—*Goodwill Night*; Friday night—*Youth Dedication Night*; Saturday night—*Youth Fellowship Night*; and Sunday—*Youth Day*.

If a local church is really interested in its youth, it will not ignore this splendid opportunity to do something special for its young people. The young people of our churches need not be a neglected group. After participating in National Youth Week in your church, your young people will be convinced that the National Youth Department of the Church of God is striving hard to provide a program that will meet their spiritual, physical and social needs.

*Don't fail to observe NATIONAL YOUTH WEEK in your church.* If you fail to do this, you will have ignored a great opportunity to do something very worth-while for your young people.

## LEADERS IN ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for December, 1955

### SUNDAY SCHOOL

Group AA	
North Carolina	21,077
Tennessee	16,723
South Carolina	16,456
Georgia	14,653
Florida	15,912

Group A	
Ohio	7,448
Kentucky	6,289
Virginia	5,853
Texas	4,851
Mississippi	3,932

Group B	
California	4,619
Michigan	4,103
Illinois	3,448
Pennsylvania	2,936
Indiana	2,848

Group C	
Missouri	3,099
Maryland	2,658
Arkansas	2,383
Oklahoma	2,292
Louisiana	1,517

Group D	
Arizona	1,502
Kansas	847
New Mexico	613

Group E	
Washington	719
Delaware	463
North Dakota	385
Oregon	343
Montana	341

Group F	
Idaho	216
New Jersey	209
Nebraska	156

Group G	
Central Canada	108
Alaska	76
Minnesota	54

### Y.P.E.

Group AA	
Tennessee	9,243
North Carolina	7,991
Alabama	7,863
Florida	7,666
Georgia	7,274

Group A	
Kentucky	4,276
Ohio	4,080
Virginia	3,342
Texas	3,306
Mississippi	2,459

Group B	
California	2,510
Illinois	2,243
Michigan	1,676
Pennsylvania	1,626
Indiana	1,459
Group C	
Missouri	1,720
Arkansas	1,469
Oklahoma	1,269
Maryland	1,204
Louisiana	885
Group D	
Arizona	647
New Mexico	496
Kansas	477
Group E	
Washington	326
Delaware	249
Colorado	190
Maine	182
Wisconsin	175
Group F	
Nebraska	120
New Jersey	88
Idaho	84
Group G	
Central Canada	94
Minnesota	29
Alaska	23

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for December	
Grenville (Tremont Avenue), S. C.	764
Detroit (Tabernacle), Michigan	522
Kannapolis, North Carolina	481
Wilmington, North Carolina	452
Middletown, Ohio	448
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	404
Dillon, South Carolina	391
Atlanta (Riverside), Georgia	390
South Gastonia, North Carolina	380
Anderson (McDuffie Street), S. C.	376
North Cleveland, Tennessee	365

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN Y.P.E. ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for December	
Couches Fork, Kentucky	375
Home for Children, Tennessee	298
Whitwell, Tennessee	245
Rock Hill, South Carolina	230
Middletown, Ohio	228
Nicholls, Georgia	226
East Laurinburg, North Carolina	218
Somerset, Kentucky	201
New Summit, Arkansas	197
Louisville (Faith Temple), Kentucky	188

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENTS ATTENDANCE

### Average Weekly Attendance for December

Louisville (Faith Temple), Kentucky	1,646
Mullens, West Virginia	1,099
Tampa, Florida	555
Birmingham (Pike Avenue), Alabama	425
Abingdon, Virginia	369
East Nashville, Tennessee	365
West Durham, North Carolina	251
Akron, Ohio	203
Pinsonfork, Kentucky	200
Eldorado, Illinois	185

## YOUTH STATISTICS

### This Month

Saved	1,604
Sanctified	687
Filled with Holy Ghost	502
Added to the Church of God	496

Since June 30, 1955	
Saved	16,420
Sanctified	7,201
Filled with Holy Ghost	5,493
Added to the Church of God	5,072

## TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

West Virginia	41
Ohio	31
Georgia	28
South Carolina	28
Florida	24
Tennessee	24
Kentucky	20
Virginia	19
Alabama	18
North Carolina	18
Illinois	13
Missouri	12
Pennsylvania	12
Texas	12

Branch Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1955	46
Branch Sunday Schools reported as of December 31, 1955	342
New Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1955	63
New Y.P.E.'s organized since June 30, 1955	74

at last  
it's here

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APRIL, 1956

# The LIGHTED

# Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR





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by O. W. Polen  
Assistant National Sunday  
School and Youth Director

## "There is no SUBSTITUTE for YOUTH in the local church"

If you, as a church, are **really** interested in your youth—

If you, as a church, are **really** anxious to help your youth—

You **WILL** observe NATIONAL YOUTH WEEK which will be observed in the Churches of God throughout the United States and Canada, APRIL 16-22.

The "know how" of this important youth-centered week is given in detail in a colorful and comprehensive brochure prepared and distributed by the National Youth Department to each pastor. Included with the brochure is a strikingly arranged orange, blue and white poster which will unquestionably draw the attention of every young person who sees it.

In past years, many young people have wandered from the Church because, to use the words of the young people themselves, "we lost interest"—a statement that presents a timely challenge to churches and youth leaders everywhere.

When attending a youth seminar several months ago, I learned that a survey which had been taken among 1,500 teen-agers in the Evansville, Indiana High School relative to this question: "What can the church do to make you want to attend it or attend it more often?" revealed, among other factors, that young people want "more opportunities for youth participation, a better explanation of the meaning of religion, more understanding of youth and less criticism, and a warmer church welcome."

Young people are aware of their needs. Young people know what the church must provide for them to hold their interest. NATIONAL YOUTH WEEK presents a golden opportunity to you, as a church, to convince our youth we have made a very special place for them!

NATIONAL YOUTH WEEK may be the means of **holding** young persons in your church whom you otherwise might lose.

NATIONAL YOUTH WEEK may be the means of **winning** young persons to Christ whom you might not win otherwise.

Don't fail to observe it!

# The **LIGHTED** *Pathway*

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

LEWIS J. WILLIS, Editor

CHARLES W. CONN  
Editor-in-Chief  
Church of God Publications

ALDA B. HARRISON  
Editor Emeritus  
The LIGHTED PATHWAY

Val. 27

APRIL, 1956

No. 4

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## *"Thy Word Is a Light Unto My Path"*

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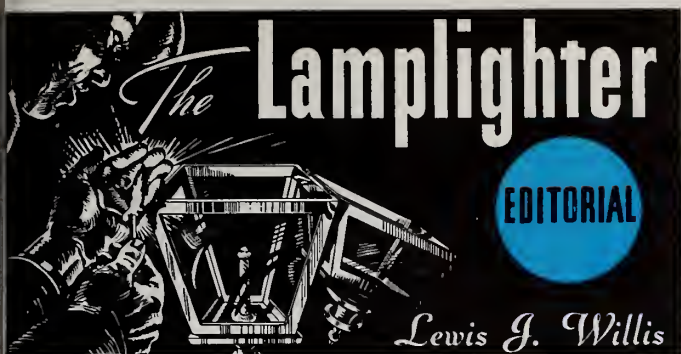
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## REALITY

WHEN WE COMMEMORATE the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, we acknowledge the event which made all His prior claims real. He is the vital, powerful Personality of the age since His birth, because He conquered death, hell and the grave. Today He is the single force of absolute reality amidst a world of unreality, because He proved by His resurrection that He is God and therefore Master.

Without doubt, the overwhelming need of our time is for reality. Perhaps the chaos of the world has resulted from the realization of the need but an unsuccessful attempt to achieve reality. The fact that one out of every ten persons now living will require mental treatment at some time during his life is a dramatic indication of the need of man for something sure and absolute. What is more pitiable than the answer of a young girl when asked why she would commit suicide? She answered by asking, "Why should I live? What is there to live for?"

What is unreality? It is certainly the opposite to reality, but what constitutes the condition? How does one discover and how may he know the elements of reality? What really is the enduring quality? What are the measurements of the real and the unreal?

First, let us concede that the unreal is the unknown. That which is neither comprehended nor understood is not real. Something may *seem to be* but becomes an actuality only when it is *known to be*. As long as it remains unknown it remains unreal. Because of the many areas of life and experience that man does not know, he is apt to be beset by the terrible emotion of uncertainty.

The natural consequence of the unknown is fear. A student fears an exam because he does not know his lesson. The child fears the night for he does not know what the darkness holds. A person fears life because he cannot know what its developments will be. The sinner cringes at the prospects of eternity for he does not have the sure knowledge that he belongs to God. His fear makes the "wicked flee when no man pursueth" (Proverbs 28:1).

Second, the intangible is not real. Man feels the need of substance and of the material. Without it he looks at empty hands and despairs. He must possess with his hands or his head before he can comprehend. That which escapes his senses is not real to him. To realize that there are those things which escape him but which concern him vitally, creates great apprehension in man.

Unreality, therefore, cultivates much frustration. There is a seeking after something, and one does not quite know where it is. The uncertainty breeds torture, and torture stimulates desperation and recklessness. Many sacrifice principle, integrity, and virtue in an effort to get security. The sad spectacle of millions of lives and souls lost in the frantic but perverted effort to get some morsel of reality is exceedingly terrible.

Unreality is darkness. One is not able to see or find his way. He cannot see what is before him, nor does he know if he travels the right way. His sense of direction is upset and any way he goes may be the wrong way. He cannot even see himself or know his companion well. The way he goes is without plan or compass, and his destination is very questionable.

THE SAD BUT ABSOLUTE truth is that to-day a great many more folk feel the need for reality than those who actually possess it. It seems strange and is altogether tragic, but there are those who profess faith in the Christian religion who are not quite sure of their way. In the face of the awesome conditions of the world they behave quite similarly to their unsaved friends who do not claim Christian faith. The need of all can be met, however, and that immediately and completely. If men would come in faith to the place that the three disciples did on the Mount of Transfiguration, their entire situation would be changed. We read in Matthew 17:8 that "... they saw no man, *save Jesus only*." Christ is reality, and when He is once seen as such, He fulfills every need of man.

If unreality is a lack of understanding, then reality is understanding. The Apostle Paul in eloquent and beautiful language describes the understanding which may be the experience of everyone. "And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins: wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience: among whom also we all had our conversation in times past in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others. But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, (by grace ye are saved)," Ephesians 2:1-5.

If unreality is *lack of direction*, then reality is *direction*. Christ Himself proclaims, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." If a person will rest himself upon the compassionate heart of Christ he will receive the correct pattern for every activity. His way will be made clear and beautiful by the eternal truths of God and secure by the life which is eternal to those who remain in Christ.

If unreality is *not to know*, then reality is *to know*. Hear the Apostle as he proclaims, "... I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day," 2 Timothy 1:12. This is reality! This is an actuality which withstands all adversity and transcends time and space. Hear Paul again as he says, "For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself," Philippians 3:20, 21. The resurrected Christ is reality; He is the reality which undergirds life and extends to eternity.

# The Ash Pit Miracle



illustrated by w. ellip ambrose

By Ellen Mary Stewart

**M**RS. TABITHA Gibbs, commonly known in the Pine Hill community as Granny Gibbs, eyed the narrow strip of ground lying between the concrete and the gravel line belonging to her neighbor—the bit of ground extending from the front entrance to the garage.

Granny had wished often enough that Mrs. Jakes, her next-door neighbor, would plant a row of bright annuals in this particular spot, since the larger portion of ground was on the Jakes' side. Mrs. Jakes always had money to buy the things she wanted to plant, and Granny didn't.

At the present moment, however, Granny Gibbs felt herself a very important person.

Mrs. Cates, an old friend who had returned, loaded down with plants, from a visit to a sister in a distant state, had, when she finished her own planting, sent on to Granny Gibbs the leftovers, a dozen dahlia bulbs, fifteen iris roots and some twenty chrysanthemums, and Granny's problem right now was a place to plant them.

"What's on your mind, Granny?" Mrs. Jakes called pleasantly from her kitchen window, when she saw the old lady eyeing the plot of ground along the driveway.

"Just thinking how pretty it might be in flowers," she answered quickly.

"I've thought about planting it this year," Mrs. Jakes answered, "but

money's scarce, and I've nothing on hand to fill it with."

"Mrs. Cates sent me a raft of plants," Granny answered proudly "but I haven't a mite o' ground to put them in."

"Then help yourself to the plot bordering the drive," Mrs. Jakes called pleasantly.

"Maybe you'd better come out and sort of help me plan things out," Granny commented, "seeing as how many plants we've got and how narrow the space."

Mrs. Jakes laid aside her dishcloth to join the old lady, and for a few minutes they were sorting the plants according to variety.

"Now," said Mrs. Jakes, when three



ilies lay before them, "we can figure o a T just how to arrange them so hey will stretch from the front en- rance to the garage wall."

"That's all the help I need," Granny ssured the neighbor when the ques- ion of spacing was settled. "You know 've little else to do these days except aise flowers—"

"To give away," Mrs. Jakes supple- mented lovingly.

"Oh, well," said Granny, "It's little hings after all that make folks hap- py."

MRS. JAKES was sched- uled to talk at a missionary meeting hat day, so after a few more hurried vords, she slipped back into the house, and Granny went on with the plant- ing.

Carefully she spaced her ground and carefully she planted the roots, and yet when she had finished the ob there was one straggling little plant left, which, strange to say, ooked neither like dahlia nor chrysan- themum.

Again Granny eyed the well-spaced bed; it looked like a checkerboard with ts accurately spaced squares! Even he extra plant added anywhere would, according to Granny's idea of neat- ness, disarrange the bed.

"Perhaps," she murmured, as she ood fumbling the small fine-rooted plant in her knotted old hands, "I should throw you aside; you are only a twisted, withered sort of root any- way."

Granny lifted her hand to toss the plant over the fence, but something eemed to stay the act, and a moment ater she was investigating her own ack yard. Suddenly a smile spread ver her comely face.

"The ash pit—" she chuckled, "that ill be an eyesore anyway during the ummer. I'll just fill in the top with resh dirt and let you grace it."

To think with Granny Gibbs was to act, and presently she was patting the earth about the suspicious-looking plant in her possession.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Mrs. Jakes, when she saw what the old lady had done, "you surely don't expect much from the ash pit, do you?"

"'Twas a very scrawny plant," Granny answered, "and I started to throw it away, but you know my idea on outside appearances."

"Yes, Granny," laughed Mrs. Jakes, "I've heard you say over and over that folks shouldn't be judged by out- side appearances."

"I thought of that," Granny an- swered, "and decided the same thing ought to apply to flowers, so the little, wrinkled, no-count plant went into the ash pit, and I'm banking on it."

It wasn't long until sturdy shoots began to appear along the driveway, and then along the shoots tender green leaves came, and Granny's heart swelled with pride at the work of her hands.

The queer little plant occupying the ash pit, however, seemed only to lift its little potato-leaf-like head above the dirt and stand at the same posi- tion. Then Granny Gibbs had a sudden notion the little plant was not getting enough nourishment. In spite of the fact she had filled the top of the pit with good, rich soil. Granny rea- soned the roots of this queer little plant might be reaching down into the ashes for substance that wasn't there.

"It may be like an undernourished child," she said to Mrs. Jakes. "I'm going to give it a little extra feeding."

Nightly for a week Granny plied the little plant with a liquid plant food without any noticeable results, and then one morning she noticed the little leaves were beginning to show signs of growth. Once they started, they seemed to grow by leaps and bounds, and before long the plant be- came a curiosity in the neighborhood.

It wasn't a dahlia, it wasn't an iris, it wasn't a chrysanthemum—but oh, what a strong, vigorous plant—a plant whose limbs seemed to delight in drop- ping around the unsightly ash pit, and whose green leaves seemed to revel in covering it with a soft, velvety greenness!

THE DAHLIAS, thriving under the care lavished upon them, blossomed early, and the iris multi- plied, and the stocky chrysanthemums gave promise of full flowering for the

autumn, and still the strange plant in the ash pit developed limb and leaf.

There came a day, however, when Granny's eyes noticed numerous little spikes protruding from the trailing limbs just where the leaves were attached, and her heart thrilled at the possibility. Maybe these were buds—but Granny wasn't sure—so she re- mained quiet about her find.

Then, very unexpectedly, Granny was called to visit a sister living in the country, and having nothing to keep her at home except her flowers, she asked Mrs. Jakes to look after them, and she went.

Ten days later Granny came back, but it was not until she reached her own back yard that she understood the look of joy that had enveloped her friend's face when she returned.

Even in the dusk, Granny could see the ash pit resembled a pile of snow, and the air was heavenly sweet.

"What is it, Mrs. Jakes?" she asked softly.

"It—it's a lily!"

"A lily?" Granny repeated. "Mrs. Cates didn't tell me she was giving me a lily plant."

"She didn't know it," laughed Mrs. Jakes, "and even the sister who gave her the plants can't account for its being among the collection, except she remembered she had grown them in the garden the year before."

"It's lovely!" Granny murmured, as she bent above the white waxen petals —"perfectly lovely!"

Granny bowed her head a bit deeper among the white blossoms, then sud- denly lifted a triumphant face to her friend.

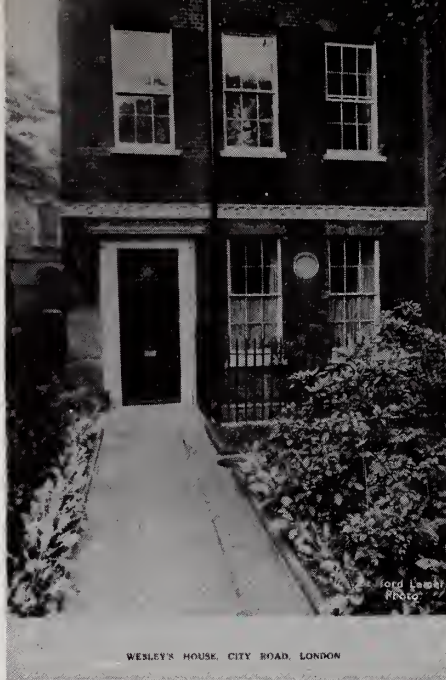
"Only goes to prove," she chuckled, "you can't tell any more what's in the heart of a flower than you can of a person—by—by—outside appear- ances."

And Mrs Jakes, remembering some very wonderful people she had known that had sprung into prominence from hovels as mean and obscure as the ash pit that had produced the gorgeous lily, agreed that Granny Gibbs was absolutely right.





STATUE OF JOHN WESLEY IN FORECOURT  
WESLEY'S CHAPEL, LONDON, E.C.1



WESLEY'S HOUSE, CITY ROAD, LONDON



ENTRANCE TO WESLEY'S CHAPEL, LONDON, E.C.1

# JOHN WESLEY

## Being Dead He Yet Speaketh

By RAY H. HUGHES

National Sunday School and Youth Director

**O**N THE SEVENTEENTH day of June, in 1703, Susanna Wesley gave birth to her fifteenth child in the old thatched rectory at Epworth. Two of the previous sons born to the Wesleys were named John and Benjamin, but both of these died. One of these names belonged to the father's side of the house and the other belonged to the mother's. The parents were especially eager to preserve these two names. For this reason they named their fifteenth child John Benjamin Wesley. The second name was never used after his baptism. His immediate family nicknamed him "Jacky." This fact is revealed in the voluminous correspondence carried on by the Wesley family.

In 1709 Wesley was miraculously rescued from the burning rectory in which fire the family was reduced to poverty. Every possession was consumed by the fire including some very important, unpublished writings of Wesley's father. When it seemed that all the family was safe, there appeared a small figure at one of the upper windows. Just before the roof caved in he was rescued. His mother, quoting the Bible said, "He is a brand plucked from the burning." This event

made a profound impression on Wesley's mind. At the age of fifty, believing himself to be in a dying condition, he wrote his own epitaph. His thoughts again returned to the fire in the old rectory:

*Here Lyeth The Body  
of  
John Wesley*

*"a brand plucked from the burning"*  
His life was greatly influenced by his scholarly mother, who despite her multiplicity of duties acquired a well-rounded knowledge of the Bible and became the balance wheel of her son's ministry.

### THE HOLY CLUB

**AT THE AGE OF** seventeen, with the sacrifice of his parents, he entered the University of Oxford. At Oxford he gave himself to rigorous study. After an intermission of two years, during which time he helped his father as the minister of Wroote, he returned to Oxford. Upon his return he discovered that his brother Charles had begun a religious society among the undergraduates. John was welcomed into the society and soon became the acknowledged leader. For the most part, this small band was re-

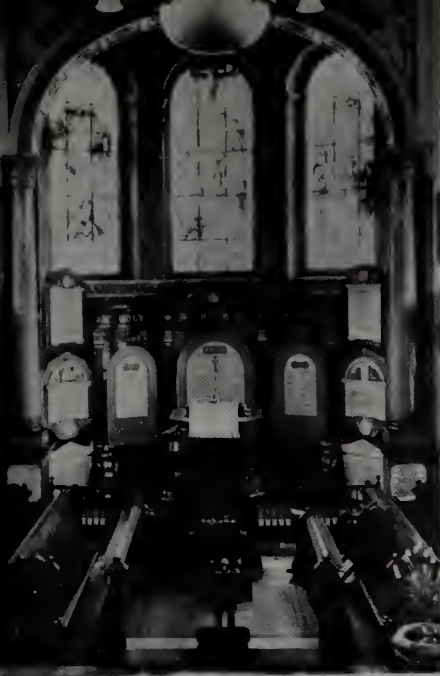
garded as a group of narrow-minded and introspective persons. They were eager to develop their spiritual lives. They rose early in the morning, read the Word of God and expounded it to each other, and prayed often. They soon became the talk of the entire university because they visited the poor and sick. They even stood by convicted criminals when they were dragged out to their execution. It was to this group that the title Methodist was given.

### WESLEY'S CONVERSION

**THOUGH JOHN** had been engaged in the ministry, at the death of his father he realized he was lacking a heart-felt experience. His conscience was pricked when his dying father said to him, "The inward witness, my son, that is the proof, the strongest proof of Christianity."

In this state of uncertainty, John, along with Charles, accompanied General Oglethorpe to Georgia. Charles was to be Oglethorpe's secretary and John was to be the missionary to the Red Indians. John soon realized he was unfitted for the task and returned to England with his brother. Except for one thing, the trip to Georgia was a complete failure. While in





THE PULPIT AND APSE, WESLEY'S CHAPEL, LONDON, E.C.1

Much of this article was written in Wesley's home and chapel. Special thanks are extended to Mr. G. R. Kemp, chapel keeper, who gave many details on Wesley's personal habits and experiences.

Georgia a Moravian leader led John to a deeper consciousness of his need of a personal experience with Christ. Not yet fully dedicated, he continued preaching. On May 24, 1738, John felt a change in his heart that was to change England. John described his change of heart in the following words:

*"I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the epistle of the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine and saved me from the law of sin and death."*

With a new tone to Wesley's message more and more doors were closed to his ministry; yet he was to turn the tide of moral corruption and establish righteousness in England. With no church and no particular place to preach, the future was very uncertain. While meditating on his future, he received a letter from Whitfield requesting him to take over his work in Bristol, while he went to America. He reluctantly accepted the invitation, after encouragement from friends. Whitfield was such a popular preacher, Wesley wondered if he could fol-

low him; and he had disregarded the normal church customs even so much as to preach in the open air. To break the orderly conventions of the established church was contrary to John's thinking. Whitfield delivered his farewell message, and announced that John would preach next Sunday at "the brickyard at the end of Saint Phillips Plain." This was the beginning of an open-air ministry for Wesley. There remains a stump of the tree under which he preached his last open-air message. As I looked upon this hallowed relic, in reverie my thoughts went back to those days when this man of God incensed the foul air of England with the incomparable sweetness of the Rose of Sharon. His voice was not throttled by the closed doors of a dead church but wafted on the wings of the wind to the four corners of Britain.

### THE FIRST HEADQUARTERS OF METHODISM

BEING DRIVEN from the established church against his will, he was forced to secure a place to conduct services.

The headquarters of the Methodist movement was to have a very humble beginning. An old cannon factory called the Foundry was purchased and opened for services. Out of this dilapidated place Wesley made a chapel to accommodate 1,500 people. This was the first Methodist church and remained the headquarters for approximately forty years. Here Wesley preached each morning at five o'clock. In the mind of Wesley, attendance at this service was a test of sincerity.

He and his staff lived in part of the building, while a small clinic for the poor and an orphanage were operated in another part. A house close by was purchased as an almshouse for the aged. Very little is said about the social life of Wesley, but he was noted for his philanthropic work. He distributed more money to the poor than

to all other phases of his work combined.

### WESLEY'S CHAPEL

THE OLD FOUNDRY became so dilapidated that a new headquarters had to be built. Through much financial strain Wesley's Chapel was erected not far from the old foundry. The rich and poor contributed to this cause. King George III donated the masts of battleships from the dockyards to be used as pillars or columns to support the gallery. In a sense this was turning the spears of war into pruning hooks (Isaiah 2:4). These masts were covered with plaster and remained as supports for one hundred years. These have been replaced by pillars of French jasper contributed by Methodists the world over. Some of the plaster-covered masts still remain in the vestibule as ornaments.

Erected at the outskirts of the city in those days, the chapel now stands in the heart of London. Though it is passed unnoticed by the multitudes, it remains a citadel of holiness; and through it Wesley, being dead, yet speaketh. It is called the "Cathedral of World Methodism."

As one enters the court in front of the church, he sees a large statue of John Wesley which was erected by the children of Methodism. This is indicative of the fact that he was well-loved by children. He was often seen to give the children rides up and down the road in his carriage. That he loved children is evidenced by his interest in the Sunday Schools of Robert Raikes. Of them he said, "This is one of the best institutions which has been in Europe for many centuries." He urged his ministers to give time to the teaching of children wherever they went.

On his statue is the inscription, "The World Is My Parish." This was no idle dream, for the message of

(Continued on page 22)



GRAVEYARD AND JOHN WESLEY'S TOMB, WESLEY'S CHAPEL, LONDON, E.C.1



# Tragedy and Triumph

By JOE SOUTHERLAND

*Have you read the Crucifixion and the things that  
happened there—  
Tears and sweat, then condemnation, meted in the  
Governor's square?  
Have you seen the bitter suffering as the cross alone  
He bore,  
Or heard Him whisper, "God forgive them"? Listen,  
let me tell you more.*

*Out beyond the courts of mockery, further than the  
temple mall,  
Christ the Son of God is suffering, shut outside His  
city wall.  
His beard still drips with angry spittle, placed there by  
a mob gone mad,  
'Round His Shoulders hangs a mock robe for the King  
they could have had.*

*On that precious brow so tender, piercing thorns scrape  
'gainst the bone;  
Lifeblood falling, mixed with teardrops from the Saviour  
sad and lone.  
Somewhere on that hill is Mary, God-called one to  
bring Him here,  
And her mind is filled with memories, some nostalgic,  
all so dear.*

*She muses first the angel's blessing, then Precious Spirit  
hovering 'round,  
Until that night He filled the manger in swaddling  
clothes that she had bound.  
Too, His care and preparation; then the work He had  
begun,  
And now betrayed, condemned and smitten stands God's  
only, loving Son.*

*His lovely hands and feet are riven, pierced through  
with spikes so cold,  
While soldiers gamble for His garments, evil men both  
cruel and bold.  
Two thieves, sharing in the suffering, part bloody lips  
to have their say;  
One has naught but scorn for mercy—the other, in  
faith begins to pray.*

*The day moved slowly toward the sunset; framing pain  
unparalleled:  
Tissues torn and sinews broken, turning darker as they  
swelled.  
Rocks are broken, hard winds lashing trees as darkness  
filled the sky;  
The Temple veil, too, split asunder as His moment came  
to die.*

*Through this vale of tearful suffering, few have been  
the words He's said.  
Now He whispers, "God forgive them"; then He shudders  
and is dead.*



*Smirking hordes of evil's legions gathered there from  
the wide world o'er  
Shake the air with shouts of victory, "The life of Jesus  
is no more."*

*In a borrowed tomb they laid Him, Governor's seal and  
guard to hold—  
God's only Son, so freely given, lies in death so still  
and cold.  
A day is gone and nothing's happened; finally even two  
have passed.  
Satan's forces are more jubilant; seems they've tri-  
umphed God at last.*

*Then with the third day fast approaching, Mary came to  
anoint Him well;  
And seeing that the stone was bothered, ran to others  
the news to tell.  
Others came at her insistence in the early light of  
day,*

*And neither did they understand it, so they said, "He's  
taken away."*

*This same Mary lingered, weeping, just outside the  
rough-hewn door,  
When Someone—she thought the gardner—spoke, "What  
are you weeping for?"  
And when she answered, He said, "Mary," then His  
brightness broke the gloom.  
Her eyes bedazzled saw His glory—Christ had triumphed  
o'er the tomb.*

*Running fast, she spread the story; shouts of praise are  
lifted high.  
Death's cold dungeon could not hold Him; He's alive  
no more to die.  
Through the ages men have sung it, cried and preached  
this joyful lay,  
And here's the strength and beauty of it—CHRIST THE  
LORD IS RISEN TODAY!*



# ONLY THE TOMB IS EMPTY

By KATHERINE BEVIS

**A**FTER THREE DAYS, I will rise again." This was the unforgettable declaration of the Man whose name was Jesus. It had been made, with simple and forthright confidence, before He was put to death upon a cross. To His enemies, it was ominous with foreboding. To His followers, it was the promise of *eternal life*.

It was now the day after the Crucifixion, the year A.D. 33.

The priests of the Pharisees, and some of the Pharisees themselves, stood before Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor of Judea. They were reminding him of what the Man Jesus had said.

The body had been claimed by Joseph, a counsellor, and buried in a tomb hewn in the rock of the hillside.

The priests and the Pharisees knew this. They knew, also, that a stone of great weight had been rolled against the door. That it could be removed without colossal effort was unthinkable.

Yet, they were remembering the evidence of their own eyes; this Man was the performer of miracles in the name of God the Father. What other miracle might occur now?

Pilate lacked the courage to wholly defy his superior the Roman Caesar, but he had refused to order the execution of the Man in whom he saw no wrong. So Pilate had compromised with his conscience by the gesture of washing his hands. This, he had asserted to all about, was a token of disclaiming personal responsibility for the crime.

Should the priests suggest to Pilate that a resurrection could occur would be to admit openly the persistent possibility that so troubled them at this time. After all, could they be sure that Jesus was NOT the true Messiah?

Thus, the approach to the governor must be done with much caution. And so it was that the governor was asked, "What if the followers of this Man Jesus were to return to the tomb, roll the stone away, remove the body by night, and then proclaim that He had risen from the dead? Would it not be wise," they asked the governor, "to post guards so that no such act of deceit could be accomplished?"

The governor heartily agreed that this was not only a practical precaution to take, but a thing to be desired.

And so it was that a watch was hurriedly established.

First they made sure that the stone had not been loosened, that His body was still in the grave, and then they sealed the stone.

Now it was the second day since the terrible act had taken place. All through the day and night until the dawn of the third day, the guards had maintained their vigil.

MARY MAGDALENE and another Mary came again to the sepulchre to pay their homage to their Lord.

They beheld an angel there whose "countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow."

The guards by now were in the city where they had rushed to report that Jesus was gone—the ground had trembled beneath their feet, the seal around the great stone had loosened, and the stone had rolled back from the entrance. Transfixed with fear, the guards made this report to the chief priests.

Matthew, a former tax collector for the Roman government, who had become an apostle of Jesus, has written in his account that the guards were now threatened with arrest if they noised this news abroad. "You will not be believed," the guards were told. "If the news gets to Pilate you will be thrown into prison and later put to death. Is it not better to take the money which we offer you and just forget what you have seen?"

And so the guards through fear of what would happen to them, agreed. Taking the money, they reported that the body had been stolen as they slept.

The conflicting testimony of the guards and the two Marys has proved to be the basis of the most prevailing

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# Resurrection

## Realities

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead," 1 Peter 1:3.

**N**O FACT IN HUMAN history bears greater significance than the Resurrection of Christ. From our vantage point, it seems to be the spiritual hub around which all else revolves. It is not my desire to attempt to prove this, for I find that faith cannot be instilled by argument nor Bible truths implanted by rationalization. Those whose beliefs encompass this glorious fact have come to the light by divine revelation. No amount of teaching or preaching can convince one that "He lives," unless the Spirit imparts conviction. My aim is to explore facts surrounding the Resurrection. We can, perhaps, best begin with the reason for the Resurrection.

**G**OD HAD TO raise up His Son. It was an event of promise; Psalm 49:15, "But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave." It was also an event of necessity; 1 Corinthians 15:14, 17, 18, "And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain . . .

Ye are yet in your sins . . . Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." Here, we are given ample reason for the Resurrection.

Christ arose to give power to our preaching; for without the Resurrection, preaching is vain. The Greek word for vain in verse 14 is *empty* or *unreal*, and emptiness can be the only result of a sermon not born of faith in Bible truths. The preacher's plea must be more than syllables replenished with human reason. It must be sated and alive with his personal belief in a risen Christ. Paul proves his strong feeling on this by incessant reference to the Resurrection in his testimonies, sermons, and epistles.

Christ was resurrected to give foundation for our faith. Without it our faith is vain. The Greek word for vain in verse 17 is *without use* or *frustrated*. Is that not what our gospel would be without the Resurrection? The principal doctrine of all early believers was that God had raised Christ from the dead. If the fact were false,

then the faith upon which it was built was also false. But both fact and faith are valid. The Resurrection is God's mode of giving the Christian an irrefutable hope.

He arose to insure our redemption and assure our justification without which we would yet be in our sins. In the full plan of salvation, more than death was required. Christ's death paid the full price through His unique Person, spotless character, and perfect sacrifice; but it was compulsory that He be "raised again for our justification" (Romans 5:25). Man was brought into a realm of spiritual maturity which offered more than atonement or pardon. He was redeemed, or bought back from Satan, by the death of Christ and assured of full justification from sin by His resurrection.

Many of the Corinthians denied the resurrection. It is to them Paul writes in verse 18; "if Christ is not risen," all their devout ancestors who died with the faith are lost and perished. Note Paul's reference to Christ. He used the term *death*; but when he



promises extend over the whole area of our life and activities, and that they are all unbreakable. Lack of confidence in God brings out our fleshly tendencies to depend upon mind and matter, excluding the work of the Spirit. God's blessings will come as surely as the dew from heaven, and they too are often forgotten in the heat of the slightest temptation.

An inconvenient memory plagued the disciples. In spite of all the miracles they had witnessed, including at least two resurrections, they forgot that He had said, "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up again." Their failing memory was the cause of all their consternation.

When the first day in the week came to the grave in the garden, it brought with it a heavenly springtime of singing birds, blooming flowers, and glistening sunshine. At some time between dawn and sunrise, Christ arose! He arose with resurrecting life, resurrecting power, and resurrection news! This news soon reached the ears of the discouraged. "And they remembered His words." They remembered and it swept their minds clear of all doubts, fears, and anxieties. What a glorious recollection! R. G. Lee writes, "This is your sunburst at midnight; this is your rain in the drought; this is your calm in the tempest; this is your freedom in the prison house of sin; this is your victory in defeat; that you remember the words of Christ."

**THE RESULTS OF the** Resurrection were as diverse as they were immediate and far-reaching.

One of the first results **RESULTS** was a malicious lie which spread far and is even "told among the Jews unto this day." The soldiers at the tomb were hired to claim that "his disciples stole him away while we slept." Satan stirred his boiling cauldron of controversy by placing money in their hands and a lie in their mouths. It is no wonder that this incredible story which was hatched in the heat of religious conflict has lasted so long, for even though these soldiers saw the angels and felt the earthquake, they would not believe. This seems to prove that "the most sensible evidence will not convince men without the concurring operation of the Holy Spirit." Justin Martyr said in his "Dialogue with Trypho the Jew" that the Jews dispersed this false story by means of special messengers sent into every country.

The most stirring result of the Resurrection was the impact it had on the small company of Jesus' followers. Every Christian activity was defunct. No longer did the poor hear the gospel, or the captives receive deliverance. This was the most inactive period in the history of Christianity, for even the Dark Ages showed some signs of life. But when the good news that "He is risen" was heard, it set the embryonic church into motion again. Old meeting places were reopened as the disciples assembled, while on the bustling streets of the Holy City the story of hope spread rapidly, wielding an influence which would weld the body together again. The Church had now arisen, with Christ, out of its period of remissness, never again to be defeated.

The far-reaching result of the Resurrection is the continuing way it has infused the Christian message with life, energy and high ideals. The new Church was one of elevated minds and lofty visions. Paul taught, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God," Colossians 3:1. "The head being quickened, the members are quickened with him," contrast their former habits when they were alive to the world but dead to God. They now act with a compelling force which sends them throughout the world to make disciples of all men.

I Corinthians 15:20, "But now is Christ risen from the dead . . ."

Every door to Bible reality is hinged on the certainty of the **REALITY** Resurrection. It arms Christianity with its most effective weapon in an unceasing struggle for the believers' allegiance. Each of today's living religions offers its followers either holy waitings, social guides, or idealistic teachings; but only Christianity offers its adherents a Leader who, though God, became man, suffered death, and proved His divinity by self-resurrection. This truth has bequeathed Christianity its rightful eminence through the centuries.

The reality of the Resurrection has, furthermore, done its work in the individual. The earliest preachers of this truth had seen for themselves and were not left to the description of others. What they saw vindicated their faith in what they thought Christ to be before His death, and they

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By DONALD S. AULTMAN

alluded to the believer, the words *fallen asleep* were used. This removes any possibility of extinction or destruction in death, for all who sleep will surely awaken. A well-deserved sleep in Christ is rich reward for a life of Christian service.

Luke 24:6, 8, "He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee . . .

and they remembered his words."

**RECOLLECTION** One of man's most vital faculties is his memory. Without it he is lost from home and friends and placed in a mental vacuum. What a picture of desperation in the hours preceding the Resurrection! It was not that the eleven disciples had no memory, for certainly none of them was a victim of amnesia. They had, however, failed to exercise any semblance of spiritual recollection. Back to the nets and old jobs they thought to go.

This problem of failing memory still faces the Church today. We are all prone to forget the promises and blessings of God. We often forget that His





## EASTER CANTATA

M ELODY HARPER'S STRONG fingers held the chord until the sound filled the empty church. Then she bent her head back, her thick chestnut hair falling loose, closed her eyes and listened to the echoing vibration from the huge organ.

"Where does the girl stop and the music begin?" a lilting voice broke into her reverie.

With a start she opened her eyes and looked straight into the brown ones of Harvey Lane. She smiled, and crossing to a seat in the front row, remarked, "You're the first one here."

"You called rehearsal at 7:30," he reminded and dropped into a seat beside her.

"They'll be here soon," she assured him. Harvey was not a member of the church, but Melody had met him at music school and asked him to sing in her Easter Cantata.

"Melody, the trouble with this church is that it doesn't appreciate you."

"You don't understand," she excused. It was true that the church members took her for granted, but why shouldn't they? She had found the Lord here, played her first pieces on the children's day programs, played the piano for the Sunday School and the young people's meeting since her teens—and now the choir was rehearsing her cantata for Easter.

"You underestimate your own worth. Professor Rose and I were discussing your talent and he says you could be one of America's outstanding popular composers and that your last composition had charm."

"I wish I could find words for it so Eva could sing it as a solo some Sunday night."

"Why give it away to the church? That piece is worth money. And fame!"

"But I intend to write music for the Lord."

"Surely, sometimes, when you happen to think of the right piece."

But Melody knew that it didn't work that way. One trained one's talent in a certain groove and she would have to set her mold either to church music or secular music.

"Hi!" someone called, and Melody looked up to see Eva Wordsworth strolling down the aisle.

Harvey turned to Eva and coaxed, "Won't you help me persuade Melody that she owes it to herself to do all she can with her music. Don't you think if she can write a waltz acceptable by the big publishers, she should?"

"My dear, yes," Eva was enthusiastic, sitting beside them and unbuttoning her green leopard-trimmed coat. "You know I sing anywhere I have the opportunity. It adds prestige for a Christian to be recognized by the world."

Melody was surprised that another Christian should favor her writing secular music!

"You *must* consider it," Harvey insisted. "Perhaps we can work together. An artist is seldom a good business manager. You write the music and I'll sell it."

"But—oh, hello Eloise," Melody called as the pianist entered the church. Behind her came Owen and Mary, and Melody felt relieved. Soon the rehearsal was under-way.

IT WAS A GRUELING, nerve-racking hour and a half of conducting for Melody. Even then she would not have stopped, but the others were weary. She was a perfectionist and yearned to have every voice synchronize. When she discussed the next rehearsal, there were so many trivial excuses offered for delay that Melody felt discouraged.

In fact, she was disgruntled just enough to start agreeing with Harvey. She slipped on her gray coat and Harvey walked with her toward her home.

"Perhaps you're right," she said at last to Harvey. "This is my *last* cantata. I think I'll give my time to composing waltzes."

"Now you're talking. Now you're talking!"

As Easter neared, and Melody struggled through more choir rehearsals and private rehearsals for Eva's aria, she felt increasingly restless and upset. Life had become a dissatisfying and frustrating struggle.

Easter morning she was in a pensive mood as she sat quietly on the front row of the choir loft, watching the congregation in their new clothes, taking their places in the church. She wished she could share their seeming happiness, but her fear that the cantata would not be sung well weighed heavily upon her.

Harvey took his place, leaned toward her and whispered, "I talked to the manager at Acme Publishing Company about your waltz. You are to go tomorrow to play it for him."

Melody nodded, but her eyes were on Eva, who flut-

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# AT THE Edge Of The Lake

by Ann Tegtmeier

**P**ENNY STOOD WITH her mother and father and baby brother Billy at the edge of the lake. It was a blue, blue lake—bluer than the back of a bluebird, bluer than the new sweater Penny was wearing, bluer than the deep blue sky in the mountain country, as blue as the blue paint in Penny's new paint box.

Some people were going down a long stairway to a building nearer to the blue, blue water. It was called a museum.

"Father, may we go down, too?" begged Penny. "I want to see if Crater Lake is as blue down there as up here."

"It is too close to the water for Billy," said Mother.

"Daddy might take you down if you promise to stay away from the water."

"Oh, I will! I will!" promised Penny. "Come on, Father. Let's go."

Father led the way down the steep steps. Soon mother and Billy looked like tiny dolls sitting on the bench near the top. Other people left their cars in the parking lot and came to sit beside them.

"Remember!" came Mother's voice from far away. "Remember your promise."

"I remember!" Penny called back.

"Let's stop here for a minute," said Father. "This is a good place to see Wizard Island. This whole mountain was once a big volcano. Then the top of it blew off and left this big hole. Later a little volcano grew inside the hole. That was Wizard Island."

"It looks like a big ship in the blue water," said Penny.

She started to step forward to get a better view of the big ship.

"No, no, Penny," said Father, as he laid his hand on her head. "You must not get so close to the edge of the landing. You might fall in. It's a long way to the bottom. A mighty long way."

"Do you mean the water is deep, too?" asked Penny.

"Yes, it is. The deepest lake in North America. It is nearly 2,000 feet to the bottom of it," said Father.

"How deep is that, Father? As deep as the ocean?"

"Well, I'm not so sure about that. But I do know that it is deep like God's love for us. So deep that it never freezes over."

"Is that why the water is so blue? Because it is like God's love?" asked Penny. "Why is it so bad to fall into it if it is like His love? Won't His love hold us up?"

"Whoa! One thing at a time!" cried Father. "If we could take a capful of the water out, it would be crystal clear, just like God's love. It is blue because there is so much of it, because the sun's light cannot reach the bottom. As for God's love holding us up so we can't drown, well, I guess it's like one verse of the Proverbs: 'A prudent man foresees evil, and hides himself; but the simple pass on and are punished.'"

"There you go again, talking in big words that I don't understand," complained Penny. "I don't see what a prune—a prunant man has to do with drowning in a lake."

"Prudent, Penny. A prudent person is both cautious and careful."

"Oh! You mean if I stay away from the edge of the landing and don't fall in I will be prudent?" smiled Penny.

"Yes, that's right," nodded Father. "You will see the evil of getting too close to the fence and hide yourself from this danger. It would be simple and silly to get too close just to see if God's love would hold you up."

Penny was very thoughtful as they climbed back up the stairs after seeing the museum. When they came to the landing again she stopped and looked down.

"Oooh! It makes me all shaky, just to think of people not being pru—prudent, Father. Why do they want to get hurt?"

"People really don't want to get hurt, Penny. It's just that they fall into sin by not being prudent."

"I learned a new memory verse!" cried Penny as she skipped up the hill toward Mother and Billy. "A prudent man—prudent man—Oh, no! I've forgotten it already."

"Foresees," her father said as he patted her brown braids. "That means see ahead."

"A prudent man foresees evil, and hides himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."

"Wonderful!" said Mother. "Who else is hungry, besides Billy and me?"

"Everybody!" cried Penny and Father, as they ran to bring the picnic lunch.



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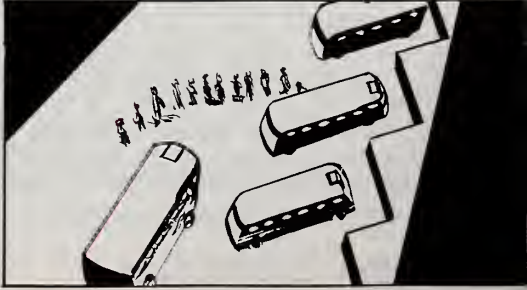
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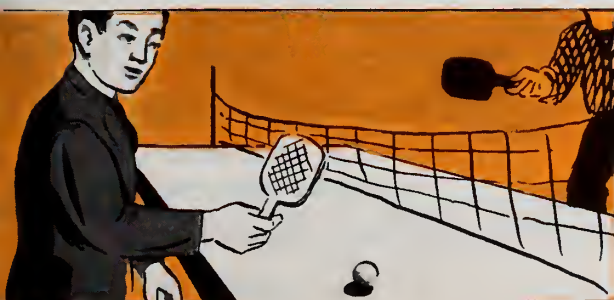
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# HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

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## THE VALUE OF SYMPATHY

By Lou Pruitt Roberts

WE READ and hear so much about the faults and general misconduct of children, but how many parents do you know who really measure up to standard?

A Sunday School worker started out one morning, trying to get mothers and their children more interested in Sunday School. It had been raining the day before, and little puddles were standing everywhere.

Her knock at the door of a pretty little home was answered by a rather tired, nervous-looking woman. Before she had finished explaining her mission, a boy about ten years of age came in. His clothing, face, hands and feet showed very plainly he had been enjoying the rain and mud.

In a moment the mother completely lost her self-control; her temper flared, and Jimmy received a severe scolding. Tears came to his eyes, and he attempted a meek apology, but the words were hardly begun when his mother stormed, "Hush, go at once to your room. I'll see you later."

In a sullen, rebellious mood, Jimmy started away, but before he was out of hearing, his mother turned to her caller, and in a high-pitched, angry voice gave vent to her feelings.

"He is the most careless child I have. He has no consideration for me whatever. I slave away from morning till night and he's forever making extra work for me, such as this. I'm sure he will come to some bad end, he's so reckless and hard to manage."

As the Sunday School worker listened to Jimmy's mother, she, too, was afraid that perhaps some day Jimmy might come to some bad end. She made

several appeals to this mother with regard to the Sunday School but could not get her thoughts far enough away from her home and its immediate troubles to arouse her interest.

As she walked toward the next home, she pondered over Jimmy, his playmates and general environment. When she knocked at this door, she heard a general rush and scurry of bare feet about the room, mingled with little giggles, but in a moment everything was quiet. Then a rather large but pleasant-looking woman opened the door. The merry twinkle in her eyes and her kindly smile radiated good cheer and sympathy.

In a matter-of-fact way she said, "Harry and the little boy next door have been enjoying themselves in the mud this morning." Then she seemed to dismiss the whole affair from her mind and gave her undivided attention to her caller.

We all love an understanding mother—one who can sympathize, and kiss away the tears, or laugh and enjoy our pleasures with us! "Harry will surely come to some good end with such a mother," thought the visitor.

Strange, isn't it, that some parents fail to realize the importance of sympathy and often alienate their children's affections by being cross and unreasonable. These persons seem to forget they once were children. Yet the end to which childish behavior leads generally depends much more upon the parents than upon the child.

## EASTER JOYS

Author Unknown

LET THIS be a glad morning for the children. It is essentially their day. In them is the germ of our immortality. They carry on for us in their turn. They know nothing of our grief this day, and none should touch them. Let them sing their anthems, say their prayers, and go decked in all their Easter finery, the very spirit and form of spring.

Let them have their gay baskets full of bunnies and brightly colored sweets.

Let them color eggs and put them in moss-lined nests to surprise each other that this day may be filled with gaiety and laughter and the spirit of young things everywhere.

Teach them the meaning of the eggs of Easter, their message of renewed life, their pledge of immortality. Teach them, too, the meaning of the white lily at the altar rail, for us and for themselves. It is not enough that they live; they must live understandingly. It is not enough that they carry on the spark of immortal life; they must be worthy of their mission.

Let us pray this Easter morning that these children—so soon to take our places, so soon to know the message of the rolled stone and the emptiness of the tomb—may live more effectively, with closer relation to truth and righteousness than we, who try so painfully and so blindly to lead them, have yet been able to do.

— — —

## MOTHERHOOD AS A LIFEWORK

Author Unknown

TEN YEARS of the life of a child lie in the heart of a mother. All the remaining years will be colored by the touches of those mother-years.

So great is the task that nature has planned twenty years of instructions and companionship.

Spirit and quality of leadership enter here.

Destiny hangs on these precious years of experience and instruction.

The nesting instinct is strong in the heart of a real woman.

So vital are the issues of motherhood, so beautiful its ministries and so far-reaching the investments that without question motherhood is society's greatest career.

It should be classed as a career. Law, medicine, banking, or what not in no way outclass this great calling.

As it is the highest of all callings, so it should never be incidental or accidental.

Greatest preparation should be made for this lifework. Physical culture, domestic science, dietetics, business management and accounting, horticulture, poultry, dairying and many other subjects bear directly on the home life.

## REMEMBER!

During the Publishing House Contest from March 1 to May 15, a LIGHTED PATHWAY subscription is only \$1.25 per year.

The LIGHTED PATHWAY



# Helps for the Tempted and Tried

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

IT HAS NOT been long since the Christmas songs were ringing out over the air, and how often we heard during those days the comforting words of the angels, "Fear not, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

At this time we want to think of another angel and another "Fear not" which comes to us in the midst of all the turmoil of life.

Just a little while ago the disciples had looked up with tears flowing from their eyes because their wonderful friend was being nailed to the cruel tree. He had tried to tell them about it but they didn't understand. Now it was being revealed little by little that still they did not fully understand. They went away from the tomb with troubled hearts, but soon they returned to find an angel in glistening garment sitting by the tomb. He said, "Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay," Matthew 28:5, 6.

A risen Christ—an empty grave. There is the fulfillment of the Christmas message, "Unto you is born a Saviour." This is the triumph of Christianity. It is the message of salvation and the hope for a weary world. And surely this is a weary world.

Though it may not always be acknowledged, the human heart instinctively seeks after Jesus and those things which He alone can offer. In the midst of the turmoil of war, of nations fighting and destroying one another, of dictators' reign of terror in the midst of cruel suffering and bitter disappointment, there is one answer—the *Risen Christ*.

When the dictators of foreign countries have failed, when the noise of airplanes has been stilled, and the use of cannons is stopped, Jesus will be crowned the Lord of all—Jesus who died and rose again.

When Sir James Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform, was asked what was his greatest discovery, he said, "That I have found Jesus Christ as my Saviour." It is a wonderful thing to know beyond the shadow of a doubt that Jesus is our Saviour and to have an ear attuned so as to hear His voice saying, "Fear not." There are many "fear nots" in the Word of God and if we know Him we will all take courage in these perilous times.

Job said when all was dark and uncertain about him, "I know that my redeemer liveth." If you know that your Redeemer liveth, then you can take courage, for He is saying to you, "Fear not."

There is much sorrow today in the world, but can't you look up as this old apple vendor did? It was a cold winter day. At an apple stand kept by a rough-looking Italian, someone referred to the severe weather. The old apple vendor, with a cheerful smile and tone, said, "Yes, pretty cold, but by-and-by, tink of dat." The thought of the time when warm skies, flowers and singing birds would be near comforted him while the cold winds blew. Yes, it may often be cold and cheerless, but—by-and-by, think of that.

AT THE close of a lecture engagement in a neighboring town, Wendell Phillips' friends entreated him not to return to Boston. "The last train has left," they said, "and you will be obliged to take a carriage into the city. It is a sleety November night, cold and raw, and you will have twelve miles of riding before you get home." "But," he replied, "I shall find Anne Phillips at the other end of the line."

You may find life's journey like the cold midnight drive of the famous orator, but just think, as he did, of those loved ones you are to meet at the end of the way. Jesus said, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid . . . In my Father's house are many mansions."

A man was once staying in Marazion in Cornwall, where he had a lovely view of St. Michael's Mount. He looked out the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. Someone happened to speak of the pleasure

derived from it to a native, who immediately said, "Just wait till you see the other side. I'm afraid you won't think this is beautiful then. It is one mass of flowers over there. You must go across and see the other side." I am afraid if we could see what waits for us over there, we should not want to stay here.

"Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?" Luke 24:32. Have you walked the Emmaus road with the risen Christ?

If you are defeated today in your inner life, I point you to the Emmaus road. If your heart is disquieted and troubled, I point you to the Emmaus road. If the burdens of life weigh heavily on your heart and if these burdens are too much for human endurance, let us walk together down the Emmaus road with the living Christ. He is the answer and the only answer to all our needs.

When our hearts burn within us from the walk to Emmaus, we shall become beacon lights which will light the pathway of others. Only those who know the risen Christ can witness for Him.

It is not the Christ of the tomb we should know; it is not the Christ of Palestinian days, but it is the risen Christ, the reigning Christ we should know. Do you know Him? If you do, let us walk down the Emmaus road together today and tomorrow and all the tomorrows. Let us walk and talk with Him. He will carry us through when trouble and death enter our home. He is our only hope.

AND NOW just a short message to our boys who have been called into the service of our country. May I say to you, if you are God's child you can claim this "fear not" for your very own, for it means you.

There is a story of a young man who was at sea in a raging tempest and, when all the passengers were at their wits' end for fear, he only was merry; and when he was asked the reason for his mirth he answered that the pilot of the ship was his father, and he knew his father would take care of him. So if you are a

(Continued on page 26)

# Poetry



## EASTER FAITH

By James Dial

With thoughtful hearts we come to  
Thee,  
Our Saviour who arose,  
The Son who died that we might live,  
And every sorrow knows;  
The One who bore His cross above,  
Told Mary not to weep;  
We praise Thy name, O Holy One,  
Till our eyes close in sleep.

He left us to prepare a place  
For each of us above,  
That His Father's Word might be fulfilled  
And prove His wondrous love.  
So on this Easter day, O God,  
We feel Thy presence near;  
We give our hearts and souls to thee;  
We know no doubt nor fear.

## EASTER DAY

By Edna Hamilton

The entire world was filled with gloom  
When the Prince of Peace lay in His  
tomb.

But lo! the large stone rolled away,  
And now we share glad Easter Day!

"Christ is risen," the people said,  
"Christ is risen from the dead."

## JOSEPH OF ARIMATHAEA

By Grace Cash

How tenderly did Joseph,  
A rich man good and kind,  
Wrap the body of Jesus,  
The Saviour of mankind!

How spotless did the linen cloth,  
Washed so clean and fresh,  
Bind the broken body,  
And caress the bruised flesh!

How eager to lay Jesus  
In his own tomb, for a rest—  
This Joseph of Arimathaea,  
Who gave to Him his best!

How careful to seal it,  
That none might break through,  
For Joseph loved Jesus  
As very few do!

## A KING WAS BORN

By Ann Tegtmeier

*A King was born in Israel,  
Midst angel choir o'erhead;  
Hailed by simple shepherds  
Around his manger bed.*

*A King was hailed by Israel,  
His praises sung aloud:  
They scattered palm fronds in His  
way—  
The milling, fickle crowd.*

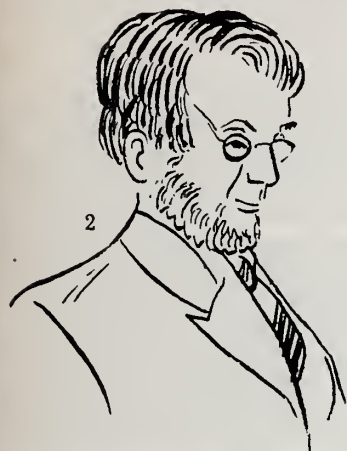
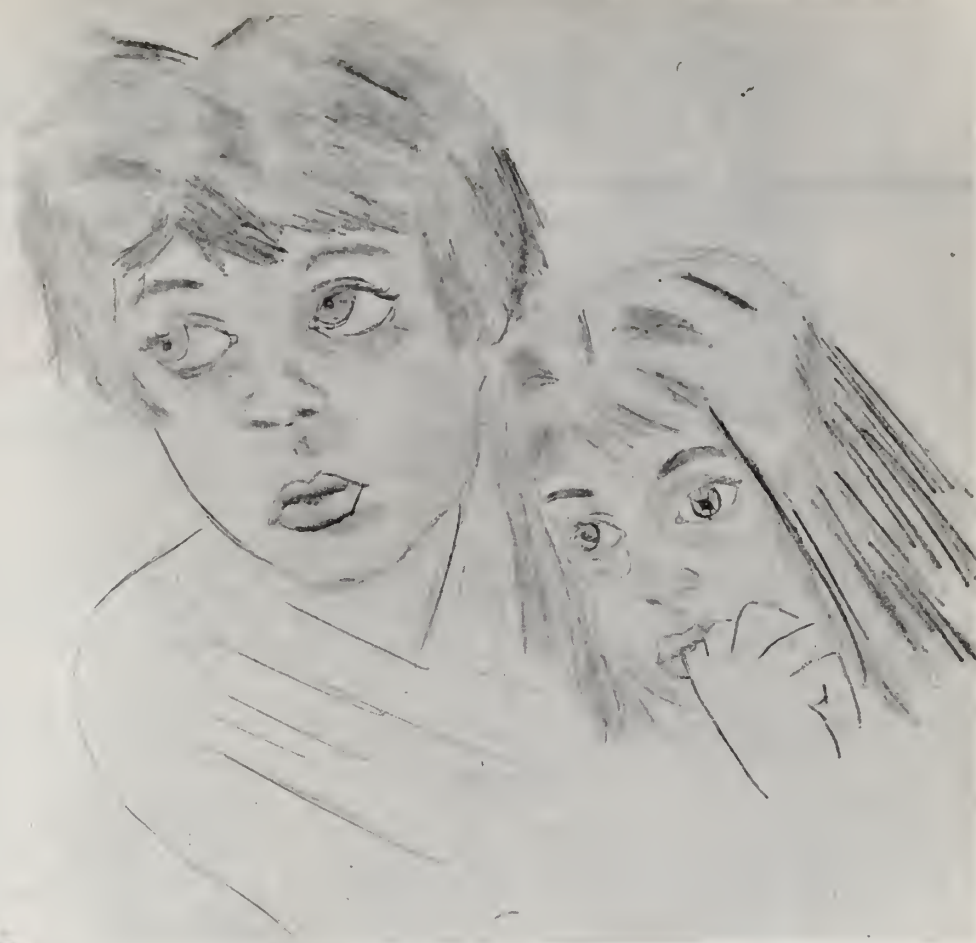
*A King was slain in Israel,  
With no dream of their loss—  
The unprotesting crowd who stood  
About the rugged cross.*

*A King was raised in Israel,  
And in men's hearts reborn;  
Triumphant reigned throughout the  
years  
Since that first Easter morn.*



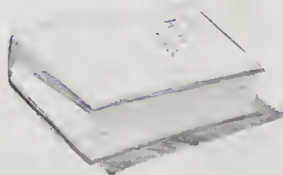
4

art



## Margaret Robertson

PAINTER AND ART STUDENT



### Media used:

1. pencil
2. pen & ink
3. pen & ink
4. pencil
5. pen & ink

*Margaret Robertson*

Miss Margaret Robertson, the artist pictured at the easel, is from Mooresville, North Carolina. She is a devout Christian and active in church work. Margaret has had considerable art training from private instructors, and is now enrolled in a home-study course in art. She is especially fond of painting in oils, but since the cost of reproducing painting in full color is prohibitive, we selected the five black and white drawings here reproduced from over 25 of her sketches.

# 1955 National Sunday School Contest

By O. W. POLEN, Assistant National Sunday School and Youth Director

The Sumiton, Alabama Church has received church furniture valued at \$510. The pastor, Reverend A. N. Lee, has received a round-trip plane ticket to Germany valued at \$585.

The Sunday School Superintendent, Clyde C. Ellis, has received a round-trip plane ticket to Mexico City valued at \$300.

The State Sunday School and Youth Director of Alabama, Reverend Joseph C. Milligan, has received a three-suit as a special award offered to the state director in whose state the grand prize was won.

In each of the four group classifications (Group A—Sunday Schools with an average attendance of 300 and over; Group B—200-299; Group C—100-199 and Group D—20-99), seven winners were selected. In each group three honorable mention ratings were also given. To have been given recognition in any of the groups indicated is a GREAT honor for any Sunday School in view of the large number of entrants in the contest.

The winners in each group are given below:

## GROUP A

Name of Sunday School	Pastor	S. S. Supt.
1. Atlanta (Hemphill Avenue), Georgia .....	Earl P. Pauk, Jr.	Lee Watson
2. North Greenville, South Carolina .....	E. T. Stacey	Mrs. Sarah Davis
3. Detroit (Tabernacle), Michigan .....	Luther Turner	A. T. Humphries
4. St. Louis (Grand Avenue), Missouri .....	R. E. Nuzum	H. C. Anderson
5. Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio .....	D. A. Biggs	Thornton McLain
6. Greenville (Tremont Avenue), S. Carolina ..	James L. Slay	Everett E. Sides
7. South Gastonia, North Carolina .....	C. R. Calahan	Boyd L. Bolyann

## HONORABLE MENTION

North Chattanooga, Tennessee .....	W. J. Brown	Howard Ray
North Cleveland, Tennessee .....	Floyd Timmerman	Haynes Lemons
Atlanta (Riverside), Georgia .....	G. R. Watson	Jim O. McClain
Cincinnati (Eim Street), Ohio .....	G. W. Lane	C. E. Moses

## GROUP B

1. Sumiton, Alabama .....	A. N. Lee	Clyde C. Ellis
2. Douglas, Georgia .....	C. M. Harris, Jr.	Daniel H. Walker
3. Dallas, North Carolina .....	Mrs. W. M. Wineberger	Dayle K. Maney
4. Tampa (Buffalo Avenue), Florida .....	Cecil B. Knight	Luther Forehand
5. Orlando (Kuhl Avenue), Florida .....	A. V. Howell	Walter Chaffin
6. Savannah, Georgia .....	P. H. Hammond	Thomas A. Sasser
7. Canton, Ohio .....	J. H. Hughes	Raymond Kinsley

## HONORABLE MENTION

Tampa (Sulphur Springs), Florida .....	A. J. Duncan	A. W. Johns
Rocky Mt., North Carolina .....	A. A. Padgett	Glenn White
West Gastonia, North Carolina .....	L. O. Henry	C. O. Weiman

## GROUP C

1. Benson, North Carolina .....	C. H. Deans	Earl Whitman
2. Brunswick, Georgia .....	Charles W. Clayton	Eddie L. Green
3. West Danville, Virginia .....	Herbert A. Stone	Lloyd F. Carter
4. Baldwin Park, California .....	John D. Nichols	D. W. Hoover
5. Battie Creek, Michigan .....	Lindsey F. Pratt	James R. Lantrip
6. Athens, Tennessee .....	Clifford Bridges	Cecil Coleman
7. Miami, Florida .....	U. D. Tidwell	Aidon Cochran

## HONORABLE MENTION

Pomona, California .....	D. A. Drake	F. H. Adams
Monroe, Georgia .....	Harry R. Henderson	Herbert R. Allen
Sanford, Florida .....	Harry W. Henderson	Mrs. Sophia Isner

## GROUP D

1. Barnardsville (North Fork), North Carolina	H. E. Isaacs	Alice H. Fulp
2. E. Ellijay, Georgia .....	Paul N. Hughes	Joe B. Charles
3. Barnardsville, North Carolina .....	A. E. Justice	Luther Atkins
4. Nocatee, Florida .....	J. F. Cuipepper	Henry M. Wood
5. San Jose, California .....	Clyde R. Stinson	Donald R. Garrison
6. Ontario, California .....	J. H. Whipple	Maurice Arivett
7. Elkhart, Indiana .....	O. D. Coleman	Juanita K. Loutzenhiser

## HONORABLE MENTION

Taft, California .....	Newton D. Ford	Maxine Yeley
Andrews, North Carolina .....	Bob Jackson	Frank D. Bradley
Modesto, California .....	Tom Rosson	Everett Fanan

## A REPORT OF INTEREST SHOWN

As we are all aware, this is not the first time the Church of God National Sunday School and Youth Department has sponsored a National Sunday School Contest. However, in no previous contest has such outstanding interest been shown by the Sunday Schools throughout the nation as in the 1955 contest. A noteworthy increase can be observed when the number of entries in this year's contest is compared with the number of entries in last year's contest. *Our Sunday School vision is enlarging, and our Sunday Schools are growing!*

While in previous years the Board of Judges spent one day or perhaps one day and a night judging the entries, this year the Board of Judges spent *two days and two nights* meticulously and conscientiously noting the methods and plans used and the results obtained by each individual contestant. It is sincerely felt that no Board of Judges could have rendered a more valuable service or fairer decisions than those rendered by the judges selected for the 1955 contest. These individuals deserve commendation for their work.

Each Sunday School was judged on the following bases: fifty per cent for the total percentage increase in average attendance for the six contest Sundays in 1955, over the average Sunday School attendance during the period of October 3, 1954, through September 25, 1955; and fifty per cent for the promotional effort displayed before and during the contest, such as visitation, surveys, appointment of committees, officers' meetings, evangelistic efforts, and publicity.

In looking through what appeared to be a small *mountain* of contest scrapbooks, one could easily detect that many Sunday Schools had spared very little or nothing at all in their promotional efforts. Though the judges carefully examined each promotional report for evidence of *real* Sunday



# Youth IN THE SPOTLIGHT



We are pleased to present in the focus of the spotlight this month Hal Bernard Dixon. Bernard was born in Wake Forest, North Carolina, on March 6, 1928. He attended Wake Forest schools, graduating from high school in 1945. In school he was very active in sports and received a special award for achievement in athletics. He was voted most popular, best dressed, and best athlete in his graduating class.

Bernard entered Wake Forest College in 1945, but his college training was interrupted a year later by military service. He was in the U. S. Army for about sixteen months, serving in Japan. Returning to civilian life, he re-entered Wake Forest College in 1948. He received a B. S. in Business Administration in 1951. Soon after graduating from college, Bernard was employed by General Electric and remained with them until May, 1955.

This young man was converted on April 16, 1950. Since that time he has been a very consecrated disciple of Christ. He has served the church well in many capacities. Presently he is the Credit and Sales manager of the Church of God Publishing House. His testimony is, "My ambition is to serve the Lord in accordance to His will in whatever capacity I am best qualified."

Spotlight honors this month are bestowed upon Mrs. Martha Runion Dismukes. Born on October 9, 1935, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Runion, Martha has been saved since she was 14. Her home church is Tremont Avenue Church of God, Greenville, South Carolina.

Martha graduated from the Parker High School in 1953. There she was prominent in school activities, being chosen as the best all-round senior. She was also active in the music department at Parker High, serving as choir pianist. Following her graduation from high school, Martha enrolled in Lee College. At Lee she served as senior class treasurer, on the staff of the school paper, as pianist for the Male Chorus and was a member of the Music Club. She participated in several plays, was voted the most versatile girl and was an honor student. She graduated from Lee in 1955.

Martha was married to Kenneth Dismukes during the summer of 1955. Kenneth is a minister and is continuing his studies at Athens College, Athens, Alabama. We believe this young couple will be used mightily in Christ's work. Martha says, "My desire is to live a life dedicated to God and His service."

School promotion, the clever arrangement of many of the scrapbooks was eye-catching. For example, one Sunday School had selected as its theme "Fishers of Men." The scrapbook covers were made of plywood and were cut out in the shape of a fish. The pages in the scrapbook were also in the shape of a fish, and the interior of the book cleverly reflected this theme. This is only one example of the many strikingly prepared promotional reports.

The promotional methods used by the various Sunday Schools were many. Parades, the awarding of prizes with a total value throughout the nation of several thousands of dollars, and the unique and clever advertising methods such as a large, inflated balloon with an announcement of the National Sunday School Contest on it, anchored at a suitable location, all clearly indicate that much planning and preparation were a part of the 1955 National Sunday School Contest.

Still, of even greater importance were the sound, tried-and-proved methods—methods that provide lasting results—which were used by many of the Sunday Schools. I refer to the visitation program, organizational activities such as preparation through training, organization of committees, provision for new classes, additional personnel, proposed plans for new buildings, and the evangelistic emphasis. It is most gratifying to observe the emphasis that many of the

Sunday Schools that entered the contest placed on two of the best known ways to build a larger Sunday School—the card record system and a faithfully pursued visitation program.

## Lasting Results!

The Sunday Schools which were declared winners can be justly proud. It is a great honor to have been declared a winner in the 1955 National Sunday School Contest. This in itself is more important than any prize which might have been received by a contestant; yet the prizes were very splendid ones. Still, there is a greater achievement to be desired than a place of honor or a prize. That achievement (and this achievement can be experienced, has been experienced, and is being experienced by the winners in the contest as well as by many of the Sunday Schools which might not have scored enough points to be a winner) is to realize that you have had a definite and lasting increase in your Sunday School attendance as a result of entering the contest. If you have been able to see men and women, boys and girls, accept Christ as a result of the contest, then you have received an award which cannot be evaluated in monetary terms.

To all the Sunday Schools, state officials, and all others throughout the nation who made the 1955 contest the greatest Sunday School Contest the National Sunday School De-

## Congratulations!

The editorial staff of the LIGHTED PATHWAY wishes to offer congratulations to those Sunday Schools and persons who were winners in the 1955 National Sunday School Contest. Special commendation is extended to the grand prize winners and to those who placed first in their group.

It was not easy to determine the winners because many Sunday Schools did a creditable job. The task of choosing the grand prize winner was doubly difficult. After surveying all factors carefully, however, the judges were sure that the honor must go to the Sumiton, Alabama, Church of God. The Reverend A. N. Lee is the pastor and Clyde C. Ellis is the superintendent. These men earned the honor and prizes they received. The State Sunday School and Youth Director of Alabama, the Reverend Joseph C. Milligan, deservedly shares in the grand prize consideration. Our earnest felicitations are again extended to these men.

Many persons who did not win a prize worked very hard during the contest. Their faithfulness, however, has been observed by the eternal God, and He will surely give a suitable reward.

partment has ever sponsored, we say, "Thank you."





WESLEY'S CHAPEL, LONDON, E.C.1



WESLEY'S BEDROOM, SHOWING HIS PRAYER ROOM



WESLEY'S CHAPEL, LONDON. (INTERIOR.)

## JOHN WESLEY

(Continued from page 7)

Wesley has made a mighty impact on the world.

### WESLEY'S HOUSE

TO THE RIGHT of the imposing statue is the house in which Wesley lived the last twelve years of his life. It still exists in the original state and is used as a museum. A tour through the house sheds much light on habits of his life, and one learns even more of the secret of his success.

A few moments in his study would convict any sincere minister of sloth. The large bookcase which he used yet contains some of his books. "Wesley regarded reading as an antidote to fanaticism." Recorded in his *Large Minutes* are the following precepts for preachers:

"Read the most useful books, and that regularly and constantly. If you need no book but the Bible, you have got above Saint Paul. He wanted others too. 'Bring the books,' says he. 'I will give each of you, as fast as you will read them, books to the value of five pounds.'"

When we realize that Wesley published four hundred seventy books, the most of which he wrote, we understand what he meant when he said, "Leisure and I have taken leave of one another. I propose to be busy as long as I live, if my health is long indulged me."

The bureau at which Wesley wrote is a piece of furniture in the study. A novel feature of the bureau is secret drawers and compartments in which he kept money for the distribution of the poor. The light of the bureau was rather unique. Candles were placed on a ledge at each side of the bureau. At the back was a mirror which reflected the light of the candles on the writing area.

The Greek New Testament, which he read diligently as he rode his horse, has been preserved and is exhibited in his study. It is well to notice that at the age of twenty-six he was appointed Greek lecturer in Lincoln College. Wesley learned to budget his time and even travel did not distract him from his study. He rode his horse with a loose rein, trusting him, and read as he travelled. A travelling case for writing was installed in his carriage. This case is on exhibition in his study. It contains two wells for ink bottles and a slot for another bottle of the same size, which contained sand. This bottle has a top like a salt shaker and was used to sprinkle sand on his writing to blot the ink. The sand soaked up the excess ink then he merely shook the sand from his paper. This was before the days of blotters. He wrote with pens made from goose quills.

So eager were the Wesley boys to learn that, as they travelled afoot, one would lead the way while the other walked behind with his hand on his brother's shoulder, reading aloud.

In the study was a chair about which I must comment. The chair was presented to Wesley by a converted cock fighter. Then Wesley converted the chair and used it as a study



hair. It is upholstered in leather. He sat astride the chair as one would sit facing the back of an ordinary chair. The shelf resembling the top of a lectern, where reading and writing could be done, extended from the back of the chair—rather unique indeed. The above paragraph was written while sitting in this chair. I was granted this rare privilege; however, visitors are usually forbidden to sit in the chair.

### THE PRAYER ROOM

AS I STOOD in his prayer room I realized more than ever the secret of his success. Every morning at four o'clock and every night at ten o'clock he spent an hour in his prayer room. In addition to this he had seasons of prayer throughout the day. His prayer life was influenced greatly by John Fletcher, who prayed all night for two nights of each week. It is said that Fletcher's study walls were stained with the breath of his prayers. A picture of Fletcher hangs in the wall of Wesley's house. Wesley said that Fletcher was the holiest man he knew. He wanted him to be his successor but he died before Wesley.

### WESLEY'S PREACHING

DURING THE last fifty years of his life Wesley preached forty thousand sermons, about an average of fifteen per week. What self-discipline this man must have had to do so much in so short a time. One secret of his preaching could be taken to heart by the young preachers of our Church. "I design plain truth for plain people. I labour to avoid all words which are not too easy to be understood, all which are not used in common life." He learned this lesson early in life when once he preached a polished sermon to a congregation of country folk and they sat with blank expressions on their faces. He then read his sermon to Betty, the servant, and asked her to stop him whenever there was a word she didn't understand. She interrupted him so often with, "Stop, sir," that he became impatient. It is needless to say he made an adjustment. The style of John was his ideal, and he urged young preachers to pattern after it.

Wesley had no difficulty in touching the hearts of the working men. At the same time he appealed to the cultured and elite as well. He had a full-orbed ministry. He was praised highly for his organizational ability, but his scope would not have been so broad had he not possessed unusual preaching ability to gather the people. The request, "Lord, let me not live to be useless!" was granted. He preached until a few days before his death. On his death bed he wrote to William Wilberforce, "Oh, be not weary in well doing. Go on in the name of God, and in power of His might, all even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it."

When he was too weak to hold a pen he said, "The best of all is, God with us." With these words a warrior of the faith went to his reward.

### EASTER CANTATA

(Continued from page 12)

tered into her seat, waving gaily at friends—why didn't she have her mind on her solo!

The opening hymn and prayer were soon over. Melody stood before the choir, and raised her slim baton.

The quiet opening of the cantata and smooth and clear, and then up and up rose the notes of triumph, heralding the Redeemer's RESURRECTION. As the song rose higher yet, Melody's spirits rose, too. Eva's notes were clear and true. Eloise played the runs as if the piano were an extension of her fingers. The choir sang its best! It seemed as if Melody's heart swelled with joy as the paean was sung with happy assurance.

When the cantata was over, Melody almost crumpled into her seat. She was so happy she could have cried. All the work, the strain, the struggle at the rehearsals had been worth it.

And she knew that she must tell Harvey that she *couldn't* play her waltz for Acme, that only writing for the Lord would satisfy her. Her mind began to race, and almost captured words to fit the other composition, which she dedicated then and there to her Redeemer.

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## The Eternal City

John, the beloved disciple, in Revelations 21: 19-20, endeavors to express in human language the most transcendent spiritual beauty and permanence of the heavenly city—the everlasting city. He selected, singularly enough, to describe the foundations thereof, beautiful crystalline gems: Jasper, Sapphire, Chalcedony, Emerald, Sardonyx, Sardius, Chrysolyte, Beryl, Topaz, Chrysoprasus, Jacinth, Amethyst, every one of which appears in the minute crystals of



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# BIBLE



# lessons for YOUTH services

## THE RESURRECTION By Alda B. Harrison

### Thoughts for the Leader

Scripture: Matthew 28:1-10

For not only the greatest but for the very beginning of all "Easter messages in literature" one must go to the Bible. It is the Christ of the Bible, "our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel," 2 Timothy 1:10. Banish Him from the scene and the future is dark with despair instead of bright with hope. Turn away from the full atonement He has made for sin, refusing to accept Him personally as Saviour, and death becomes a great intangible mystery in contemplation of which the stoutest heart quails, instead of merely a passageway leading to the Father's house and into which even timid women, whose affection is set on things above, enter without fear, yea, even joyfully.

### Comfort in Sorrow

Scripture: 1 Thessalonians 4:16-18

As our lesson text was such a joy to the women as they went to the tomb that first Easter morning they found that their Lord had risen, so I Thessalonians 4:16-18 should be a great comfort to us as we realize that the day is coming when we may see the tombs open and see our loved ones rise with us to meet the Lord, whom we love, in the air. The resurrection is our only hope of meeting our loved ones again. Then why should this not be a happy day for us and why should we not get ready for that great resurrection morning? It is going to be a wonderful time. Are we looking for His coming and trying to put on that wedding garment so that we may be ready for the marriage supper of the Lamb? Only those with robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb can be in this first resurrection.

### Dying With Christ

Scripture: Galatians 2:19-20

One of the notes of Easter time is sacrifice: things must die to come to life again. Before the flowers and the vegetables can spring forth, the seed must die. Before the trees can blossom, they must pass through a stage in the winter that is equivalent to death. Before the life in Christ could be vouchsafed to men, He must needs endure the cross. Before some of the finest of the virtues can be born in human life, sacrifices must be made.

"For that high cross upraised on Calvary;  
The broken seals—the rolled-back stone—the Way  
Forever opened through His life in death;  
For that brief glimpse vouchsafed within the veil;  
For all His gracious life, and for His death  
With low-bowed heads, and hearts impassionate—  
We thank Thee, Lord."

### Risen With Christ

Scripture: Romans 6:1-11

It was fitting that Christ should come forth from the grave into the new, spiritual, resurrected life during the springtime. In the spring everything is taking on new life. Sleeping trees are awakening and putting on their foliage afresh. Flowers are springing forth to new beauty; birds are aroused to new song. Men take on fresh activities by planting gardens and crops. The air becomes fragrant with perfume and alive with the activities of insect, bird, beast, and man. From the apparent death of bleak winter, nature comes back. From the apparent defeat of the tomb, Christ came back. Thanks be to God! From our defeats, our sins and our failures, we can come back. There is always another opportunity, another possibility of beginning afresh and anew.

### Identity in the Resurrection

The divinely chosen analogy of the seed and the plant is to me the most suggestive regarding our spiritual body as it shall be hereafter. Take the bulb of the hyacinth or any other flower, submit it to the naturalist, and he will tell you by aid of the microscope what the perfected flower will be; yet who that did not know the mysteries of vegetation could believe that from the unpromising bulb would spring the gorgeous flower enveloped in its sheltering leaves? Yet such be our body then compared with our body now.—E. H. Bickersteth

### Immortality

The Easter message may be summed up in this: There is no death. Life is ever lord of death. Life is immortal. Christ could not die; He had in Him the germ of an immortal existence. Neither can those who have linked their lives to God, in Him, perish. Death and the grave have no victory for those who love Him.

## THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST

By Robert Humbertson

Note to the leader. Since the baptism of the Holy Ghost is one of our most important doctrines, we as Church of God people ought to understand the subject and be able to explain the Scriptural teachings on it.

The purpose of this lesson, therefore, is to enlighten the people on this Bible doctrine and to encourage those who have not received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost to seek diligently for this wonderful experience. It is suggested that an altar service climax the meeting, and I pray that many will receive the Baptism of the Holy Ghost when this program is presented. I trust that God will open the windows of heaven and pour out upon your service a great Pentecostal shower!

### What is the Baptism of the Holy Ghost?

To be baptized with the Holy Ghost means to be filled with, or saturated by, the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost (or Holy Spirit) is the third person of the Trinity (1 John 5:7).

The Baptism of the Holy Ghost is a gift from God to believers. It is not given to a person to make him a child of God. It is given to a person because he is already a child of God and is walking in the light as God shines it upon his pathway.

Although some persons receive the Baptism of the Holy Ghost at the time of conversion, it is ordinarily received sometime after conversion. By this statement it is not to be understood that all believers receive the Baptism. Not all Christians follow the Lord into this "deeper Christian experience"; however, it is the privilege of all Christians to be filled with the Holy Ghost if they are willing to tarry and pray for His indwelling. Acts 2:38,39, "Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

The Baptism of the Holy Ghost, then, is a gift from God to believers and may be received from Him if a believer seeks diligently for the blessing. Jesus said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled," Matthew 5:6.

### How Do We Know When We Receive the Holy Ghost?

The second chapter of Acts records the first instance of a Holy Ghost baptizing. One hundred twenty men and women received the experience. The Bible states "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance," Acts 2:4. In other words, the one hundred and twenty, upon receiving the Holy Ghost, spoke in a language unknown to them.

In Acts 10, there was another outpouring of the Holy Ghost. The Apostle Peter was preaching to a group of gentiles. During his sermon



the Holy Ghost fell on all that heard the word. Peter and the other Jews who were with him marvelled that the Gentiles had received the Holy Ghost, for as Acts 10:46a states, "They heard them speak with tongues, and magnify God."

The initial evidence of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost is "speaking in other tongues." This belief is based on the examples above and on other examples in the Bible and in church history.

### Why Should We Seek for the Baptism of the Holy Ghost?

Jesus told His disciples that they would receive power after the Holy Ghost came upon them. Read the book of Acts and you will see that the Holy-Ghost-baptized disciples did mighty things for God.

Jesus spoke of the Holy Ghost as a Comforter, Guide, and Teacher. Yes, the Holy Ghost will comfort us, guide us, and teach us.

Another wonderful benefit of this Pentecostal experience is that "the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us" (Romans 5:5b).

In closing, let me urge you to seek earnestly for the baptism of the Holy Ghost if you have not already received Him. Study the Bible on this glorious subject. Read prayerfully the Scriptures on the Holy Ghost found in John 14 and 15, and Acts 2, 10, and 19.

### STEAL AWAY AND PRAY

By Evelyn Knox

Christians commune with God through prayer. It is a medium through which we are privileged to carry all of our troubles and cares to Him, and He has promised to help us if we daily seek His face. Christ Himself is an example for us to follow. Many times after a hard, busy day, He would go apart from the multitude of people and pray, oftentimes continuing all night. As Christ gained spiritual strength to meet the trials and troubles that He endured, so may we also. Lack of prayer on our part will lead to coldness and indifference, and in the end Satan will overcome us. If we pray without ceasing, then we shall have communion with God, and He with us. "Prayer is a golden river at whose brink some die of thirst while others kneel and drink."

The following speakers will tell of some of the results of "secret prayer."

#### Humility

Constant prayer helps us to remain humble before God (I Peter 5:5). Throughout the New Testament we are exhorted to pray and humble ourselves before God. Humility is a necessity if we are to be followers of Christ. Many times Christ was reviled and persecuted even by His own people, but He never spoke a harsh word to them in anger. He was always meek and gentle. The followers of Christ were also persecuted, but because of their great love for Him, they returned only good for evil. All too often we are guilty of losing our temper when someone criticized us or does something in a way that we do not

approve. This is not manifesting a Christlike spirit and shows that we are not so close to God as we should be. If we pray continually, then the humble spirit of Christ will shine through our lives each day as we live for Him.

#### Communion

Under the Law, only the priests were allowed to offer sacrifices to God for the people. A veil separated the congregation from the altar of God, and only the priests were allowed to go behind this veil and intercede to God for the sins of the people. When Christ was crucified, the veil was rent in twain, signifying that the people no longer had to offer sin offerings through the Law of Moses. A new covenant, the one great Sacrifice, had been made. We today are privileged to commune with God as individuals if we will only take advantage of such a wonderful opportunity. When we are alone with God we can talk with Him as we can talk to none other, and He will hear and answer prayer. The more we commune with God the nearer we shall be to Him.

#### Reward

Matthew 6:6, "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Christ warned us not to pray as the hypocrites do. They love to pray standing in synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they might be seen of men. It is needful for us to enter into some quiet place away from the noise of the world and commune with our Father who has promised to answer our prayer. The more we pray and talk with God, the more we are rewarded for our labors. The Lord is a rewarder of those who diligently seek Him. If we are faithful to the end, He has promised us a crown of righteousness.

### ONLY THE TOMB IS EMPTY

(Continued from page 9)

controversy that has or ever will influence the thought and the actions of people of all times and in all parts of the world.

There are those who accept the testimony of the guards, believing that the Messiah has yet to come upon the earth, and those of us who know that the testimony of the two Marys is true.

As the angel said to those two eyewitnesses that first Easter morn, "He is not here: for he is risen, as he said," (Matthew 28:6). We know that He arose from the grave and that because He lives, we too shall live—forever!

In spite of the effects of the Roman guards to keep the tomb of our Lord intact, on the third day He arose triumphant over death and the grave. He had the keys of death and hell to show He had robbed them of their sting, His tomb remains forever empty. He snatched from death its chains and proclaimed to the world that all can have eternal life.

At this glorious season, at this glad Easter time, our blessed assurance is that only the tomb is empty!

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**RESURRECTION REALITIES**

(Continued from page 11)

were so possessed with joy that Christ had again walked among them, that their energetic appeal swept thousands into the fold. That first Easter so captured and regimented their thinking that it became virtually impossible for them to witness without telling the story. The zeal which so consumed them stood its greatest test when all except John were martyred for their Christ. Philosophic speculation has gone through heaven and said there is no life there; through hell and said there is no fire there; through the Resurrection and said there is no truth there; but these deceptions have neither killed the hope nor changed the truth.

The demands which Christianity makes upon its followers are of faith—not force, of obsession—not compulsion. The Apostles saw. We have heard. Both they and we know it is true. It requires the surest of realities to impel one to die for a cause when simple denial of that belief would give life again. On such reality the saints have based their faith.

THE BIBLE gives numerous accounts of resurrection. Elijah breathed into the nostrils of a dead boy and God raised him up. Elisha, his spiritual successor, was in the grave when his bones resurrected a man. Jesus raised the dead. Peter raised up Dorcas at Joppa. Many sainted dead arose at Christ's death. "And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose," Matthew 27:52. The Bible contains no less than nine different accounts of resurrections from the dead.

These recurring resurrections, along with a host of Bible promises, give each believer assurance of a bodily resurrection. Jesus said, "I am the resurrection, and the life: He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die," John 11:25, 26. Paul adds in 1 Corinthians 15:51, 52, "Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." All who shrink at the thought of death may know that the passing of a Christian from this life is only into a

pleasant sleep in Christ which shall end at the sound of the last trumpet—a sound which will ring in the beginning of eternal life.

**HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED**

(Continued from page 17)

Christian, you have a Father who will take care of you, and this angel who stood at the tomb that morning still saying, "Fear not, he is risen. Keep your eyes lifted to the hills from whence cometh your help.

A Christian sailor who was not sure that he could swim, when asked why he remained so calm in a fearful storm, answered, "Though I sink I shall only drop into the hollow of my Father's hand; for He holds all these waters there."

Another person said, "My life hangs by a single thread, but my Father holds the thread." Boys, if you were a Christian when you went into the service of your country, do not fail God in this critical time. He needs you as a torch among the thousands of unsaved boys. Now is your time and chance to win souls for Christ. You will find many chances to let your light shine, by your actions, without pushing yourself on others. It is not always best to try to make men see your way, but let them see your light and make them hungry for salvation. There will be many boys there from Christian homes; their parents are at home praying for them and they will need help. Stand ready to be an instrument in God's hands.

Boys, if you are not yet saved, will you surrender your lives to the Master? It will be the greatest day that you have ever known and that letter you write home to Mother and Dad will be the greatest letter you have ever written. There will be rejoicing in that old home and also among the angels in heaven, and then you can accept the "Fear nots" as your very own. To you I am dedicating this beautiful verse which is called the Golden Text of the Bible, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John 3:16.

Will you just remove that "whosoever" and place your own name there? Let us see how it sounds, "For God so loved the world, that I gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Isn't that grand? God bless you!



# CAPTURING THOSE EASTER VISITORS

RAY H. HUGHES, National Sunday School and Youth Director

ANNUALLY ON EASTER Sunday, many churches have an enormous influx in Sunday School attendance. Altogether too often the post-Easter attendance falls back to normal or below. The question "Can we capture these one-time comers as regular attendants?" Very readily some persons would answer no, but what have we done to create a desire in their hearts for regular attendance?

Much effort is expended in breaking attendance records, but little or nothing is done for follow-up of these visitors.

## POST-EASTER FOLLOW-UP

Doesn't it seem logical to you that some of these visitors would return again if a personal visit were made by the Sunday School teacher, visiting committee or pastor? The fact that they attended once makes them just as much a salesman would call "hot prospects." They were interested enough in your church to visit you; why not

show your interest by returning the visit to their home? Many persons under the eaves of our churches do not attend simply because we do not go after them.

## A FAITHFULNESS CAMPAIGN

On Easter Sunday announce that you are staging a campaign of faithfulness from Easter to Pentecost. The object is to impress upon each of the attendants the need of his fidelity to the church. A special program for each Sunday should be arranged. A contest for this period is not advisable.

Check your church roll against your Sunday School attendance and discover your members that are not regular attendants of Sunday School. Urge them to be an example for they are living epistles read and known of all men.

Conclude this special campaign with a Pentecost Rally on Pentecost Sunday.

## LEADERS IN ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for January, 1956

### SUNDAY SCHOOL

#### Group AA

North Carolina	22,773
Tennessee	17,728
Georgia	17,175
South Carolina	14,928
Florida	14,356

#### Group A

Ohio	7,282
Kentucky	6,578
Virginia	6,056
Kansas	4,694
Mississippi	4,217

#### Group B

California	4,972
Michigan	4,455
Illinois	3,503
Pennsylvania	3,084
Kansas	2,402

#### Group C

Missouri	2,950
Diana	2,770
Maryland	2,585
Alabama	2,238
Louisiana	1,623

#### Group D

Kansas	847
New Mexico	616
Western Canada	470

#### Group E

Washington	677
Oregon	448
North Dakota	393
Iowa	391
Delaware	383

#### Group F

Ohio	243
New Jersey	205
New York	169
Nebraska	147

#### Group G

Central Canada	148
Alaska	70
Minnesota	50

#### Y.P.E.

#### Group AA

North Carolina	12,800
Georgia	11,578
Tennessee	9,544
Alabama	9,173
Florida	7,179

#### Group A

Ohio	4,240
Kentucky	3,990
Virginia	3,663

Mississippi	3,400
Texas	3,386

#### Group B

California	3,377
Michigan	2,252
Illinois	2,172
Pennsylvania	1,934
Arkansas	1,741

#### Group C

Indiana	2,048
Missouri	1,633
Maryland	1,376
Oklahoma	1,338
Louisiana	1,292

#### Group D

Kansas	586
New Mexico	454
Western Canada	154

#### Group E

Washington	332
North Dakota	289
Iowa	262
Wisconsin	255
South Dakota	238

#### Group F

New York	135
Nebraska	130
Idaho	124
New Jersey	96

#### Group G

Central Canada	144
Minnesota	36
Alaska	20

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL ATTENDANCE

### Average Weekly Attendance for January

Greenville (Tremont Avenue), S. C.	876
Kannapolis, North Carolina	499
North Cleveland, Tennessee	458
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	426
Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	420
Detroit (Tabernacle), Michigan	404
Cincinnati (12th & Elm), Ohio	399
Anderson (McDuffie Street), S. C.	391
St. Louis (Grand Avenue), Missouri	387
South Gastonia, North Carolina	382

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN Y.P.E. ATTENDANCE

### Average Weekly Attendance for January

Nicholls, Georgia	349
Home for Children, Tennessee	303
Cincinnati (12th & Elm), Ohio	263
Couches Fork, Kentucky	250
Columbus (29th Street), Georgia	234
Lakedale, North Carolina	189
New Summitt, Arkansas	189
Muskegon, Michigan	176
Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	176

Jackson, Mississippi	174
Newport News, Virginia	172
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	167

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPTS. ATTENDANCE

### Average Weekly Attendance for January

Louisville (Faith Temple), Kentucky	1,341
Mullens, West Virginia	959
Abingdon, Virginia	422
East Nashville, Tennessee	366
Birmingham (Pike Avenue), Alabama	334
Pinsonfork, Kentucky	220
Eldorado, Illinois	147
West Durham, North Carolina	134
Bedford, Virginia	133
Krafton, Alabama	132
Henderson, North Carolina	132

## TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

West Virginia	48
South Carolina	37
Florida	33
Ohio	33
Georgia	28
Tennessee	27
North Carolina	22
Kentucky	20
Alabama	19
Virginia	19
Illinois	17
Missouri	16

## YOUTH STATISTICS

### This Month

Saved	3,477
Sanctified	1,508
Filled with Holy Ghost	1,165
Added to the Church of God	867

### Since June 30, 1955

Saved	19,897
Sanctified	8,709
Filled with Holy Ghost	6,658
Added to the Church of God	5,939

Branch Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1955	59
Branch Sunday Schools reported as of January 31, 1956	355
New Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1955	72
New Y.P.E.'s organized since June 30, 1955	93

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### LEE COLLEGE REVIVAL

By Charles R. Beach

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy," Acts 2:17. Most certainly a continued fulfillment of this part of Joel's prophecy was seen, heard, and felt during the wondrous spring revival at the Church of God's great school, Lee College.

President R. Leonard Carroll was moved of the Lord in choosing the Reverend W. Edwin Tull, pastor of the Church of God in Milford, Delaware, as the evangelist. Night after night, day after day, as Brother Tull preached victory through Jesus, God poured out of His Spirit and worked miracles in our midst. Christians were lifted up above the shadows. Young men and women gave their hearts to Jesus. There were miraculous healings and a number of students were gloriously baptized in His Spirit.

These workings of the Holy Ghost were not limited to the auditorium during the chapel and night services. There were times of prayer and praise in many of the classes. Students came from the classrooms shouting as our Saviour gave them the victory.

One young lady had exhibited a great deal of indifference toward the revival. Students prayed, and God wonderfully saved her, sanctified her, and baptized her with His Spirit right in the classroom.

One morning during chapel services a young man stood up and asked that the student body pray that God would give him complete deliverance and would baptize him with the Holy Ghost. A few nights later, after praying until he was exhausted physically, he returned to his dormitory quite discouraged. A night or two after that, the Spirit of God fell on some of the students who had not yet left the cafeteria. This same young man was probably the first person ever to receive the Holy Ghost in the Lee College cafeteria kitchen.

This great outpouring of the Holy Ghost is ample proof that God is raising up young people in these last days to be witnesses for Him "unto the uttermost part of the earth."

# The LIGHTED Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

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The LIGHTED PATHWAY

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By MRS. BILLY GRAHAM

## *Building With the Bible in the Home*

**J**UST AS A HOME IS something far more than a house, so children are infinitely more than the biological products of marriage. They are immortal souls committed into the care and keeping of parents, and what those parents do with this sobering responsibility and opportunity has its bearing not only on these precious little lives as they grow and mature but also on their destiny for eternity.

The foundation upon which we, their parents, must build is twofold: the Christian home and the Word of God. In Psalm 11:3 David warns us: "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" Knowing this, Satan has done, and is continuing to do, all in his power to destroy these foundations.

The Christian home can be destroyed through neglect, indifference or distraction. It takes will power, firm resolve, careful planning and faithful, determined, ingenious persistence to establish and maintain a Christian home—personal devotions, family prayers, faithful spiritual instruction of our children, wise discipline, plenty of wholesome activity and fun, wit and wisdom. In short, it takes more than any human parents can manage in their own strength and in their own wisdom. It is only as we walk with Christ and rely wholly upon Him that we can make our homes truly Christian. And after we have done everything humanly possible, it is still nothing but the grace of Almighty God that hallows that which we have attempted to do, that touches the hearts of our children so that they turn to Him in repentance and faith and love. It has been well said, "Man builds, but God hallows." We must take care of the possible and trust Him for the impossible. "And the Lord said unto him, I have heard thy prayer

and thy supplication, that thou hast made before me: I have hallowed this house, which thou hast built, to put my name there for ever; and mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually," 1 Kings 9:3.

The Word of God Satan cannot destroy, but he is doing all in his power to plant seeds of doubt as to its inspiration. As of old in the Garden of Eden, he still insinuates, "Yea, hath God said?"

**LIFE ITSELF** IS so uncertain. Our children need to be given something to guide them through life, something that will never let them down. The only source of infallible knowledge that we have is the Bible; and children must be taught from babyhood that while their parents may be wrong, their ministers may even be wrong, yet the Word of God is never wrong.

If we can send them forth into the world knowing that this is in truth God's Holy Word, they will be armed for the onslaught of doubt, insecurity and evil of every description. They will have with them the one sure thing in an unsure world.

Moses died. As Joshua took over the Gargantuan task of leading the children of Israel into the Promised Land, what did God give to him? The promise of His presence with him and the Book of the Law. "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success," Joshua 1:8. We dare not send our children forth to face life with any less.

The foundation must precede the superstructure. We  
(Continued on page 22)

# Saturday isn't Mothers Day

by Dorothy C. Haskin



*"When she stepped into the kitchen, her chin dropped in dismay. On the table was the bologna, unwrapped, drying up, and the loaf of bread with the ends open."*



**H**OLDING THE GLASS percolator with two hands, Nancy poured a second cup of coffee for her husband.

"I'll fix that today, for sure," her husband, Charles, promised.

Nancy hoped he would. The handle had been broken for a week. However, she had something even more important on her mind this Saturday morning.

Chuck, her teen-age son, stuffed the last bite of his sixth piece of toast and jam in his mouth, swallowed it and got up from the table. "I'll be seeing you." He ambled out of the kitchen.

*I'd better be seeing him weeding,* Nancy thought.

"Me, too," Betty Ann said, as she pushed back from the table, and with a swish of her braids, followed her brother.

"Great kids," Charles said, glancing after them.

"Tell you later if they are," Nancy said, thinking of Betty Ann's cluttered dressing table. It would have to be straightened today, or it would be another week before it was done.

"I like Saturday," Charles continued. "Get up late. Do as I please."

Nancy sighed inwardly. Sure, Charles liked Saturday. He had the day off. But it was her busiest day. She always had to get after Chuck and Betty Ann to see that they did their chores, and her own work was doubled with preparation for Sunday. She pushed aside her breakfast plate, leaned on the table and began, "Honey, I've been thinking about it for days and I've decided that I need a large print New Testament."

"A what?" He stared at her as if she had asked for one of the original manuscripts of the Bible. Then he grinned, "Why, honey, those are for old ladies, and you aren't old yet."

"But . . ." She mustered her argument. "You know I'm always tired when I stop in the latter part of the afternoon for my quiet time. I don't feel too much like concentrating and if I had a large print New Testament it would be easier to read."

"Someday, honey, but not right now. You know tomorrow is Mother's Day and we've big plans. We're going to buy you an orchid. I ordered it from Hallman. You'll be the grandest mother in church tomorrow."

"Well, of course," she agreed, and when he left the room, she thought, *There I go again, being agreeable*

*when I should have stood out for what I want.*

**LATER THAT** morning, she thought again, *I'm too easy.* She went up to see if Betty Ann had cleaned her room. The bed was made, with a ripple-effect of the spread but an apple core had been added to the mess of combs and plaid ribbons on the dresser. And one of her white shoes was half-cleaned and lying on top of her small radio.

Nancy cleaned the shoe. They had to be done for Sunday. That was the trouble. The children were always getting her into a spot where she had to help.

She went downstairs and did her usual cleaning. Then she went off to the store. As she joined the other women, pushing a basket around the market, she decided, *Saturday isn't mother's day. Tomorrow, we'll reign for a day, but I'd like help on Saturday. Instead, I'll get an orchid.* She bit her lip as she debated if she should buy corn flakes, that Betty Ann liked, or Ralston's, which Chuck liked.

She tossed one each into the basket, and thought, *I'm giving them what they like; why can't they give me a New Testament? But no, they have to give me an orchid so they can show me off in front of others. Why can't families give mother what she wants, instead of what they want her to have?* It was like the lavender slip-over sweater they had given her at Christmas. Her favorite color was blue and she liked coat sweaters better than slipovers.

**SHE WALKED** slowly back home, carrying her two heavy shopping bags of groceries. When she stepped into the kitchen, her chin dropped in dismay. On the table was the bologna, unwrapped, drying up, and the loaf of bread with the ends open. They had eaten their lunch while she was gone. Charles had drunk the last drop of coffee and had not fixed the handle!

She dropped onto a kitchen chair and sighed. They would think they had done her a great favor, getting their own lunch. She put the kitchen in order and taking her partly cooked navy beans, put them into an earthen casserole. This she put in the oven so the beans would bake slowly.

She put her groceries away, then she glanced out of the window. She had planned on Chuck's weeding the vegetables this afternoon, but no, he

(Continued on page 21)



**S**TANDING IN the midst of Victoria Embankment Gardens, London, England, looking out over the busy Thames River is the statue of a man, who through the largeness of his heart, gained the title of "The Man of Gloucester." It represents him standing bareheaded in the clothes he was accustomed to wearing, holding a book with his left hand and indicating it with his right hand as though to impress on his hearers the need for religious education.

Erected in 1880 by the Sunday School teachers and scholars of Great Britain, the monument itself tells a story. At that time, one hundred years had passed since the first Sunday School was founded by Raikes, yet the work was still thriving. As I beheld this monument, which is a worthy and noble memorial, I thought of the real monument which is the millions of pupils who learn of Jesus each Sunday through the Sunday Schools.

Let us take a cursory glance at the background of the man whose work gained world recognition. Robert Raikes (1735-1811) was born in the cathedral city of Gloucester, at a time when England's social and moral standards were dragging in the mire. It was during this period that John and Charles Wesley and George Whitfield came forth to bring about a mighty spiritual awakening. Probably the Sunday School movement contributed greatly to this awakening, for it was highly praised by Wesley.

At the age of twenty-two Raikes inherited his father's business as editor of the *Gloucester Journal* which is published until now. In addition to being a skilled businessman, he soon became distinguished for his humanitarian and benevolent activities. He spent much time in endeavoring to better the prison system of his city which was reputed to be the worst. Raikes used his newspaper to further his work of benevolence. Through it he made appeals for clothing and food for starving prisoners. In those days the prisons were not responsible for food or clothing for the inmates. He informed the public of this system and helped to correct it. The prisons reeked with filth and disease abounded. At the risk of contracting a fearfully infectious disease, Raikes regularly attended the prisons in his effort to create what he called a "new race." When he discovered a prisoner who could read, he would induce him to read aloud to his fellow prisoners, paying the man to do so.

One afternoon, in order to make a business contact, Raikes went to the slums of Gloucester called Saint Catherine's Meadows. Since the man he went to see was not at home Raikes waited for his return. As he waited he saw in the street gangs of boys and girls behaving like savages. He was horrified when he heard small children using the vilest of language and wrangling over gambling games. He remarked to a woman of the neighborhood about the terrible conduct of the children. The woman replied that the actions of that day were nothing to be compared to Sundays. On Sunday they ran riot. Since most of the children who did not attend a day school worked in a nearby pin factory through the week, Sunday was their day of recreation. They behaved in a most unrestrained way. The woman said to Raikes, "The street is filled with multitudes of these wretches, who, released on that day from employment, spend their time in noise and riot, and cursing and swearing in a manner so horrid as to convey to any serious mind an idea of hell rather than any other place."

**RAIKES CAME** to the conclusion that "vice is preventable," which was the thing that drove him to children's work. He had tried to mend the lives of adults and create what he called a "new race," but a quarter of a century of this work in prisons seemed to avail but little. He realized that the child "waste" which many thought was fit only for the prison had a potential of art, science, invention, enterprise—everything which marks the highest of civilization. He was amazed at the talent some of these underprivileged children pos-

sessed. It only needed development. The budding talent shown in the impish ingenuity of the children would eventually reap a harvest of national crime unless channeled in the proper direction. When he thought on this the simple word "try" came to his mind, and try he did. He called his venture "botanizing in human nature" and "an attempt at civilization."

With the help of the Reverend Thomas Stock he immediately set about to secure teachers to start a Sunday School. After securing the services of Mrs. Meredith, who made her kitchen available for a classroom, he and Thomas Stock visited a number of homes in the slum area and persuaded the parents to send their children to the school. Little did they realize that the foundation was being laid for a world-wide institution.

The first school was begun in 1780 in "Sooty Alley," now called Saint Catherine Street. A few days ago while en route to Hereford, I was privileged to have a three-hour stop over in Gloucester, which proved most informative. In order to conserve precious time, the Reverend Mr. Canty met me at the train station and conducted me about the city. Of course the first place I wanted to see was the location of the first Sunday School. Though the house is inhabited, it is in a bad state of repair and scheduled for demolition. The portion of the house in which the school was conducted appeared to be about 14 feet by 16 feet. There is a dingy platform attached to the front wall of the building with the inscription "Robert Raikes' First Sunday School Was Held in This House." It is lamentable that no effort has been made to pre-

The cottage in which Robert Raikes held his first Sunday School for girls. Roadway is part of the square where he saw youths gambling and where God spoke to him.



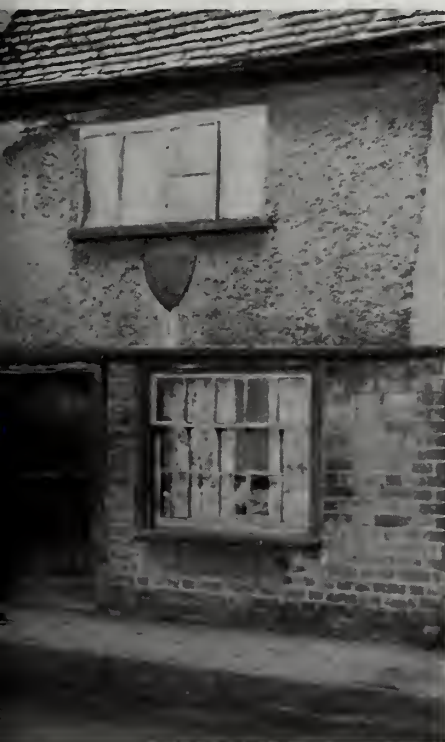


erve this house as a memorial.

At first girls were not admitted to the school, but soon a school was opened in Park Street for girls, just a few yards from the first school. This house yet remains and bears a similar metal plaque with the inscription, "Robert Raikes Held His First Girls' School Here." Though this place is passed unnoticed by the masses, my heart was deeply thankful for this humble effort which was largely responsible for the greatest religious teaching agency in the world today—the Sunday School.

It is interesting to know that the first school began at ten o'clock in the morning and continued until noon. After a one-hour intermission for lunch, the pupils returned for the reading of a lesson; after which, the pupils were conducted to an afternoon service at the church. The Sunday School was not wholeheartedly accepted by the clergy, who thought it a desecration of the Sabbath; therefore, the schools had to be conducted in homes. Despite the sneers and derision of church members, Raikes always took the pupils to the house of God. The people thought he was a man of wild notions and in derision

The cottage in which Robert Raikes held his first Sunday School.



called him "Bobby Wild Goose." After the church service the pupils returned to school and repeated the catechism.

BECAUSE OF the terrible conduct of the boys, Mrs. Meredith soon gave up the work of teaching and was succeeded by Mrs. Mary Critchley. The children were so mischievous that one known as "Winkin' Jim" brought a young badger to school under his coat and turned it loose in the schoolroom to scare the teacher.

Raikes came to the conclusion that before the children could be taught they must be disciplined. Sometimes he marched unruly youngsters home and insisted that their parents spank them. After waiting to see it done he then marched them back again. Out of these raw materials he was to build a civilization.

Much credit is due the family of Mrs. Critchley who was succeeded by her daughter, Mrs. Sarah Packer, who in turn was succeeded by her daughter, Mrs. Caroline Watkins. This office of teaching remained in the family until 1863.

Raikes would hold what he called conversations with the children. On one occasion he wanted to show his pupils how it is possible for an invisible power to exist in a human

(Continued on page 22)



# THE MAN OF GLOUCESTER

*"He called his venture  
'botanizing in human nature' and 'an  
attempt at civilization.'"*

By RAY H. HUGHES

*National Sunday School and Youth Director*



# NATIONAL FAMILY WEEK OBSERVANCE May 6-13, 1956

## *Our Home and God*

By Senator Frank Carlson

**T**HE HOME IS THE basic unit of our society, and someone has truly said, "As goes the home, so goes the Nation."

Far too often parents have left the responsibility of the early training of their children to the church, the public school and the community.

While the above-mentioned institutions and agencies are important in the life of our children, the childhood training in a home determines largely the adult life of the individual.

The fundamental responsibility of every father and mother is the nurture of the religious life in the home. Fortunate indeed is the child that is nurtured in a home where the family altar is preserved in the worship of their heavenly Father. As these children grow and reach adolescent age, they will have a knowledge of their Creator and an abiding faith in their Lord and Saviour. These will serve as an anchor and be of inestimable value when trials and temptations beset them—as they most certainly will.

Some years ago a very prominent man told me how important he felt the early home training and Sunday School had been in helping his own son through the age period of fourteen

to eighteen years. This man stated if our young people have the background to get through this period, we can feel that their future is secure. This has been my personal observation.

Not only that, I am deeply indebted to my parents, who have gone to their heavenly reward, for the early training in a Christian home—for the hours my mother spent in giving me instruction in the Scriptures—for their parental prayers and for a home where the atmosphere was conducive to the development of Christian character.

While it is true that there have been many changes in our home life within the last fifty years, the fact remains that the stability of our economic, social and religious life still depends on the family affections and a devotion to spiritual ideals.

If we are to continue to enjoy the heritage left us by those who have given us this great nation, we must again restore the family altars in the home and give our children and their children the same sound, fundamental Christian training for which we are indebted to those who have gone before. We break faith with them and with God if we do less.

## *Building With the Bible*

By Dr. Clyde M. Narramore

**O**NE TIME I HEARD a wealthy man and his wife say, "We are doing our best for our sons and daughter, but it is not our intention to leave them a financial fortune."

Naturally, I was surprised to hear such a statement, and I listened as they continued their explanation: "We have spent much time with our children—enjoying every minute with them. We have given them partial financial support through school, and we have led each one of them to the Lord Jesus Christ. We have taught them the Word of God. They are prepared for life."

It is surely true that when a person knows Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour and is instructed in the ways of the Bible, he is prepared for life.

These are the most important things.

How lamentable that so many men and women succeed at building a business or a reputation, but fail miserably at building a home. Parents who neglect their families, however successful they may be before the world, are failures before God.

"How," you may ask, "do you build a home?" The best way is for parents to know the Word of God themselves, then teach it to their children. "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up," Deuteronomy 6:6,7.

# THE BOOK

*"... The Word of God  
which liveth  
and abideth forever,"*  
1 Peter 1:23.

By Dr. Harold Lundquist

**W**HEN SIR WALTER Scott was about to die, he asked for "the Book." Thinking of the great books he had written and of his extensive library, his family asked, "Which book?" He replied, "There is only one Book for a time like this—and that is *the Book—the Bible.*"

He was so right, for the Bible is indeed the Book to die by, but it is in an even richer and deeper sense, the Book by which we may live victorious and fruitful lives. It is the Book which meets the problems and needs of the individual and the family in day by day living for God's glory. Our Lord made that clear on that day when He was tempted to meet His physical hunger by a miracle. He replied, "It is written, . . . man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God" (Luke 4:4 quoting Deut. 8:3).

Observe how the living and abiding Word of God measures up in every circumstance and situation—

*I. You Can Live by It in the Crisis of Life.*

That is exactly what our Lord did when He met the great temptations of Satan (Luke 4). His perfect and assured answer was, "It is written," and then he quoted pertinent Scripture.

Does it work for ordinary men in the midst of life's struggles? It does! We recall the young naval officer who, before facing his first battle, read the words of John 14:27, "My Peace I give unto you. . . . Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." He said afterward, "I was excited but I was not afraid. God's presence was with me."

Ah, but you may say, "It is not the crisis that troubles me. My problem is to bear the daily burdens of life. Then, remember that—

*II. You Can Live by It Under Life's Crushing Load.*

We think of the man who had lost his sight. As he learned to read Braille, his fingers spelled out the words of Psalm 34:22, "The Lord redeemeth the



# TO LIVE BY

## HEAVEN MOVES INTO OUR HOMES

by Dr. Richard A. Elvee

soul of his servants; and none of them . . . shall be desolate"—and he found peace for his soul.

Yes, we know that at times it seems that it would be easier to die for Christ than to live for Him, but then we may find such a word as Isaiah 26:3 to be sufficient. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee."

Possibly your problem centers around your daily work. The Bible is also helpful here for—

### III. You Can Live by It in Business.

Yes, the Book works "on the job" provided we put first things first. Let me tell you about the salesman who had been a failure until he put God and His Word in first place and then became a confident and capable worker. When asked about it, he said, "Being a Christian is more important to me than selling these typewriters." And so he sold typewriters!

And now a final word on this subject which we could easily extend to great length. We note the place where the Bible finds its greatest usefulness as we say—

### IV. You Can Live by It in Your Work and Testimony for God.

We are all planters of the "seed" of the gospel. The parable of the various kinds of soil in Matthew 13 teaches us where and when it will grow—and, thank God, it *will* grow.

Disappointments and discouragement? Yes, they are part of the daily portion of the one who faithfully presents the gospel, but God provides in His Word the needed strength to meet such difficulties. The Book is full of promises which brighten the pathway of the believer who witnesses for God.

We heard of a preacher upon whom one of those "impossible" tasks had come. A measure of failure had broken his spirit when he came upon Isaiah 42:1,4. "Behold my servant, whom I uphold, . . . in whom my soul delighteth; . . . he shall not fail nor be discouraged." He went forward never again to be mastered by disappointment or failure!

So there it stands in all its beauty and glory—the Book to live by, day by day, yes, moment by moment, in our hearts, in our homes, in our work, in hours of trial and hours of victory and always in our testimony to Him, and His grace and power.

Where is your Bible today? How often do you look into its delightful pages? How much power does it have in your life?

For every member of the family in your home the Bible is the Book to live by!

IT WAS A BLESSED DAY when Jesus Christ graced a wedding feast by His presence in Cana of Galilee. Here He performed the first of His mighty miracles. Here He demonstrated His interest in the everyday living of men and women.

It was another great day when as a result of the Reformation, the Bible no longer was kept chained to pulpits in churches but was read by the common man at an altar of prayer in his own living room. Someone has well said, "Environment is man's second chance." You cannot do much about the color of your hair, the shape of your face, the stride in your walk, or the inherited tendencies that you have received from your forefathers, but you certainly can do something about the environment of your home.

If a home is to experience the blessing that flows from Jesus Christ, it will be a Bible-centered home. No one can estimate the dividends that are received for time and eternity when father and mother, sons and daughters, gather around and look into this, the source book of all wisdom. Following the reading or quoting together of the Word of God by a time of prayer in which each member of the family participates will produce the tie that will indeed bind hearts and lives together.

Heaven moves into our homes when we read the Bible. With Christ the center of your lives, kneeling at a common altar, dwelling in the Savior's love, speaking a language all of you understand, and having the hope in your hearts of which neither is ashamed; this makes for a home with harmony and peace and happiness. Plan for it. Pray for it. Prepare for it. As someone has said, "Harmony can only be obtained by establishing unity of a higher order where the original problem is not solved, but dismissed." This higher unity for the Christian home is found in the Bible. Fortunately that home where father and mother and children can kneel before an undivided altar and dismiss their problems in the presence of a loving, prayer-hearing God "with whom can be no variation neither shadow that is cast by turning" (James 1:17, RV).

A Bible-reading home is an intelligent home. Bible reading in your home will help you to live intelligently. "When wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul; discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee," Proverbs 2:10,11.

Man seems to know more today about everything else than he does about himself. Without doubt the

greatest art is the art of living, and the application of a little Biblical intelligence in the average home would transform it from a dog house to a palace. The Bible is the source book of spiritual power. It will help you to fight against any force of evil, or habit, carelessness or negligence that would separate you in spirit and in love. This Biblically intelligent living would make a home that allows for the free play of affections between father and mother, parents and children, and a home which will be full of kind deeds, a home which constantly will have gentle and affectionate words and speeches. "'Tis a word that's quickly spoken which being restrained, a heart is broken."

A Bible-reading home is a joyful home. With the Bible as the center of your home, you will live joyfully. In Proverbs 5, we read, "Let thy fountain be blessed: and rejoice with the wife of thy youth, and be thou ravished always with her love." And again, Ecclesiastes tells us, "Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity, for that is thy portion in this life and in thy labor which thou takest under the sun." There is no book which sends forth such streams of joy to the human heart as the Bible. The reality of this experience will bring joyful living to the home. It has its effect upon our tempers and our speech, and this in turn will affect those who live with us.

The attitudes of others are many times the reflection of our own. I think of that little boy standing on the edge of the woods shouting, "Hello." Then he shouted, "Who are you?" and the voice returned, "Who are you?" Then he said, "Why don't you come out?" and the voice returned, "Come out." Finally he grew somewhat angry with the voice out of the woods and said, "I'll fight you." The voice returned, "Fight you." He ran home and told his mother about the mean boy in the woods, and his mother suggested that perhaps he should stand at the edge of the woods and say, "I love you." This he did, and the response came back from the voice in the woods, "I love you."

A Bible-reading home is a righteous home. The Bible in your home will cause you to live righteously. Even old age can be faced with joy when one realizes that "the hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness." Yes, gray hairs may come as they have to grandpa or grandma sitting around the dining room table, but how blessed it is to know that old or young, the Bible causes us to live righteously.





# Mother

ON A SPRING MORNING in the year 1863, the President of the United States faced a battery of questions fired from the ranks of eager newspaper reporters at a press conference in Washington, D. C. One ruddy-faced young man stepped to the front and said, "Mr. President, to what do you attribute your success?" The President's mind flashed back to the little cabin that had been his home. He remembered gentle hands that had placed a warm shawl around his shoulders when he sat up far into the night to read; he remembered words that had planted the first seed of ambition in his young mind and a memory that had never faded. After a moment, Abraham Lincoln looked into the inquiring blue eyes of the young reporter and made a statement that has taken its place in the hall of fame: "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

Mother—a word that is known the universe over. In French it is *Mère*; in Spanish it is *Madre*; in German it is *Mutter*, but it always means the same. It has spelled comfort to millions of troubled lives; it has brought a ray of sunlight into the thickest gloom; it has cradled the history of nations and cared for the posterity of all mankind.

What is a mother?

*"I search among the plain and lovely words  
To find what the one word 'Mother' means;  
As well . . . try to define the tangled song of birds . . .  
The echo in the hills of one clear bell . . .  
One cannot snare the wind, or catch the wings  
Of shadows flying low across the wheat . . .  
Who can prison simple natural things . . .  
That make the long days beautiful and sweet?  
'Mother'—a word that holds the tender spell . . .  
Of all the dear, essential things of earth . . .  
A home, clean sunlit rooms, and the good smell  
Of bread; a table spread; a glowing hearth . . .  
And love beyond the dream of anyone . . .  
I search for words for her—and there are none."*

A mother is pain—the pain it took to bring you into the world; the pain of watching you grow and depart from her teachings and pursue your own course.

A mother is love—the gentle, patient love that guides you through your baby years; the hand that puts the spoon into your hand for the first time and helps you guide it in its shaky course to your mouth; the arms that are the last to leave you when you take your

first step and the first to pick you up when you fall.

A mother is understanding—the patient understanding that listens to your childhood tales of woe; the kind understanding that helps you solve your problems in school, and the sympathetic understanding that awaits you when you become grown and face life's struggles.

A mother is all these things, but greatest of all a mother is sacrifice. In every line of history there is the result of a mother's sacrifice.

IN THE FIRST century A.D. when the designing Herod Antipas had all the children of Bethlehem under two years of age slain, there arose the cries of hundreds of mothers as they mourned for their children and "would not be comforted because they were not." These cries have never ceased to ring down every century. They have echoed across every battlefield and above every death bed. They are torn from the hearts of multitudes of women as they despair of their last hope. These women are the mothers of kings, priests, great men, small men, rich men, poor men, beggars, thieves, the lowest and basest of all men.

From the annals of the Civil War comes this story. The Confederate Army had driven back a detachment of the enemy from a hill they were occupying, but the hill was still under fire. The Confederate commanding officer called his force together and asked for a volunteer to place the flag on top of the hill. There were long moments of silence; one weary soldier who seemed scarce more than a boy paced back and forth and looked at his watch. The officer called a second time; there was still no reply, and still the young soldier paced and looked at his watch. After a third call, he stepped forward and said, "Sir, if I may wait until eleven o'clock, I will take the flag." The officer, looking at his watch and seeing it was only a few minutes before eleven, granted his permission. When eleven o'clock came, the soldier picked up the flag and started crawling toward the summit of the hill. He was immediately discovered by the enemy and amidst a volley of fire, he ran to the top of the hill, placed the flag and ran back without harm. Later the officer called the soldier and said, "I'd like to ask you one question; would you tell me why you wanted to wait until eleven o'clock to take the flag?" The boy bowed his head, then looked at the officer and said, "Sir, I knew I wouldn't be afraid then because at eleven o'clock every day my mother prays for me."

Prayer is the strongest force on earth. One of our greatest presidents said, "I remember my mother's prayers; they have clung to me through life."

WORLD WAR II'S greatest human document was written November 4, 1944. In the waters of the South Pacific just off Guadalcanal, where the American forces were struggling with the Japanese, the U.S.S. *Juneau* was anchored with a fleet of other ships which were assigned to hover near the island and at intervals fire heavy rounds of mortar into the enemy stronghold. This ship had been hit twice, but the crew still fought valiantly. Among the crew were five brothers: Joseph, Francis, Albert, Madison and George Sullivan. These boys had remained together through the war because of their desire not to be separated. Suddenly the morn-

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# Someone Mother Could Trust

By ANN TEGTMEIER

**J**UST A MOMENT AGO Alice had been smugly counting her unhatched chicks in the way of fat baby-sitting fees. Now she would be able to say to prospective customers, "Of course, I've had experience . . ."

At that very moment there came a loud thump from somewhere back of the house. As Alice's eyes flew to the half-closed venetian blind she began fervently wishing for Betty, their regular baby-sitter. Betty seemed to have an unlimited amount of courage for her age. She would be able to think of something to do about this strange noise rather than just sit there with prickles running up and down her spine.

It was no use wishing, however, because Betty had the sniffles that evening, and Alice had been overjoyed at the opportunity to fill her shoes. "Please, Mother, let me sit with Lane tonight," she had begged. "After all, Betty is only a little bit older . . . and besides, think of all the money I can save you!"

"Sometimes it does seem that I must be keeping her in cashmeres," sighed Alice's mother, "to say nothing of her eating snacks enough in an evening to feed the missions group. But whatever it costs, it's worth it to know I have someone I can trust."

"I suppose that means you can't trust me . . . your own daughter," pouted Alice.

"Well, you must admit that you have been pretty absent-minded about watching after your baby brother," reminded her mother. "What about the time you let him wander out into the street, and the time he fell into the bathtub full of water you had forgotten to empty?"

"Oh, Mother! You know that was positively ages ago, when I was nothing more than a mere child!" cried Alice. "I'm grown up, now; really I am. Please, Mother, you can trust me. Try me, just this once."

"We-l-l-l, what do you think, Paul?" Alice's mother asked as she turned to her husband. "Should we risk it?"

"She has to stop being a child sometime," he replied after a moment's thought. "We won't be out late at this Sunday School committee meeting, and with the blinds closed this time of year they should be perfectly safe. If she needs help she can always call us, or call Mrs. Simonsen. I think we should do as she suggests . . . trust her this once, and see how things go."

**ALICE HAD BEEN SO FULL** of importance with her new responsibility that she had only half listened to what they were saying, and too busy thinking of other jobs to come to heed even the first instruction . . . to close the blinds tight. Now she was afraid to walk over to the window. She was even more afraid of sitting still and doing nothing. When there was no further sound from the

back yard, she had almost convinced herself that it was her imagination; but just as she settled back to her book once more, it came again . . . the thump! whack! and then the eerie eek! of the bridal wreath bush as it scraped against the house.

"We-l-l, h-h-here goes nothing!" she chattered to herself as she crept toward the phone, knowing that her baby-sitting career probably had been blighted before it had hardly begun. Forgotten was her responsibility toward her baby brother. Alice was simply scared!

Only whom should she call? Father had said something about a committee meeting, but where? And whom had he said to call? Was it Mrs. Fredricks, next door? No, she was out of town. Mrs. Samuels, in the second house? yes, that must have been the one . . . only it seemed strange, in a way, because Mrs. Samuels was easily frightened, always imagining that someone was about to break into her house. Or maybe she should call Betty. Perhaps her cold wasn't that bad . . .

What was it Betty had said once when someone commented on her bravery? Ah, yes! "But I'm not at all; really I'm not. When things look bad I just let go and trust in the Lord." Trust in the Lord . . . why, anyone could be brave if that was the answer.

Alice replaced the phone in its cradle and felt her fears dissolving in her mouth like a peppermint drop. Pretending to give a big yawn, just in case the prowler was watching, Alice picked up her book, leafed through it a moment before laying it down, and then turned out all the lamps except the night light.

Without so much as a glance toward the half-open blind, she walked slowly up the stairs until she was sure she was out of sight. Kicking off her shoes she ran to the south window. The moon was shining brightly as she peeped through a slit in the blind. "From here I can watch the prowler without being seen."

Only there did not seem to be any prowler in sight. Carefully she began to push up the window so she could see closer to the house, but she shut it faster than she had opened it. Old Shep, their big police dog, had come galloping around the corner and with him a terrible scent.

**SHEP SEEMED TO BE** trying to flush something out of the bridal wreath bush, banging against the wall and scraping the bush against the house. Probably it was the rabbit she had seen in the back yard yesterday morning. That must have been what she had heard all of the time. Only there was one thing she did not quite understand that smell!

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# A Circle Trip Through Central America

**S**INCE I had not visited the Central American countries on behalf of the missions work for over seventeen years, the Missions Board felt it necessary for me to make the trip.

We bade the family farewell and were off to Managua, Nicaragua, on February 9. It is surprising that one can leave Chattanooga's airport at 11:00 p.m. and be in Nicaragua at 10:00 a.m. the next day. The gospel goes as on wings over the air waves at a remarkable speed.

Brother Abreu the missionary and his family received us most gladly, and I praised the Lord at seeing a fine church and parsonage plus other buildings which served as accommodations for convention delegates.

The work in Nicaragua is making remarkable strides. In five years several churches have been built, and many persons have been saved and added to the Church.

## *Not Smooth Sailing*

It is not all smooth up in the most northern part of the Coco River, as the national missionary has to go by the crudely hewn-out boats which must be rowed by hand up and down this important artery. It is three days and night's journey with eight preaching appointments in an area of over sixty miles. The sad part of it is that the district superintendent, Brother Antonio Martinez, does not have sufficient help to answer the many calls he receives.

## *The Mosquito Indians*

The work on the Coco River embraces as one of its potentials the evangelization of the Mosquito Indians. Our national missionary knows the Mosquito language and now his converts are also adding to the force of telling forth the gospel. Besides his evangelistic work, Brother Martinez pastors the local church.

Another place in this remote section is Tanisquipula where a native Mosquito Indian, Sherman Callius, pas-

By PAUL H. WALKER

*Executive Missions Secretary*

tors. The church buildings are mainly adobe or crudely hewn lumber with thatched roofs. In this area there are no electricity, refrigeration, doctors or medical supplies, or other modern facilities at all. When Brother Abreu visits this area he is generally stricken bedfast with malaria on his return. It is in this area that the Michigan Youth Memorial at Krosoa and the Swainsboro, Georgia, Memorial churches at Tanisquipula are being built—testimonies through eternity.

The convention at Managua, Nicaragua, was well-attended and greatly blessed of God. Brother V. D. Hargrave, Brother J. H. Walker, Jr., and Brother Johnnie Owens met us there, and the people were greatly encouraged.

## *Costa Rica*

It was my privilege to attend a part of the Costa Rica convention with the missionary, Brother Noel DeSouza. He is doing a fine job, and the work moves forward as ever. One stands aghast at the urgency of the need of buildings, evangelism, and ministerial training; we are not dismayed, however, for signs of such are gradually developing. Brother DeSouza has opened a number of fields; new converts are uniting with the Church, and a gradual growth is very evident. Our party split up in Managua, and we divided our time between there and Costa Rica. At the close of the conventions the reported missions offerings at that time were the most ever to be raised in each convention.

## *Honduras Convention*

The time spent in the convention in Tegucigalpa, Honduras, with Brother Josue Rubio, Brother N. E. Skaggs, and the many representatives present was well worth-while. There is a fine

church building in Tegucigalpa, with Sunday School rooms and living quarters for its pastor. The missions offering was good, and the general report shows a definite entrance into virgin fields.

Lemuel Benitez Aldana has gone into the western part of Honduras. Several churches and preaching stations have been opened, and for the first time the gospel is being preached there. This, as in many other places, is the result of native evangelism as sponsored by the Church and individuals who have had this burden placed on their hearts. Every penny sent to the Missions Department for this is sent to the field. In one year Honduras has doubled its membership and attendance in the Sunday School.

## *El Salvador*

Our party journeyed to the picturesque little country of El Salvador, where for sixteen years Brother and Sister H. S. Syverson have worked. The fruit of their labor speaks of the sacrifices they have made.

The location of the school and mission headquarters, at an elevation of approximately 3,000 feet, is ideal.

Brother O'Neil McCullough the present overseer and his wife gave us a cordial welcome, and we found the ministers' conference in full sway. The presence and power of God were in each service as the ministers and workers deliberated in behalf of a progressive program.

We found that the school had turned out several good workers, and that interest is at high tide with the quota enrollment allowable for this coming year already filled. As in the other countries, we visited several of the fine church buildings; some are memorials to individuals and church auxiliaries in the U.S.A. and are as clouds filled with water giving forth refreshing showers to a dry and thirsty land. The latter rain is falling, hallelujah!



"Ahead of us an Indian lady, seventy-two years old, who had already walked for miles to the convention . . . turned under the light of a full moon and shouted 'Hallelujah, Hallelujah.' Yes, o hallelujah is understood and spoken in every language."

Onward we traveled to the Guatemala and the Chuicaca conventions. As we passed through the various immigration offices, we had to unload the dusty car trunk and unpack the suitcases, as is their ever-tiresome custom. Generally we had to unload them out on the dusty ground so that the government officials could inspect and detect if we had illegal possessions aboard. Then we must pack up and put the personal effects back in the trunk, submit our passports, affix our signatures to legal documents and travel on once more after the usual thanks, *gracias* and God bless you, *Dios le bendiga*. On we went, crossing streams, traveling on rocky roads, over steep mountain climbs and through narrow passes. How the car ever held together is more than I can say. We passed a number of our fine churches, and were in service with Brother Jaime Aldana in Guatemala City. We have nine churches in and around this capital city. Some of the buildings are not finished but need roofs, windows, et cetera. Five hundred dollars for each of the three main capital city churches would do much good toward their completion. They worship in improvised buildings and have built the walls of the main structures around these substitute buildings which will be dismantled when the main structures are finished.

The church in the capital where we had service was packed to capacity. Brother Hargrave, my ever-faithful interpreter, gave me every assistance as the Lord blessed me in giving forth the Word. A good offering was raised on the church building.

The next night found us in Puerto Barrios on the Caribbean coast. Here was another fine church building which was filled and overflowing and was dedicated the night we were there. Brother Hargrave brought the dedicatory sermon. A brief session with the male membership of the church followed.

ONE SHOULD have a car with a flexible frame to travel this mountainous road between Guatemala City and Puerto Barrios. S-curves and switch backs and sometimes almost meeting ourselves coming back were the order of this trip. One's front bumper bumping and breaking tail-lights has not happened as yet, but it was at least something to think about as we circled through Central America.

The Chuicaca convention was the topic of the church people. Many had already gone, some were on the way, and others were ready to make the long trek to the roof gardens of the Quiche Indians which are at an altitude of 11,000 feet. Many walked barefooted for four days. They carried their provisions in boxes roped on their backs with leather straps going over the shoulders to a leather strap covering their foreheads. With heads bowed, shoulders drooped and backs loaded,

the little copper-colored Indian Guatemalans trotted up and down the mountainside to the Chuicaca convention. We must not forget to mention that the mothers carried their babies (papooses) on their backs; this was their one and only cradle.

Soon we climbed the mountains on our way to the convention. Towering majestic mountains, as silent as sentinels, watched over peaceful valleys and deep gorges in a most colorful country. They cast their shadows across the footpaths of the little Indians as they wound their way quietly to the convention. We had mounted our burros as the old car had given up when the roads became too narrow and too steep for it to climb. It rested by the way and conceded superiority to the little burro. A break in the silence came as our faithful steeds cautiously climbed the steep, rocky trails. Ahead of us an Indian lady, seventy-two years old, who had already walked for miles to the convention, began singing in her native tongue, "Love Lifted Me." My, the overwhelming joy that thrilled my soul as I realized that someone's missions offering had resulted in her salvation. I listened as I rode along in my saddle, and then I joined her in English. She turned under the light of a full moon and heaven studded with stars, and shouted "Hallelujah, Hallelujah." Yes, a hallelujah is understood and spoken in every language.

Soon, across the deep valley on yonder mountain as "a city set on a hill," shined the lights of the Chuicaca convention. It was nearly 11:00 p.m., but as the sound of many waters came prayer, praise and shouts of victory from the many hundreds of Indians and Spaniards who had gathered for this holy convocation.

The tabernacle, built by the natives, was 75 feet by 150 feet and seated at least 2,000 in Indian style. They sat flat on the floor with their papooses on their backs, the children were rocked to sleep by their mothers' swaying back and forth to the rhythm of the hymns of the Church. Shouting time came often as, all over the building groups of two, three, and as high as six embraced each other and leaped in the Spirit. I can truthfully say dozens received the Holy Ghost. In some of the services there was no preaching as the power of the Spirit lifted the congregation in an atmosphere of holy ecstasy.

AT NIGHT ALL slept on the ground—no beds, mattresses, chairs or other conveniences. The missionaries—McCalls, McCulloughs, Syversons, and Pullins, our senior missionaries in Latin America—with our group, were housed in an adobe hut with a dirt floor. Water was scarce as it was carried for at least a mile in four- or five-gallon earthen pots on the backs of the natives. The water-carrying caravan consisted of from

ten to twenty persons ranging from little boys to aged men. Due to this water shortage we generally had one wash basin of water for at least three or four of us; after washing and shaving in the same quantity you may rest assured the quality had changed. If one is to eat a pint of dust before he dies, we are ready to cross the divide. Honestly, though, we all enjoyed every moment of it. Our enjoyment of playing of guitars and the singing of the little groups between services far exceeded these minor irritations.

One night about 1:00 a.m. we were all awakened by being serenaded. A group of natives with a guitar and an accordeon came to our door and blessed us with sweet music and singing of several songs. To this, from every little room of the adobe house came a hearty response of clapping of hands. This token of appreciation by the natives makes one know that what is done for missions is worth while.

Men who were machete men, murderers with several killings to their credit, drunken murderers, are now messengers of the gospel. In one particular instance, two of the men who had never heard of Christ, while drunk took their keen-edged, steel-bladed machetes and stood toe to toe hacking each other with blood flowing until one fell across the other and died in their mingled blood. On another occasion we thought there would be another killing but were thankful that nothing serious came of it. These people need the gospel. On one morning a man said, "I am a Catholic, but I want the love your church people have."

Long will linger the memory of my visit and circle trip through Central America. One memory will be the moment of sacred silence as we stood by the tomb of the late Brother T. C. Furman. His life lives on and shall share in a great harvest when the Lord gathers His children home.

The brethren with me were good soldiers. Johnnie Owens saw a number of his memorial buildings and the people for whom he had sacrificed and to whom he had written. His music, singing and sermons thrilled the hearts of the natives.

Brother J. H. Walker, Jr., gave a good account of himself as he took his place with the various examining boards of the different countries, grading the papers of ministerial applicants. It seems his only interest is for the work to which he has been assigned.

Brother V. D. Hargrave gives every ounce of himself to further the cause in the Latin American field—roads, rivers, rocks, mountains, or privation do not deter him. To such men, of which there are a goodly number, is to be credited the progress of evangelism, education, construction and ministerial training throughout the world.





illustrated by w. ellip ambrose

By Clifford Bridges

# Motherhood Imprints

**M**OTHERS ARE endowed with an unique control over their offspring, and most men of eminence in the world have acknowledged their great indebtedness to maternal influence. When Napoleon Bonaparte asked Madame Campan what the French nation most needed, she replied in one word, "Mothers." The fond affection of a mother is often referred to in the Scripture, and God has employed it to illustrate His tender love for His people. The Christian Church already owes much, and will owe infinitely more, to the love, patience, zeal, and self-devotion of mothers in training their children for Christ.

The Lord Jesus used many proverbs and Old Testament passages to teach and reveal fundamental truths. It would serve as well to examine the Word of God concerning the influence of mothers over their children—male and female. Some of this influence has been good, some bad. There is a proverb used by the prophet of old

that should be drawn to our attention: "As is the mother, so is her daughter." Historical facts of Biblical significance regarding the subject can be cited in the life of Ahaziah: "And he did evil in the sight of the Lord, and walked in the way of his father, and in the way of his mother, . . . who made Israel to sin."

The Apostle Paul seems to reveal the power of maternal influence when he reminded Timothy of his family background: "When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that in thee also."

Let us remind ourselves of the commandment and promise of tremendous import: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Solomon said, "There is a generation that curseth their father, and doth not bless their mother." Yet he instructs, "My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy

mother: for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck."

It seems from these and many other passages of Scripture that mothers have the glorious inheritance and honorable responsibility of training, molding, and developing the lives of their children. It is of necessity that the character, morals, intellectual and spiritual depths of motherhood must be strong, pure, and compassionate. Our world, our church, and our homes are as our mothers. The imprints of their instructions, dispositions, and actions shall govern our destiny. There is an old adage which states, "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined." Modern philosophers and psychologists accept the validity of this statement.

The advertising experts capitalize on this idea. Some time ago I saw a large road sign by one of the leading automotive manufacturers picturing a father and son driving the same kind of car with the words, "Like father,



like son." Only last week I saw in a leading magazine an advertisement with a young lady neatly dressed and the words, "She dresses and looks like Mom." Many illustrations could be used to emphasize the impact, imprints, or influence that mothers have upon their children. All of us believe that mothers possess the greatest human power for good or evil.

**THIS SUBJECT** presents many problems for discussion. Let us briefly reason together on some of the basic facts relative to the ultimate good or evil as the results of the spiritual, mental, social, civic, and physical traits of motherhood.

The physical traits of motherhood may seem insignificant to many persons; yet they are very important. The types of work they do, the kind of exercise they receive, the habits of rest and relaxation they employ, the quantity and quality of food they eat, the kind of medicine they take, and in what sort of nicotine, morphine, intoxicants, and drug habits they indulge, determine their physical fitness and health.

History records a transitory change during the past century in the physical structure or fitness of womenhood. In some respects it has been for our good, in other respects, the changes have been to our evil and shame. Our youth should take note and accept those transitory changes of technical and scientific knowledge that prolong life, but should utterly denounce those things that weaken one's body and add to the development of many of the deadly diseases of our time. Specifically, I refer to the indulgences in the various uses of tobacco, narcotics, and intoxicating drink, all of which bring shame upon our motherhood and posterity.

The civic organizations of our day play an important role in the development of our homes, churches, communities, and nations. Many civic organizations are destroying our social and ethical standards of life; yet, on the other hand, many are building qualities that are commendable and profitable to our society and well-being. Therefore, it is immensely important that our mothers take part only in those civic organizations and duties that will build and uplift our educational, social, and religious institutions.

Much honor and credit must be given to our mothers for the establishment and active participation

in those organizations that have kept our social, ethical and religious standards pure and wholesome in our age of sinful indulgences. My prayer is that our youth will be awakened to our need for more and stronger organizations that will strengthen our educational and spiritual standards. My plea is for our mothers, and all the rest of us, to screen our present civic organizations and associate ourselves with those that will help us rather than hurt us.

**ONE OF THE** most unpleasant acknowledgements that one could make would be that our social standards are crumbling. Maybe it is only a personal concept, but I fear that we must make that acknowledgement—we are weakening. Motherhood has played, and shall continue to play, a great part in our social status. Their judgment is seldom questioned: if mother thinks it's right, it is right. The lewdness, the vulgarity, the evil habits of beer, wine, tobacco, and narcotics, the roadside stops, the frequent visits to questionable places of worldly entertainments, the honky-tonks, and the many other vices of sin within our society are traceable to motherhood participations.

Children follow the pattern of their parents. It is hard to change an impression, practice, or belief implanted into an individual by his mother. Not all have turned to the left or to the right, however; some have pushed steadily forward in Christian virtues and living. God has placed His divine approval and blessings upon those mothers who have stood true to Biblical teachings and truths and have instructed their children in the ways of the Lord and Christian living.

This is an age of educational advantages, a time when vocational preparation is an absolute necessity. No one expects favors or opportunities for success unless he has had specific training or educational preparation. Mothers play a great part in promoting these advantages. The tenderness of their love for childhood success motivates an interest and intent to succeed.

The greatest need of our youth is spiritual guidance. If mothers fail to exercise leadership in this matter, all other virtues crumble to the ground. Church laws, creeds or teachings, instruction by Sunday School teachers, pastoral counselling and leadership are important, but none of these carry

the weight and influence upon growing children that mothers do. A mother's attitude and love for God, His church, the church leaders and fellow Christians, leave an indelible impression upon her children. Her ability to read, explain, and live the Christian life is felt within the hearts of her offspring. Her Christ-like faithfulness to God, His church, her neighbors, and her home will possibly determine the destiny of her posterity.

Much could be said about the waywardness of many mothers whom we may have known and the unpleasant results that have been observed in their children. Yet we take great courage in the change which we have observed in the past five years of a return to God and religious worship. We should pray earnestly that God's will for mankind shall continue to be manifested in such a return to Him and His cause. Not only each mother, but each Christian, should seek to lead persons into a closer walk with God. This can only be done through Christian leadership, example, and personal witnessing of God's blessings, not by whipping them into such lives.

**I SHOULD LIKE** to urge all mothers everywhere to recognize your serious obligation and glorious opportunity to make those lasting impressions for spiritual, moral, and ethical good upon your children in the fear of God and for His glory. The greatest way to do this is by living the example before them.

Mothers should seek to be an example in sincere Christian living by active participation in every phase of the church life. Each mother should seek to be active in the prayer bands, the Sunday School, visitation groups, and the Ladies' Willing Workers' Band. There should be a burning desire to sing in the choir, freely witness in testimony and praise services, and help in the children's worship services. Mothers should take their part in the leadership of family worship and daily instruction of Christian and social living. Active participation in the P.T.A. and other community projects which have for their aim the betterment of each community is virtuous and commendable.

A growing child makes a changing world. Please join with me in admonishing all children everywhere to follow, accept, and reproduce the

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# A Mother's Message

*from the  
Lighted Pathway's  
beloved Mother*

**ALDA B. HARRISON**

**M**OTHER'S DAY has come again. I have been wondering just what I should say to you to be the greatest blessing, whether I should talk to you young people about your own mothers or whether I should try to help the precious young mothers who are struggling to rear the little ones in these perilous days. Should I try to encourage the ones with the silver hair who are sitting by the old hearthstone, thinking of other days when the little ones played around their knees? These are all weighing heavily on my mind and tugging at my heart. However, I shall ask God to direct and trust Him to inspire and help me to say just the right thing. Perhaps when I am through, I shall have touched each class that I have mentioned.

As I look around me and see the young girls—yes, I say young, some of them almost babies themselves—who have taken on the responsibility of a home and the rearing of children, it seems that nothing could be more important than to send them a little message at this time.

Oh, dear ones, if I could write on your hearts the message that burns continually within me, I should say to our boys and girls, "Be careful." Remember when you take on yourself so early in life these heavy responsibilities, you have very little chance to prepare for a life of usefulness in this world. You have deprived yourself of an education that you need so much in the rearing of your little family. I read the other day of a young couple; the girl was twelve and the boy seventeen. A child was recently born to that couple. What chance do they have in life and what chance does their offspring have? Of course, this is unusual, but even fifteen, sixteen, and eighteen years of age is too young. You have not had time to prepare yourselves for this great responsibility.

False modesty keeps many mothers

from giving their girls the proper information, and they do not know the seriousness of life. I remember one time I made a talk to a group of mothers and talked to them about the information they should give their children. They were very much impressed with what I had said and asked me to talk to the girls along that line. They got the girls together and asked me to speak to them. I began and tried to handle my subject as carefully as I could, but some of the girls could not stand it; they got up and left. False modesty was the trouble. How sad that those mothers had not taught their own daughters the secret of life and made it sacred to them.

When I was a girl about eight years of age, I received much of my information about life from school children, and it was presented to me in the wrong light. It had this effect upon me, that in my young womanhood I resolved that if I ever had children, I would be the one to bring to them the secret of life before others had a chance. And this I carried out with each of them. My boy was not neglected. It is just as important to instruct the boy as the girl. Some think that a boy can take care of himself. This is one reason that so many boys are on the downward road today.

In our church work we are very enthusiastic about the children and sometimes we get impatient with the little folks because they do not seem to have good manners, they are not reverent in God's house; but how can we expect it otherwise when the mothers are only children themselves?

There are many wonderful things to be learned these days about child training. I have been reading so much along this line in order to help our younger mothers through the pages of the **LIGHTED PATHWAY**. I wish sometimes I might go back to my youth and have the privilege of rearing my little family over again. I





could do so many things for them that I did not know about then. In this message I am trying to pass on to you some things I have been learning. Dear little mothers scattered about over the country, will you accept and try to put in practice what I am trying to impart to you? My sympathy goes out to you in these troublesome times.

I HAVE been trying to impress upon our unmarried young people the necessity of making preparation for taking the most important step in their lives, and it has not been our intention to discourage those who have already taken that step. God is good and will never leave nor forsake you if you trust Him. I wish I had the strength and that it were possible for me to make the rounds to every community, and that I could organize a Mother's Circle for the purpose of imparting to them the knowledge they need to have. Since this is not possible, I trust that in each community there will be some good, consecrated older mother who will do this for you.

We talk about the need of training the children who come to our churches, but it is just as important to train our mothers, for it is said that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

Below is a verse of a poem entitled "Call Back" which you will find in my book, *Youth at the Crossroads*. We want to use this to impress upon you our purpose in writing along this line. We are just calling back to tell you of the dangers of the way. Here is the first verse.

*"If you have gone a little way ahead  
of me, call back,  
'Twill cheer my heart and help my  
feet along the stony track,  
And if perchance faith's light is dim  
because the oil is low,  
Your call will guide my lagging course  
as wearily I go."*

So, dear young people, we trust you will take this message in the spirit it

has been given. We are just calling back to tell you.

I IMAGINE a great company of silver-haired mothers are saying amen to what I have written. Why not, when experience has taught them? They, too, would like to add their testimony to mine. They would like to call back to you to say, "Be careful."

It is a great thing to be a good mother. A poet has said the three most beautiful words in the English language are *mother, home* and *heaven*. There is no purer love, there is no greater love, there is nothing mightier than God's love and mother's love. Then when your little ones come to live in your home, you will want to give them the very best training possible to make them worth something in the world. If you have married without training, you will not have as much to offer them, and they must grow up and depend upon others to give them much of the training they must have to make them useful citizens and instruments in God's hands for the betterment of the world.

Sometimes these little ones come into the home with only a few months between them, perhaps ten, twelve or fourteen months. Many times there are two babies who cannot walk at the same time. Sometimes twins arrive and only a very young girl to act as mother. The little mother is soon bowed beneath her burden and the young father discouraged and ready to give up. The children grow up, crowding around her tired feet and crying for attention which mother cannot give. The poor, tired child-mother is nervous and irritable. She storms at the little fellows, she jerks them around and then weeps because she is sorry, but she does the same thing over and over again. The children grow up to remember their mother as an irritable, cross mother. You say, "Well, if they will accept Jesus and live a Christian life everything

will be all right." This is the only remedy, but even then it is hard to live victoriously under such circumstances. The time to take Jesus into your life is when you need His guidance to know whether or not to take upon yourself this responsibility so young. We feel sure He would say, "Wait until you are older."

Now I hear you say you know of some cases where the young mothers and fathers have made a success of home life and child training. This may be true, but it is a dangerous thing to try, for I believe I can say truthfully that one out of fifty find it difficult to get along.

If you are contemplating taking upon you this responsibility, stop for a moment and ask God what to do. He will lead you if you will get your own desires and your own will out of the way.

Below is a letter from a little mother who has consented to our publishing it without using her name. This is just one of the many pitiful letters that come to us.

*Dear Sister Harrison:*

*I've never written you before and I'm terribly sorry that my first letter to you has to be this kind. I feel like I'm stranded away out in the ocean on a tiny island with no help whatsoever to look to. My sorrow is one that I know you have been confronted with many times, but it seems like a dream that this has happened to me. I was reared in a Christian home, by two of the most devoted Christians that ever lived, and I received the Holy Ghost when I was quite young. When I reached the age of ten years, God gave me a wonderful talent for playing the piano and singing. I traveled in the state assisting in revivals, and God blessed me. When I reached the age of sixteen, I was called to a certain town to assist in a meeting. While there I met a young man nineteen years old. He was a very nice boy*

(Continued on page 23)





#### A MOTHER'S LOVE

A mother's love is deep and strong:  
A lovely smile, a soft, sweet song,  
A light caress, a bright blue sky,  
Her love is tall as sun is high.

A fragrant flower, a breath of spring,  
A cup of joy, a mended wing,  
A sacrifice, true love's decree . . .  
A guiding star . . . sweet memory!

—Edna Hamilton

# Poetry

#### PATHWAY TO GOD

There is a path that leads to God  
Like an arrow in its flight;  
This path can scale the depths of  
earth

To the throne of love and might.  
But as the air is free of blocks  
Where rends the arrow's flight,  
So must the soul be rid of sin  
As day divides the night.

There is a path to the heart of God  
Where faith and prayer and will  
Can open doors to grace and power,  
One's humble soul to fill.  
At the heart of God is the spring of  
life,

With abundant love to fill  
The soul that hungers after God  
And longs to do His will.

—Grace Cash

#### VISITOR

May awaits me at the door.  
Why should I delay?  
She has roses by the score  
To offer me today.

Why be buried in the past  
Or in the pillow's down?  
Springtime beauty cannot last  
And May has come to town!

I'll meet her by the garden gate  
Beneath the willow tree.

Why should I be overlate  
When May would speak with me?

—Louise Moss Montgomery

#### OUR SECRET

Auntie Sue's so anxious 'bout "the awful atom bomb,"  
An' all the flyin' saucers that she worries Uncle Tom;  
Mother claims cost o' food goes higher every day,  
An' Daddy says the income tax sure fills him with dismay.  
My cousin Jim is sure the draft will take him off to war,  
An' Grandma says the future holds some awful things  
in store . . .

But Grandpa winks, an' says to me, "I guess they've  
plumb forgot

That God is still a-runnin' things, an' just as like as not  
Will see to it that all His friends are safe as safe can be;  
An' so, my boy, you needn't fret—He'll care for you  
an' me."

—Chester Shuler



# La Rue Drummond

Lighted Pathway's

fifth artist

to be featured on this page

# art



The drawings here reproduced are by this fourteen-year-old, Hanceville, Alabama boy. La Rue has such an insatiable interest in art that he enrolled at an early age in a home-study course in commercial art. Because of the illness and death of his Baptist-minister father, he was unable to keep up the monthly payments and had to discontinue his studies. He still practices on his own and wishes to make a career of art.

# 5



1. pencil
2. pencil
3. ink wash

If you like to draw or paint, and would like to see your work appear in this magazine, send samples of your work to the Art Department, Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tennessee.

Do you have questions pertaining to art? Questions of general interest to our "Art Page" readers will be printed on this page.

Q. I am a progressive artist and prefer non-representational drawings to those that have been printed on the "Art Page." Is modern art barred from this magazine? — Thelma Cole, South Bend, Indiana.

A. No, modern art is not barred, but if you are interested in your work appearing in an upright position, please indicate which is the top!—Art Director.





# Youth IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Wynette Jackson Stevens was born February 9, 1935, in Johnson County, Georgia. At the early age of eleven years she was converted and was united with the Church of God. Throughout her Christian life she has been active in the work of the church. She has served as Sunday School teacher, Y.P.E. president, Daily Vacation Bible School teacher, Children's Church worker, and Youth Camp counselor.

Graduating from the A. L. Miller High School for girls in June, 1952, Wynette accepted employment as clerk-typist. Later she met Robert Stevens, a young minister, and on March 11, 1954, they were married. Since her marriage, Wynette has proved to be a gracious hostess and efficient housewife. She has also assisted her husband immeasurably in his ministerial activities with her exceptional musical talent and willingness to serve. Her very busy preacher-husband says of her, "Without Wynette's faithful companionship, I could not have managed all the duties which have fallen my lot to perform."

When asked for her aim in life she said, "First, to do the will of God and second, to make a happy home for my family." In September 1956 she and her husband will sail as missionaries to Japan, thus fulfilling God's will for her life; and with her deep consecration and wholesome outlook on life, you may be sure she will make a happy home—even in Japan.

Robert Earl Stevens was born on May 26, 1932, in Macon, Georgia. He was converted when only twelve years of age, and he has been a member of the Church of God since 1946. Robert was graduated with honors from Lanier High School for Boys in 1949. He attended Lee College one year and entered Mercer University, from which he received an A. B. Degree in 1952. Immediately after graduation he evangelized in Georgia for a year, and the Lord blessed him with a tremendous harvest of souls. Feeling his need for additional education, he enrolled in the Candler School of Theology at Emory University and is receiving his B. D. Degree from that institution this month.

Since 1954, Robert has served as assistant pastor at the Hemphill Avenue Church of God, Atlanta, Georgia. His ability as a preacher and musician qualifies him well for this task. He feels his experiences there and the good guidance under the pastor, the Reverend Earl Paulk, Jr., have been of eternal value to him. Amidst his busy schedule Robert also found time to write one edition of the Youth Teacher's Quarterly.

Since he was ten years of age Robert has felt a call to the mission field. Having now prepared himself for the task, he is sailing with his talented wife, Wynette, for Japan in September, 1956. He says, "My aim in life is to serve Christ and humanity as a teacher, missionary and preacher."

## LINCOLNTON LAMPLIGHTERS

By Mrs. George Sisk, Club Counsellor

The *Lamplighters* Club of the Lincolnton, North Carolina, Church of God was organized with a total membership of fourteen. The induction service convened Sunday morning, January 22, in the church auditorium. The entire service was dedicated to the *Lamplighters*.

The service consisted of song and prayer, special singing by the group, the presentation of each member with a certificate of membership, the presentation by the pastor Brother Frank Petrucelli of the certificate of national membership to the counsellor Mrs. George Sisk and the assistant counsellor Miss Ethel Perryman. The pastor then brought a timely message concerning the youth of our church and closed with a prayer of rededication to our church. The response was favorable. The girls were dressed in white blouses and black bow ties and the boys in white shirts and black ties.

The group is very enthusiastic and ready to work, and the members are showing increased interest in the



church activities, for which we're thanking God.

They had a valentine party the week of February 14; each member brought

a gift to exchange and refreshments were served. The *Lamplighters* took part in raising the State Mission Quota by taking some of the one-dollar talents which were given out, thus raising five dollars. At present, the girls are making skirts and the boys are making book ends.

We have purchased a stamp with "Lamplighters Club," Church of God, Louise Avenue, and our phone number with which we stamp LIGHTED PATHWAYS and *Evangels* which the members distribute to sick persons, homes and business places. They are very much encouraged.

We received the new bulletin this week and appreciate it.

## ROCK HILL CONTEST

By Dewey R. Wilson

We have recently concluded a marvelous contest in our Y.P.E. at the Cedar Street Church of God, Rock Hill, South Carolina. The contest continued for nine weeks with an average attendance of ninety. During the contest we raised \$375.00 for the South Carolina Home for Children. We are very thankful for our good pastor, Reverend C. M. Jinkerson and our Y.P.E. President, Miss Betty Melton.



(Continued from page 5)

wasn't around and if the garden was not weeded, the weeds would take over. She went out into the small vegetable patch, weeded and picked radishes. They were the first of the season and would taste nippy with the beans.

The sun was hot and her back hurt from bending over. She straightened up and walked slowly into the kitchen. Her step echoed through the empty house. She glanced at the beans. They were getting mealy and the odor of molasses was inviting.

She walked upstairs to her room and sat down in a rocker by the window. It was a pleasant place in the late afternoon with the last rays of the sun shining in. She rocked for a moment, watching a man stroll by on the street. He was carrying a bouquet of flowers. *On our graves, and on Mother's Day, that's all the flowers we get!*

She lifted her heart upward and sighed, *Lord, forgive me the rebellion in my heart. It is that Mother's Day seems so hollow when a mother wants one thing and is given something else. But perhaps I expect too much of the children and Charles.*

She reached for her Bible and opened it, remembering fifteen years ago when she and Charles were on their honeymoon at the Lake of Ozarks. She had sat on the shore while the blue waters lapped serenely at her feet and read Proverbs 31:10-31. She had promised the Lord, "These will be the verses to guide me through life."

Since then, she had read them hundreds of times. Now, she studied them. There were two verses of introduction, fifteen verses of what she should do and four verses of reward. Not a very even division, but if the Lord said it would be that way, she ought to know it would, and be content.

**SHE COULD** hear sounds downstairs. It was getting near supper time and so they had come home! She knelt by the bed and prayed, sometimes saying two or three hurried sentences, other times quiet before the Lord until her spirit was hushed. Finally, she could say, "Lord, I thank Thee for my husband and children. Make me all that Thy Word says I should be and teach me to leave the appreciation to Thee."

She rose from her knees refreshed, changed into a clean print dress and

with a light step, went downstairs. At the kitchen door she paused and stared. The table was set. Betty Ann was taking the beans out of the oven. Chuck was pouring milk. Charles, embarrassed, quick-like, put something at her place. She smiled, "You dears."

"We thought you were resting, so we got supper."

"And besides, we wanted to surprise you."

"We decided we couldn't wait until morning but would let you have your Mother's Day presents now."

"How about opening it and seeing if you like it?" Charles grinned.

*There he goes, grinning his way into my heart. I'll like anything he gives me.* She took her place at the table and the family gathered around, their faces aglow with excitement.

Carefully, she took the ribbon off the square box; then she lifted the cover and took out the orchid. It was exquisite. Tears came to her eyes. *How could I not appreciate their dearness!*

"Put it on," Charles urged.

Her hands trembled as she pinned the orchid to her print dress.

"Mom, look under the box."

Surprised, she lifted the box and there was another package under it. She lifted it. Oh, it felt like a book. She ripped off the paper and it was a large print New Testament.

"You know when you asked for one this morning, it set me back," Charles explained. "We had this orchid planned but I figured you were entitled to what you wanted, so I talked to the kids."

"And I had to go uptown and buy it."

"So that was why one shoe was half-cleaned."

"And Dad couldn't afford it, so I mowed the Wilson's lawn and the Osborne's."

"And couldn't get your weeding done."

"And I put up screens for Mrs. Hanson. You know she's been after me to do it. And I'll fix the handle this evening. I promise."

"You're dear children, and a dear husband," and though she knew they wouldn't understand how often she went to the Lord for strength, she added, "And a great Lord."



"That this may be a sign among you, that when your children ask their fathers in time to come, saying

**What Mean Ye By These Stones?**

Then ye shall answer them, these stones shall be for a memorial unto the children of Israel forever." Joshua 4:6-7.



Just as Joshua commanded the twelve men of Israel to build with perfect stones a monument to commemorate the passing over Jordan—

So, as our loved ones pass from our immediate presence over Jordan, should we select the most perfect, the most beautiful and the most lasting stone for the monuments we erect to commemorate their beautiful virtues and accomplishments.

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## THE MAN OF GLOUCESTER

(Continued from page 7)

which shall act upon others without our being able to perceive how it acts. This he endeavored to prove by a magnet. In the words of Robert Raikes we have the first Sunday School lesson to be preserved in the world.

*They see the magnet draw the needle without touching it. Thus, I tell them, I wish to draw them to the paths of duty, and thus lead them to heaven and happiness: and as they saw one needle, when it had touched the magnet, then capable of drawing another needle, thus when they became good they would be instruments in the hands of God, very probably, of making other boys good.*

It is interesting to notice that in the first recorded Sunday School lesson a visual aid was used in the form of an object lesson. Raikes' teaching was so effective that the children would return home and relate the stories to their parents, in many cases bringing about a definite change in the home.

**MY FRIEND** and I proceeded from the first Sunday School

to the home in which Raikes once lived. The place, being on one of the main streets, is in a good state of repair and houses three or four businesses.

Across the street from this house is the church where he attended, Saint Mary de Crypt. It is also the church where George Whitfield preached his first sermon.

Raikes was buried in the family vault in the crypt of this church. The tablet near his grave bears this inscription:

*Sacred to the memory of Robert Raikes, Esq., (late of this city), founder of Sunday Schools, who departed this life April 5th, 1811, aged 75 years.*

*"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy," Job XXIX 11, 12, 13.*

## BUILDING WITH THE BIBLE . . .

(Continued from page 3)

dare not wait, as some say, until our children are old enough to decide for themselves in the matters of religion. We teach them how to eat properly, how to dress properly, how to behave properly, and yet the most vital part of all, their spiritual development, would we leave until too late?

As the Duchess of Hamilton said last spring in an address on the Christian home, delivered in Edinburgh to the leaders of the Women's Guild in Scotland: "We cannot make our children into good Christians by training them how to behave. We have to teach them what to believe."

We must pray every step of the way. We need literally to raise our family on our knees with a consciousness of Christ ever beside us. If they can have the background of a godly, happy home and this unshakable faith that the Bible is indeed the Word of God, they will have a foundation that the forces of hell cannot shake.



## A MOTHER'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 17)

with no bad habits. After the revival was over and I returned home, we corresponded for one year. He told me in his letters that if I would marry him he would get salvation, and we should both live the same kind of life. Well, we were married after a year's friendship, and this coming July we shall celebrate our fifth wedding anniversary. Sister Harrison, I love my husband and he loves me, but what makes me so unhappy, he will not go with me to church. I can look back over my life now and see that I disobeyed God by marrying an unsaved man, but I have prayed and begged Him to forgive me and I feel that He has. I was so young at the time I was married, I know I didn't pray to God and ask Him to guide me through this important decision in my life. God has blessed our home with two precious children. Our little girl will be three years old in May and our little boy was five months old today. If my husband were only a Christian so that he could help me teach them the Bible and the need of going to church!

Tonight when the two children and I came home from Y.P.E., my husband wasn't in. I walked about a block from the house to the place he works, and he was in a house with a group of other men talking and listening to the radio. My husband wasn't cursing but the others were smoking and using God's name in vain. When he came home we had a few words. I didn't quarrel with him, but I told him that

he'd rather be around a crowd that profanes God's name than go to church with me and try to help me teach the children right. He was very angry with me and said some hard things. Sometimes I have a thought to go somewhere and start life all over again, but I can't. I have my children who are looking to me for a mother's guidance and I've got to do my part. I know that when we disobey God He punishes us for it, and if this is my punishment I pray that I'll be able to stand it. I want you to help me fast and pray that God will save my husband. I feel that if you will get him on your heart and pray for him, that God will answer your prayers.

I want my life to be a blessing while I'm in this world. I don't want to turn back in sin because I realize that our time to work for the Lord is very short. Please pray that God will work out His will in my life and that I'll always ask Him to guide me in my many problems. Within ourselves we can do nothing, but with God all things are possible.

Let us pray for all these mothers who are carrying heavy loads. And whenever you can lend a helping hand, please don't fail, and let us not criticize too severely if they are not all we should like to have them be. Listen, boys and girls, there is more to married life than the fragrance of orange blossoms and the thrill of the honeymoon.

May God bless you and lead you in plain paths.

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# BIBLE lessons for YOUTH services



## THE HOME By Irmagene Ellis

**Leader:** Home is the place where your life is molded. There is where the pattern of your life is shaped. If you do not get along with your family, how do you expect to get along with your fellow man. Home is the greatest institution in the world. There you learn to love, to co-operate and to become a leader. The home is the foundation for our churches, our schools and our industries. To have a strong, steadfast world in which to live, we must start with the greatest foundation in the world—the home. In this home let us use the greatest cornerstone—the Bible—and let us put inside this home the atmosphere of love.

### FIRST SPEAKER: Love in the Home

More love in the home would protect the lives of many boys and girls who go out into the world in search of someone who will care for them, only to find themselves in sin and shame.

Do you wonder where your son or your daughter is when school is out? You may wonder why he goes to a drug store or to a friend's home instead of coming home. Listen, do you welcome your child home, or do you go on about your work without giving the child a smile or a hello? Do you listen to the exciting thrills the child has experienced through the day, of the bump he has on his head, or of the picture he drew in school? Or do you send him out in the yard or scold him for being dirty or mussing the room? This could be the reason your child is not eager to come home. Home to him is only a place to eat and sleep rather than a place of love and unity.

There should also be the love that will cause you to forgive and to forget. Matthew 18:21, 22, "Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, Until seventy times seven." Remember that your family should be closer than a friend. The Bible states, "For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

## SECOND SPEAKER: Duties in the Home

Each member of a family should have his own chores and duties that must be done in order to keep the house in order, but he should also have the duties which will make the family a happier one with which to live. First, there are the duties of the wife, found in Ephesians 5:22, 23: "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and he is the saviour of the body."

Second are the duties of the husband, found in Ephesians 5:25-33; 6:4 "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish. So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man ever yet hated his own flesh; but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the church: for we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. This is a great mystery: but I speak concerning Christ and the church. Nevertheless let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband . . . And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Here is where the family starts. If the wife and husband join in unity and love they can be sure of having children who also follow their duty, found in Ephesians 6:1-3: "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth." If everyone performs his own duty, a happy outlook may be seen for the family life together.

## THIRD SPEAKER: Christ in the Home

One of the most important factors of a happy and successful home is the family altar. The family altar is so often neglected in the home and many children have never heard their parents pray, but it is one of the greatest things in the world. It is a place where the family can come together and talk over the day's happenings, sing a few songs, read the Bible, ask Bible questions or do many other things. The most important part of the family altar, however, is the prayer. You may have your future life planned. Your dreams may be of a beautiful home, a job, etc., but have you included the most important factor—God? Without Christ in your plans, your dreams may fall. Have you included your only safeguard—the Bible—upon which you must build your home and from which you must give your children their life's learning? No matter what your goal in life may be, work toward it with the Bible in your hand, God in your heart, and the gospel on your tongue.

## FRIENDSHIPS

By Mrs. George W. Ayers

**Leader:** Everyone wants friends; the need to have others that understand and sympathize with him is great. If others shun us and openly show their dislike of us, we are hurt. All of us realize that our friends have an influence on our lives and that we influence their lives. There is a saying, "Birds of a feather flock together." This simply means that flocks of one species of birds go around together. One does not find crows and doves flying around in groups; neither do sparrows and robins flock together.

Young persons should choose their friends very carefully. They should realize that they are judged by the company they keep. A fine young Christian boy does not associate with a gang that goes around constantly annoying others. If he does, he soon loses his Christianity and his individuality and is numbered with the juvenile delinquents. Since friendship is so important, let us see what the Bible has to say about it. James 4:4 tells us, "Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? 'Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God.'" Let us learn more about friendships from the Holy Scriptures.

### Good Friendships

**First Speaker:** Our leader has told us that everyone wants friends. Proverbs 18:24, "A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." We must first show ourselves sincerely friendly to others. A person must let the light of Christ's love shine out through his heart and influence others to think of Him as being the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Proverbs 17:17, "A friend loveth at all times" This is not



a fair-weather friend who only loves you when things go well, then leaves you when you are down and out, when you no longer have money to "treat the crowd," or when you can't get your father's car for the evening. Some young persons try to "buy" friends with the favors they do them or the good times they show them, but this isn't the kind of friendships one should cultivate.

**Second Speaker:** Our leader stressed the fact that good friends influence us for good. David C. Cook, Jr., of the Cook Publishing Company wrote this to his friend. "This poem has meant more to me than any other I have ever known. I do not know the name of the author. I include it here in order to bring out the best in you."

## LOVE

*I love you,  
Not only for what you are,  
But for what I am  
When I am with you.*

*I love you,  
Not only for what  
You have made of yourself,  
But for what  
You are making of me.*

*I love you  
For the part of me  
That you bring out;  
I love you  
For putting your hand  
Into my heaped-up heart  
And passing over  
All the foolish, weak things  
That you can't help  
Dimly seeing there,  
And for drawing out  
Into the light  
All the beautiful belongings  
That no one else had looked  
Quite far enough to find.*

*I love you because you  
Are helping me to make  
Of the lumber of my life  
Not a tavern  
But a temple;  
Out of the works  
Of my every day  
Not a reproach  
But a song . . .*

—Author Unknown

**Third Speaker:** A recent magazine article in *Forward* on the Big Brother Movement of New York tells of a boy sent to the House of Refuge, and, therefore, who attended the school of that institution. One day in one of the classes, he was asked to spell the word *friend*. The letters came slowly, F-r-i-e-n-d. Then the teacher asked, "What does the word mean?" The little fellow thought for a moment, then said, "Oh, he's a fellow that knows all about ye, and likes ye just the same." It was the highest thing in friendship that his brief life had taught him.

That is the wonderful tie that binds us to our Friend in Heaven. He knows it all—the mistakes, the faults, the disloyalty, the far wonderings—and

still He cares. The Elder Brother is the need for all the earth.

**Fourth Speaker:** The friend who just stands by is a good friend. This poem tells what that means.

## ONE WHO "STANDS BY"

When trouble comes your soul to try,  
You love the friend who just "stands by."

Perhaps there's nothing he can do;  
The thing is strictly up to you,  
For there are troubles all your own,  
And paths the soul must tread alone,  
Times when love can't smooth the road,

Nor friendship lift your heavy load.  
But just to feel you have a friend  
Who will "stand by" until the end,  
Whose sympathy through all endures,  
Whose warm handclasp is always yours;

It helps some way to pull you through,  
Although there's nothing he can do.  
And so with fervent heart you cry,  
"God bless the friend who just stands by."

**Leader:** There are also bad friendships. There are the back-slapping, hand-shaking, coattail-pulling, baby-kissing friendships such as so many politicians use. These persons are not sincere; they wish to take advantage of you, or they expect to use you for their advantage. They are greedy for fame or fortune and they think that you, in some way, can help them a bit in attaining that goal. Don't be misled into thinking that they really like you; they love themselves and use you and hundreds of others like you so that they may gain more power and influence.

There are the two-faced friends—or so-called friends—who are sweet to you when with you, but say mean things about you when you are away from them. Beware of this type of person. You may ask, "How will I know who is like this?" Watch how they treat others; you may be sure they would treat you the same way. It is best to choose one's friends very carefully. Test them well, for you want them for life. Some will not pass the tests and will become casual acquaintances; others will pass and become true friends.

In many instances, what begins in admiration, blossoms into friendship, and eventually radiates into love. This leads to the altar of marriage, a home and family with all the rewards of happiness, contentment and rest. I cannot impress upon you too strongly the need to choose your friends carefully; test them and if they come up to your specifications, cultivate them and you will have real treasures for all of your life.

**Suggestions to make this a full evening's program.** Tell the story of the great friendship between Jonathan and David (found in 1 Samuel 20, not forgetting about Mephibosheth in 2 Samuel 4:4; 9:1-13). Use flannel-graph characters if possible, even for seniors and adult, as this story should be impressed upon their minds.

**Songs:** *Jesus Is All the World to Me*  
*What a Friend We Have in Jesus*  
*I'll Be a Friend to Jesus*

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**SOMEONE MOTHER COULD TRUST**  
(Continued from page 11)

"Whew! I'm certainly glad all of the windows were closed!" exclaimed Alice's mother as she let herself into the house just then. "You'd have been scared to death if you had known that skunk was loose in the back yard. I knew we shouldn't have left you alone."

"But Mother, I wasn't alone," replied Alice more calmly than she felt. "Lane was here, and Shep has been trying his best to flush the skunk out of the bushes for sometime. I certainly hope he succeeds pretty soon."

Shep certainly was doing his best, too, for as they listened, the banging and scraping sounded louder and more frenzied every minute.

"You mean that's been going on for some time, and you weren't afraid it was a prowler?" demanded her father.

Alice hesitated a minute. If she told them how scared she had been she was sure it would mean the last of her baby-sitting for some time to come. But it would be a falsehood to pretend she never had been afraid at all.

"Of course, I was afraid at first," she admitted at last. "I didn't know what to do because I hadn't really listened to your instructions. Then I remembered Betty's having said once that she wasn't really brave, either; she just trusted in the Lord, and then there wasn't a thing to be afraid of, even if it had been a prowler

instead of good old Shep."

"That reminds me, Mrs. Rodgers was asking me tonight if you were grown-up enough to sit with Luann Saturday night, but I wasn't sure."

"Yes, I know, I'm not half as grown-up as I thought I was when you left home tonight," sighed Alice, thinking of lost fees that could have jingled so pleasantly in her pocket, had things gone smoothly.

"Probably not," smiled her mother. "Hardly anyone is *that* grown-up. However, I'm sure you are grown-up enough to take care of Luann—and for some of the other things you have been wanting to do lately, too."

"Dear God, I'll be brave and trustworthy, with Your help," Alice prayed silently. "I'll remember every single instruction, too."

**MOTHER**  
(Continued from page 10)

ing was shattered by a terrific noise; the great ship shuddered under a heavy blast and began to sink. To most people this was just another tragedy of a hateful, cruel war, but to Mrs. Frank Sullivan it was the sacrifice of a lifetime—the loss of her five sons. Mrs. Sullivan became the gold star mother of the war. She traveled throughout the United States and had countless articles published in an effort to comfort and cheer other war mothers.

It is things like these that make a mother—sacrifice, pain, love and understanding. These are the things that make a mother's spirit immortal. These are the things we fail so many times to see, but we never think of mother without a flood of other memories.

We remember things she gave us which she could not afford for herself, and places she helped us go to which she could not go. We remember cool, clean sheets and the wearisome labor of washing that it took to make them so; and clean, fresh clothes out in the cutting winter wind, when the hands that hung them out would be blue and aching.

We remember arms held open for us when we were hurt, hopes held high for us when we were discouraged, and quiet comfort for our disappointments. We remember sorrows shared and confidences that were always kept. We remember cool, quieting hands and comforting encouragement in fever and illness, tempting foods fixed for us and prayers said for us.

All this and much more we remember of mother!

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**MOTHERHOOD IMPRINTS**  
(Continued from page 15)

Christian virtues of motherhood. Pray, read God's Word, and follow the direction of His Holy Spirit that you may know how to determine the good from the evil, and when you have been able to understand and make such judgment, that you will disregard the evil and cleave only to the good.

The LIGHTED PATHWAY



# MAY—A MONTH OF PREPARATION

O. W. POLEN, Assistant National Sunday School and Youth Director

A glance at the *Suggested Calendar of Events*, which was mailed to every church by the National Sunday School and Youth Department, indicates much activity for the local church during the month of May.

## National Family Week

Of great importance is the observance of *National Family Week*, May 6-13. The theme "Building With the Bible in the Home" emphasizes the only safe foundation on which the home can be securely built. Dr. Clyde M. Narramore, Consulting Psychologist, Office of the Los Angeles County Superintendent of Schools, has well said, "When we build our homes with the Bible, we not only give our family members the best in the world, but eternal life—heaven, too!" Plan to observe *National Family Week* in your church.

## Vacation Bible School Preparation

May is the month in which final preparation for your Vacation Bible School should be made since June and July are V.B.S. observance months. Final preparation should include: effective follow-up advertising; a re-

check of organizational plans such as: appointment of staff, ways of financing the school, equipment, supplies and records, the daily schedule, etc. One serious neglect is ordering the material late. Be sure your order is placed at the proper time. "The King's Adventureland" promises to be an exciting and interesting course.

## Youth Camp Preparation

Most of our Youth Camps are scheduled in June and July, which means that May is the month in which to urge campers to "fill that Youth Camp Savings book with stamps." Provision should be made in every local church for all interested children and young people to attend Youth Camp. Our camps this year will offer more training, recreation and special features than ever before. Splendid study courses, better organization, and novelties such as Youth Camp T-shirts, beanies, and pennants, all point to a great Youth Camp season. In the past several years, hundreds of children and young people have found Christ at Youth Camp. With the interest, prayers and support of all of us, this year will be no exception.

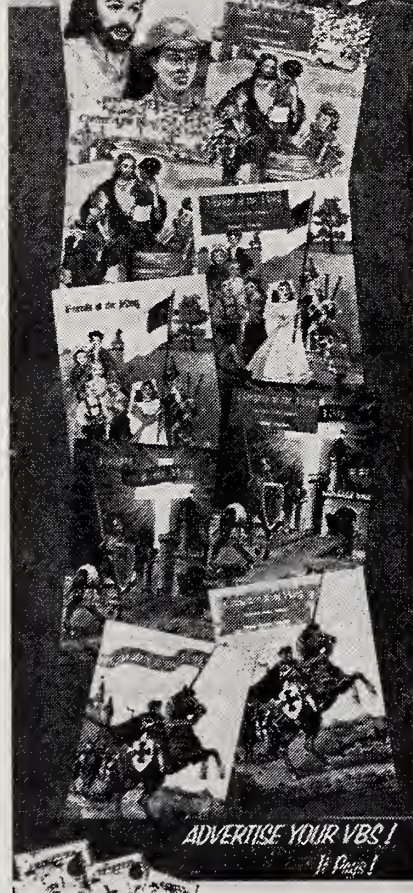
LEADERS IN ATTENDANCE		GROUP B		NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENTS ATTENDANCE	
Average Weekly Attendance for February, 1956				Average Weekly Attendance for February	
Sunday School				Louisville (Faith Temple), Kentucky	
GROUP AA				Mullens, West Virginia	
North Carolina	22,187	California	2,961	Cincinnati (12th and Elm), Ohio	411
Tennessee	18,343	Illinois	2,387	Greenville (Tremont Avenue), South	400
Georgia	17,864	Michigan	2,180	Carolina	370
South Carolina	16,036	Pennsylvania	2,063	East Nashville, Tennessee	370
Alabama	15,835	Arkansas	1,503	Birmingham (Pike Avenue), Alabama	286
GROUP A		GROUP C		Eldorado, Illinois	188
Ohio	10,849	Missouri	1,751	Pinsonfork, Kentucky	188
Kentucky	6,946	Indiana	1,727	Abingdon, Virginia	169
Virginia	6,855	Oklahoma	1,576	Henderson, North Carolina	138
Texas	5,464	Maryland	1,507	Rossville, Georgia	107
Mississippi	4,410	Louisiana	835	Tampa, Florida	107
GROUP B		GROUP D		TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS	
California	5,305	Kansas	508	West Virginia	53
Michigan	4,498	New Mexico	430	South Carolina	44
Illinois	3,676	Western Canada	201	Ohio	35
Pennsylvania	3,295	GROUP E		Tennessee	29
Arkansas	2,515	Washington	352	Georgia	27
GROUP C		Iowa	266	Florida	25
Missouri	3,087	Delaware	259	Virginia	20
Maryland	3,000	Colorado	233	Alabama	19
Indiana	2,849	Montana	224	Illinois	18
Oklahoma	2,242	GROUP F		Missouri	16
Louisiana	1,939	New York	172	YOUTH STATISTICS	
GROUP D		Idaho	153	This Month	
Kansas	936	New Jersey	138	Saved	3,518
New Mexico	688	Nebraska	117	Sanctified	1,593
Western Canada	679	GROUP G		Filled with Holy Ghost	1,226
GROUP E		Central Canada	143	Added to the Church of God	895
Washington	622	Minnesota	67	Since June 30, 1955	
Iowa	482	Alaska	34	Saved	23,415
Oregon	464	NATION'S TOP TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL ATTENDANCE		Sanctified	10,502
Delaware	433	Average Weekly Attendance for February		Filled with Holy Ghost	7,884
North Dakota	432	Greenville (Tremont Avenue), South		Added to the Church of God	6,834
GROUP F		Carolina	910		
Idaho	292	Kannapolis, North Carolina	542		
New York	288	Cincinnati (12th and Elm), Ohio	501		
New Jersey	254	Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	495		
Nebraska	206	Detroit (Tabernacle), Michigan	474		
GROUP G		North Cleveland, Tennessee	473		
Central Canada	162	North Chattanooga, Tennessee	457		
Alaska	70	Dillon, South Carolina	386		
Minnesota	52	Atlanta (Riverside), Georgia	388		
		Jacksonville, Florida	386		
Y.P.E.		NATION'S TOP TEN IN Y.P.E. ATTENDANCE			
GROUP AA		Average Weekly Attendance for February			
Georgia	10,802	Nicholls, Georgia	393		
North Carolina	10,700	Home for Children, Tennessee	304		
Alabama	8,845	Piney Grove, Georgia	252		
Tennessee	8,691	Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	250		
Florida	7,821	Dillon, South Carolina	242		
GROUP A		Greenville, North Carolina	238		
Ohio	5,589	Cincinnati (12th and Elm), Ohio	232		
Virginia	4,597	Columbus (29th Street), Georgia	232		
Kentucky	4,481	Atlanta (Riverside), Georgia	220		
Texas	3,317	Whitwell, Tennessee	219		
Mississippi	3,163	Lakedale, North Carolina	209		



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## PRIMARY "Friends of the King"

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## JUNIOR "Knights of the King"

AGES 9-11, GRADES 4-6

All the active enthusiasm of junior boys and girls will find a happy outlet in this exciting two-week course. Along with the intriguing castle, puzzles, etc., the PUPIL'S BOOK offers beautiful COLOR! The TEACHER'S MANUAL has instructions for department set-up, craft patterns and ideas, song section and supply check list. It is packed with ideas for teaching the Bible to this receptive age. Well co-ordinated with the junior course, the **[PRE-CUT]** Junior Build-Up Castle VISUAL AID KIT has complete directions and many **[PRE-CUT]** figures ready for a big "build-up castle" with significant spiritual applications. PUPIL'S BOOK 20c each. TEACHER'S MANUAL 45c each. VISUAL AID KIT \$1.00 each.

## YOUNG PEOPLE "Crusaders of the King"

AGES 12-17

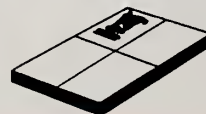
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# The **LIGHTED** Pathway

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LEWIS J. WILLIS, Editor

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Church of God Publications

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The LIGHTED PATHWAY

## Adult Delinquency

By DWIGHT C. RITCHIE

Fathers and mothers, listen to me!  
Who is to blame for delinquency—  
You or your untrained girl or boy  
Who turned to crime in search of joy?

Do you delight in obeying God  
And train your child with reproof and rod?  
Or does he grow from a babe to youth,  
Devoid of the knowledge of Christian truth?

Do you take your children to Sunday School  
To learn of God and the Golden Rule?  
Or are they sent to a picture show  
Where most delinquent children go?

They learn of crime and of sinful lust,  
But not of Christ whom they ought to trust.  
They learn to lie and to steal and kill.  
But not to love and to do God's will.

Who is to blame—you or the child,  
If he turns to crime and becomes defiled?  
Who should go to the prison cell,  
The rope or the chair, and a burning hell?

God is your Judge in heaven above.  
He bids you repent and in His grace and love  
To turn from your careless, wicked way,  
And start to study His Word and pray.

Forsake the world and the social whirl,  
And go to church with your boy and girl,  
O parents, pause and listen to me,  
For YOU are the cause of delinquency!

### BOTH KNEES NEEDED . . .

A lecturer recently declared in the introduction of his lecture that he received his moral training at the knee of a devout mother, and across the knee of a determined father.

—Sunday School Digest

Vol. 27 JUNE, 1956 No. 6

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### "Thy Word Is a Light Unto My Path"

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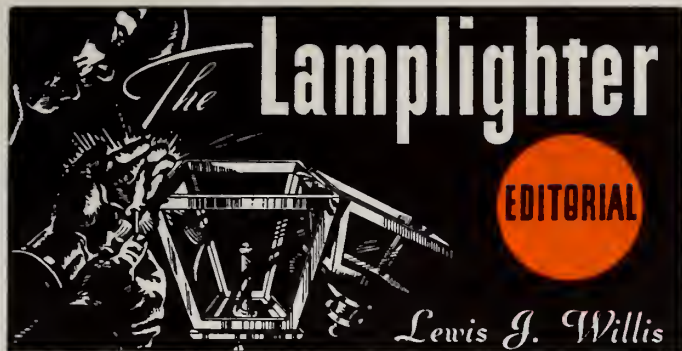
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## Self-Exception

I WAS VERY much interested, but rather amused, as the minister delivered his sermon. The message was well prepared and certainly Spirit-inspired. The minister spoke of certain evils prevalent among believers and challenged all Christians to a deeper consecration. It was a worthy sermon, sincerely spoken, and I honestly appreciated it. A sad smile gathered in my heart, however, as I beheld the reaction of some in the congregation. I thought I detected from the gleam in their eye and the excited "Amen" of their mouth, that they chose to accept the message as an indictment against their neighbor only. Actually, I don't think they felt a personal challenge. I was made to feel that somehow they believed themselves immune to such counseling. It became apparent they felt themselves to be different.

Consciously or unconsciously, most people have adopted a feeling of superiority. The spirit of self-exception has so completely obsessed men that they are sure that the faults and failures which they clearly see in others have never found lodging in their own lives. It would appear that there is a disposition in us all to regard our own case as exempted from the laws which operate in ordinary life. Somehow we feel removed from the common experiences of others.

This is not a new philosophy, for Jesus discovered it in His day. In Luke 18:9-14, He gives us a very clear picture of how it worked in Jerusalem. A Pharisee and a publican went into the Temple to pray. It is clear that the Pharisee was affected badly by this inclination, for he prayed grandly, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." He proceeded to extol his wonderful attributes, and superior righteousness as a believer. The publican admitted his need of God by praying, "God, be merciful to me a sinner." Christ said the publican went home justified rather than the Pharisee. Since that day, however, men have not ceased to declare by word and attitude, "I am not as other men are."

It is not unusual for one to discover this attitude in the ordinary affairs of life. Again and again we have seen the sad and disappointing spectacle of wasted abilities and perverted ambitions. The young person who had marvelous talent and wonderful opportunity has squandered it all by negligence or profanation. The promise of an exemplary life has faded into obscurity and failure. We are then prone to look upon the shortcomings of those involved, and lament the pity of such utter disregard to wasted abilities. Somehow we imagine that the failure we have seen a thousand times in others could not possibly

be found in us. We are quick to declare that if we were endowed with the talents of a musician, we would cultivate and dedicate them for God's work. At the very same moment, however, we are refusing to consecrate our abilities to teach, visit, write, etc., to Christ. How often do we declare that we would certainly discipline our tongue if we were a certain person, and even while we criticize, we are failing to discipline our thoughts, attitudes, or behavior.

The self-created immunity to the faults and conditions common to mankind causes men to view life with prejudiced eye. We look upon the misfortune which has seized our neighbors and seek to console them with the assurance that every cloud has a silver lining. Again and again we assure them that life cannot be lived without a mixture of the bitter with the sweet. The experiences of others in trial and trouble are used to emphasize the fact that to suffer occasionally is to endure only the penalty of our common nature. But even so, how ill-prepared we are to apply the same rules to ourselves. We are often surprised, disappointed and even provoked when we find ourselves a victim of the very same affliction we had consoled our neighbor about. Somehow we felt detached from the sphere of universal calamities, and were sure that we were not as other men in this regard.

THE TENDENCY toward self-exception is evident in man's attitude to death. Many times we have looked upon the person who evidently had but a few months to live and beheld their indifference with wonderment. Their pursuit of pleasure and unconcern for the things of God caused us to speak uneasily of their frightful behavior. We were sure that we would never be guilty of such irresponsible conduct. But who of us can judge his life span correctly? May not our own life end tomorrow or today? Is it not altogether possible that we will have met God long before the person whom we judged to have but a few months to live? Who of us live in the expectation of death and the proper preparation for death? Can it be that we feel so detached from the affairs common to men that we will be tricked into facing death ill-prepared?

Finally, the self-separating tendency is seen in the relation to judgment. How often have we wondered at the apparent unconcern of the sinner toward the judgment of God. We shuddered at the consequence of his unrepented sins. It is questionable, however, if we have made the fact of judgment a matter of sober consideration in our own lives. Have we applied the same rules to our own conduct as we have to our neighbor? Does our daily life testify to our belief that we shall someday stand in judgment so "that everyone may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad"?

Thomas Boston was aware of the ability of Satan to cause good men to become victims of the trickery of self-exception. He made some entries in his diary which indicated his concern over the matter. He said, "I observed that Satan has overcome me, even in those things that I preached against. Preaching at Dunse, I preached against immoderate sleep as a great waster of time; and quickly after I fell into this. Last Thursday I preached that unwatchfulness was the cause why it was not with God's people as in times past; and the very same night my heart fell a-roving. At this Evening Exercise, I lectured

(Continued on page 22)



# LUN

By CHESTER SHULER



illustrated by w. ellip ambrose





# CHEON DATE

FRED BLACKSTONE, standing inside the windows of Wood's Department Store, stared after the newlyweds as they passed outside, looking puzzled and anxious. A few minutes later, he saw them pause before the windows of a rival store, hesitate, then enter.

"Going to pester the boys over at Dawes-Ives," Fred thought. A grin spread over his face. "I wonder just what that pair really expect to get with two hundred dollars. They don't seem to realize that times and prices have changed. Well, I'm thankful they're out of here anyway. Just taking up my valuable time, and . . ."

"How about having lunch with me today, Blackstone?"

A deep voice at Fred's elbow caused him to turn quickly. Mr. Wood, the big boss himself, was asking, "Think you can make it?"

"Oh, yes, sure. Sure, Mr. Wood . . . and thank you, sir."

"Good. See you here at twelve-fifteen, then."

Fred stared after his employer. He hoped he hadn't been thinking aloud about those newlyweds. But they had been so exasperatingly slow about spending their savings, and Fred disliked slow buyers. In fact, he disliked nearly all buyers in that department. He wished that his application for transfer to the outside sales force would soon be approved.

But why had the boss asked him to lunch? A happy thought struck Fred—perhaps to discuss a promotion, or the transfer! Then came a queer feeling in the pit of his stomach. It could be a polite way of tipping him off to look up another job! The Old Man was noted for choosing queer ways of doing things, sometimes.

"Any special place you'd like to eat, Blackstone?" asked Mr. Wood as they met at the doors. He seemed genial, as they walked along. Fred shook his head.

"Well, then, I'd like to take you over to a place I like very much. How is your work coming, Fred?" Something in the way Mr. Wood pronounced his first name made Fred feel slightly more at ease. "Make many sales this afternoon?"

Fred hesitated, remembering the exasperating newlyweds. "Not so many, sir. Just had a newly-married pair looking around. And an old lady. The newlyweds had only two hundred to spend, and of course they'll never get started housekeeping with that amount these days! The old lady only wanted a small rocker. I sold her one,

but she took the cheapest we had on the floor, of course."

Mr. Wood nodded. "We do have some experiences, don't we? By the way, how do you enjoy your work?"

Fred hesitated. "Well, frankly, I'd enjoy it a lot better in some other department—or out on the road, selling. I have an application in for a transfer, but I haven't heard from it yet. There's so little opportunity for advancement in my department, and naturally, I'd like to work where I could really show what I can do in the selling game."

The boss nodded again, then guided Fred into the cafe. "Well, here we are." To the proprietor he said, "We'd like to eat at one of Maggie's tables, please, Nick."

Nick grinned apologetically. "Sorry, Mr. Wood, sir, but every one of Maggie's tables is filled at the moment, but . . ."

"We'll wait," Mr. Wood told him. Turning to Fred, he added, "I always try to get this waitress, Fred. But it's hard to do. Some three dozen other fellows have the same idea." He noted Fred's grin, and added, "No, it's hardly her looks . . ." He chuckled. "There she is, beckoning to us now . . . the girl with the freckles and pug nose . . ."

MAGGIE certainly wasn't pretty. Almost homely, in fact. But what a smile! It seemed to spread over her plain, befreckled countenance until the beholders forgot to see anything else.

"And who's your friend, Mr. Wood?" she asked with such disarming frankness and cordiality that Fred felt honored.

"Fred Blackstone, Maggie. He works at the store, too."

"At that wonderful store?" Maggie beamed. "Say, that's fine! But I'm sure you've both worked hard all morning, and are very hungry. The plate lunch is excellent today." She held the menu for them to see. "We have your favorite combinations, too, Mr. Wood . . ." To Fred, "How would you enjoy this, Mr. Blackstone? I can recommend it highly . . . tried it myself just an hour ago!"

"I'm crazy about that," Fred declared, amazed how much he liked her friendly interest. She flashed away with the orders, leaving a friendly word and smile with other diners here and there.

"Maggie's still worried about my indigestion, Wood," laughed a fat man at the next table. "Tells me I eat too fast . . . and too much. Some girl!"

The men laughed and several others joined. There was an atmosphere of cordiality and good cheer in that corner of the cafe—and Fred felt sure that that plain little Maggie was responsible for it.

"That old man eating his spinach over there," said Mr. Wood in a low tone, "is anemic. He's eating that stuff only because Maggie tells him to. She runs the diet of a lot of these hard-boiled fellows—and makes them like it. And don't think she won't remember what you like best next time you come in here."

They left the cafe satisfied, cheered, and promising to come again soon—because of Maggie's friendly, interested spirit, so real yet so unusual.

FRED DIDN'T have much to say on the way back to work. He was too busy thinking. And he had a pretty clear idea now why the boss had taken him to lunch . . . at Maggie's table.

"That girl Maggie packs the place, Mr. Wood," Nick had told him. "And," he added with a rueful grin, "does she ever cost me a pretty salary! But I have to pay it, to keep my competitors from hiring her away from me . . . bonus and swell tips, notwithstanding."

Enthusiasm, cordiality, friendly interest, Fred reflected, had changed Maggie's corner into a really delightful place where tired, harassed businessmen like to spend a half hour eating and being rejuvenated for the afternoon's work.

He thought again of the newlyweds . . . and his own indifference when he sensed how little money they had to spend. He wondered just how Maggie would have handled them . . . and had an annoyingly clear idea that she would have sold them something.

Entering his department, Fred was really glad to see the same newlyweds back. They, too, were pleased to find such a changed young salesman, eager now to help them. Fred hoped his smile and interest resembled Maggie's to some degree, at least. And it was truly good to see the smile reflected on the bride's pretty face when Fred took them to see the credit manager in an effort to stretch their savings a long way toward a nicely-furnished home.

Down at Nick's cafe Maggie has another very regular customer. She's had him for months now, and Nick scratches his head as he wonders whether Maggie will continue working for him . . . at least over the lunch hour . . . after she writes her name "Mrs. Fred Blackstone."



# those who believe

By DOROTHY C. HASKIN

*A glimpse at the  
marvelous work God is  
doing through  
Billy Graham*

**F**ORTY THOUSAND ATTENDED, two thousand responded with one thousand six hundred decision cards turned in," is the way the press estimates the work of Billy Graham. Cold, hard facts. If he draws the crowds and a sufficiently large percentage of the audience goes forward, he is a success. If the fickle crowds would cease to come, the press would classify Graham as another eight-day-wonder.

God, however, does not estimate the worth and work of Billy Graham in any such shallow manner. He says, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain," John 15:16. The Spirit of God is behind Graham, and it is His Spirit which brings forth the fruit, and enables those who make a stand to continue in the Christian life. In the same sense that one can look at a person and sense what he is thinking, so one can look at the outward fruit of the Graham campaign, and come to a fairly accurate estimate of the results.

The figures are staggering. The total will never be compiled. No one kept track of those who came forward in Graham meetings in the days when he was an evangelist in Florida. Then there were the Youth for Christ days, the five trips to England and Europe, the growing city-wide meetings. and recently it was estimated that there were over twelve thousand inquirers in the All-Scotland Crusade! Interesting, too, that in the United States it is estimated that about forty per cent of those who go forward make first-time decisions. In Scotland, it is estimated that eighty per cent of the decisions were by those who did not attend church. In most crusades the decisions average 60-40 in favor of the women.

In an effort to check lasting results, nine months after the London Crusade, Lorne Sanny made a survey among 2,500 ministers in the London area. They reported that of the 34,661 inquirers, 26,572 (or seventy-five percent) responded to their efforts to contact them. Of these, 20,350 were regularly attending church, 2,209 intended to attend church, and only 1,036 did not intend to attend church.

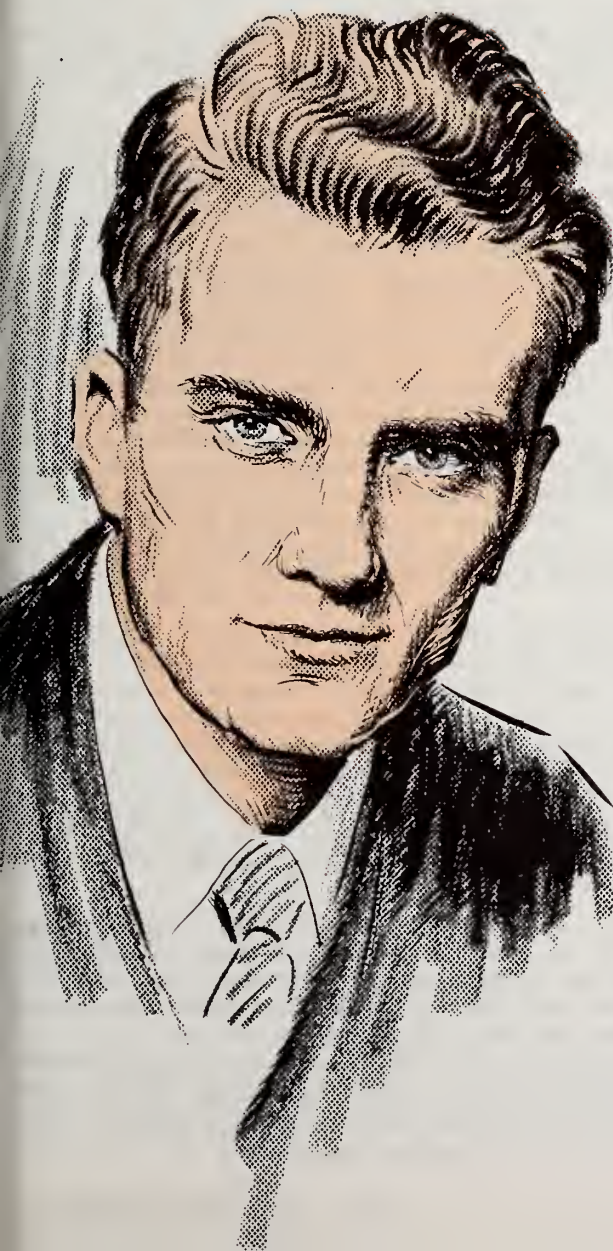
**THESE ARE BUT FIGURES.** They do not tell the heartbreak that is behind each statistic. For instance, during the Harringay campaign, a beautiful nineteen-year-old girl who was studying dramatic arts gave her life to Christ. She was engaged to a man who had become blind as a result of World War II. He was antagonistic to her decision, but she persuaded him to go to Harringay, where he, too, found the Lord.

At the same meetings there was a slim young Russian girl who had been taken from her home by the Germans when she was only thirteen. She had lived through the bombing of Berlin, managed to get to England, where she





Illustrated by Chloe Stewart



worked as a waitress in a hotel restaurant. After she went forward at Harringay, she said, "For the first time in thirteen years I have Someone to live for, something to look forward to. All of the self-pity which I had held in my heart is gone."

And all along the way are the dear decisions of the young with their simple faith. At the Kelvin Hall meet-

ings, a boy of twelve came forward to reaffirm his faith. He had affirmed it when he was eight.

And such diversity of people! Among the cards signed in the Seattle campaign was one by an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and others by two notorious gamblers. In Harringay, two strangers sat next to each other. When the invitation was given, one man turned to the other and said, "I'm going forward; will you come with me?"

"Yes," answered the other man, "but first of all I must return this to you—it is your wallet." He was a pick-pocket who had come to Harringay for professional purposes.

In a sense each story is alike, a life without purpose, then the decision to believe in the Saviour, and lead a new life. But in the sense that each human being is different, so each story is different. Here are a few stories of those whose lives have been changed.

#### **BELIEVER IN PORTLAND**

*Abe D. Tenny*

"'WISE AS A SERPENT and harmless as a dove'—that's a good description of my wife. At least she filled that pattern nearly five years ago and I've loved her since for it. A person is not always pleased when he has something fast pulled over on him; and if I'd have known what Ellen was doing, I'd have certainly been anything but a willing victim.

"Months before Billy Graham was due to hold meetings in Portland in 1950, my wife had asked me if I would go with her to the meetings. My answer was a definite 'no'! I'd heard that people were saved after listening to the simple, yet powerful message he preached and that wasn't for me. Only cripples and old folks and dull nobodys 'got saved'! I wasn't about to give up all the things I liked to do. And besides, what would the men in the Kiwanis Club say if I suddenly 'got saved'? Wasn't I a member of the Board of Directors and past Secretary and the youngest businessman in the town where we lived near Portland! Ellen could get someone else to go with her.

"A couple of days before the meetings started, my wife informed me that she wanted her father to go with her, and if I said I'd go, then he would be more willing to go, too. I finally consented to this proposition because I figured that with her father along, my wife would be working on him and would leave me alone. Besides, I wanted to find at first-hand what was going on at the meetings. I remember we parked a long way away and hurried with the crowd to get a seat. I don't remember what was preached and it seems to me as if I wasn't particularly impressed. But I was fascinated with the choir and the choir leader's control of the thousand-voice choir. We noticed my sister sitting in the alto section, and when the service was through, my wife asked her if I could sing up there, too. I thought, 'Surely they

(Continued on page 23)



# A Teen- Ager Dreams

by Kay Boyle

**E**VEN THOUGH THE YOUNG GIRL sitting beneath the shade of a huge old tree on the campus of Northfield Seminary had been born in India and had spent most of her childhood there, she was not dreaming of returning to that land.

Full well she knew the privations of medical missionaries in the land of India, for hadn't her father and his father before him been just such missionaries?

Ida Scudder, for that was the name of the college student, that carefree teen-ager who sat beneath the cool shade of the campus tree, was dreaming that evening of when she would go to Wellesley, then marry some man of material wealth and settle down to enjoy that life that money could buy, but one far beyond the means of a missionary. This young girl spent many happy hours as she dreamed of her future life.

India was in the past. Her future was settled. What pleasant dreams she dreamed that night as she slept comfortably in her bed in her room with all its pleasant surroundings.

The summer after she graduated from Northfield, a letter came to Ida Scudder from halfway around the world, from a country of 350,000,000 inhabitants. Her father wrote that her mother was quite ill, and he would like for her to return to India.

Even then Ida Scudder did not give up her dreams, but she did return to India to be with her father, who needed her now very much.

Ida Scudder stood one night, after a trying day, in the lingering tropical dusk. There had been much to do that day in the home, and it had been one of her mother's really "bad days," as she lay tossing with the burning fever of the tropics.

So engrossed was Ida in the matters at hand that she did not hear the approaching footsteps. She heard a voice

filled with pathos, and looking in the direction from which it came, she saw a handsome, tall Brahmin standing before her. Pleading with her, he told her his young wife, now trying to give birth to their first child, was dying. Would she please come and help?

What could Ida do? She had no training to do what the agitated and worried husband begged her to do. Her heart was sad and filled with heaviness as she watched him turn and walk away in the darkness.

Before she could recover from the pangs of having to say no to this young husband, other footsteps approached, and this time an old father whose child lay very ill with fever pleaded with her to come and help. As the Hindu father stood pleading, Ida knew that she could do nothing, for after all, she was not much more than a child herself and had no training in nursing. A pang struck her heart again as something inside her seemed to whisper, "And you don't want this training."

Ida Scudder did not sleep well that night, and early the next morning she was up and about her duties, thinking of these two, the prospective mother and the little girl. Ida Scudder knew the laws of India like a book. No man could attend an ill woman. Ida's mother was ill, and they had called for her because she was a woman, even though very young.

Going down into the village that day, Ida Scudder learned that both the young prospective mother and the girl with the terrible fever had died.

**THE FOLLOWING SEPTEMBER** found Ida Scudder a freshman at college, but not Wellesley. She had enrolled in Women's Medical College, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. At this time one could enroll at this medical college without premedical college work.

With just three years of training and without taking time for internship, which was not compulsory at that time, the girl who had stood on the college campus dreaming of her lover who would come into her life and give to her a life of ease and all that much money would bring her, set out once more for faraway India.

This time, however, she had come not just for a visit to a sick mother and a father who needed her, but to help the women of India who were dying with every tick of the clock because they dared not be treated by a male doctor and there were no female doctors to help. Now as she boarded the ship, her dream was not for herself but for others.

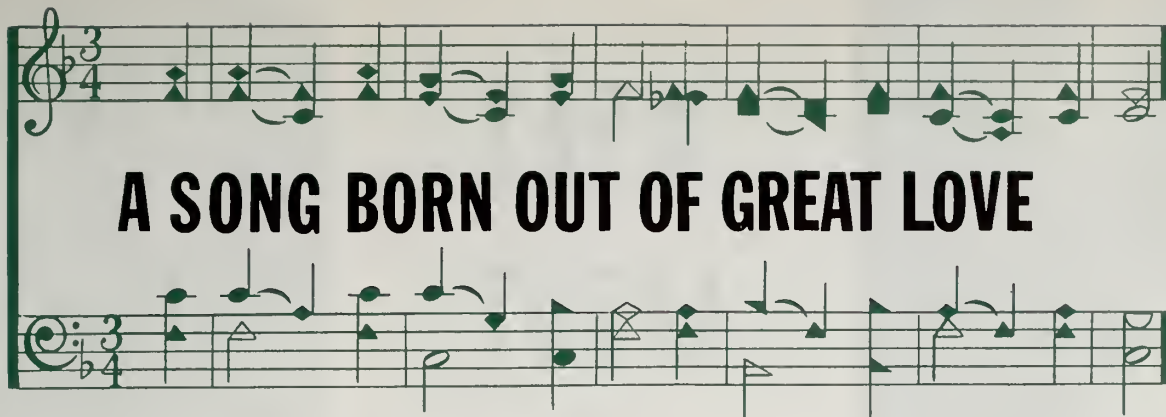
Before sailing she had appealed to the president of the missionary society of a wealthy New York Church for funds with which to build a hospital for the women of Vellore. Her plea was so eloquent that a gentleman listening in the next room came into the office where she sat with the missionary president and handed her a check for \$10,000. This man had just lost his wife and, hearing the plea of Ida Scudder for these poor women of India, wanted to give this as a memorial to the wife he had lost in death.

**IT WAS NEW YEAR'S DAY** of the twentieth century, the very first day of the present century, that this brave young woman arrived in India. Just two years from the day her ship docked, the *Mary Taber Schell Hospital* was ready for its first patient.

Ida Scudder, after five years of prayer and determination, overruled the Indian authorities, and used her power of persuasion to get permission to open a school

(Continued on page 23)





By Katherine Bevis

LAST EVENING, the Sabbath evening, the minister had preached his farewell sermon to the congregation in his church at Wainsgate, England. The year was 1772.

He and his family had then retired to their modest, little home, and after the children, who had joined them in family prayers, had been tucked in for the night, the minister and his good wife sat together, talking about the move that had been planned for the morrow.

The call had come to him to succeed Dr. Gill in London.

With his growing family, this minister, Rev. John Fawcett, had accepted the call to the new church. It would mean a larger salary than the little church in Wainsgate was paying him, and he felt that London would mean more opportunities for his children, both spiritually and materially.

Yes, he felt he had made the right decision. In the morning they would pack the furniture and all their personal belongings into the wagons and then be on their way.

The greatest problem was over—the preaching of his farewell sermon to these people who had stood by so faithfully, these loyal men and women of God whom they had learned to love so much and who in return loved their minister and his family.

The family was up at the break of dawn, and as he and his wife started out to begin loading the wagons, there were his faithful people, heartbroken but ready to give of their time and strength in whatever way they could be of service to his family they loved so much.

Seven wagons were loaded with books, furniture, clothing, household goods, and the like, and now they were ready to begin the long journey to their new field, London.

JUST AS THEY PREPARED to place the children in the wagon that was to carry the family, the people, even the young children, clung to their departing minister and his wife, their agony of soul showing in their tear-dimmed eyes and stained faces.

Mrs. Fawcett looked into the face of her husband for just a moment, and seeing the agonized faces around her and the great tears falling freely from her husband's eyes, she herself burst into tears, saying, "O John, John, I cannot bear this! I know not how to go!"

Reverend Fawcett walked over to where his wife stood,

taking her hand in his, he said through great sobs, "Nor I either; nor will we go!" Then turning to the people grouped about them, he continued, "Help us unload the wagons and everything shall be put in its original place."

The people, many of whom had fervently prayed all the night before that they would not leave them, gave out a cry of glad joy.

A time of rejoicing was had as all the people, along with the minister and his family, got the humble, little home back in order for the family, and here it was that he stayed until his death on July 25, 1817.

On that day in 1772 when he sent the message to the London church explaining to them that he could not leave his church in Wainsgate, he started his labors anew with this small congregation. They could only pay him *less than two hundred dollars a year*, but they so loved him that out of this experience he received the inspiration to write that beautiful old hymn, **BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS**. The hymn is a beautiful expression of a brotherhood and fellowship which characterizes Christian believers. It speaks of the love which holds the hearts of men together through life's fiercest storms.

### Blest Be the Tie

JOHN FAWCETT

HANS G. NÄGELI

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;  
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;  
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;  
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.  
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.



# WHAT ABOUT *Television?*

*What are its bad qualities and  
what are its good?*

By ALDA B. HARRISON



**I** PRESUME YOU are looking at the pictures on these pages and are wondering why we have chosen them. Some of you will remember the one on the right was run in the **LIGHTED PATHWAY** on our Reading Page several years ago while I was editor. The scenes have changed now so that this upper picture typifies many homes. The group around the hearthstones is not the same nor are the activities the same. What good books have you read in the past year? I fear that the big majority of you would have to say, "I have read very little. I've been looking at television." Here is a clipping I read recently.

## **SO YOU ARE GOING TO BUY A TELEVISION SET?**

Think twice and count to ten before you invest in this latest invention for your home entertainment. I readily grant that it is one of the most remarkable inventions of our day. It overawes me to think of sitting in my own living room and seeing things as they occur a hundred miles away. I also admit that it might serve historical societies, patriotic and religious groups admirably.

There may be many other advantages which this magnificent invention will bring to humanity. However, there are so many items on the wrong side of the ledger at this time that it would seem folly for a Christian to invest his money in this expensive luxury.

Television may well be the final step in the complete collapse of the moral and spiritual life of the Nation.

It will bring the suggestive, the lewd, the immoral theatre into your home.

It will picture drinking parties where well-dressed men and beautiful women mix their drinks, smoke their cigarettes, play their cards, while it sets before the eyes of youth the most sensuous and degrading dance steps.

If the present radio programs are any indication of what may be expected of television, you may expect to see nearly nude men and women roaming the jungles, co-habiting with beasts, planning and executing vicious crimes.

Do you say you will cull out the bad and permit only the elevating and noble to appear in your parlor? Do you think you will always be able to do as you now intend? What will occur when your sixteen-year-old son insists on

continuing the show for the benefit of some of his friends who have come in to televuew?

Do you have sufficient self-control and sufficient control over your child to turn off such shows without a scene?

Yes, think twice and count to ten before buying a television set. Without one you need be none the less educated, cultured or refined, and I have a persuasion that you might be more devout. I believe that you will be better able to train your children, and that you can more easily keep them from the ways of the world if this luxury, in its present state of development, is denied a place in your home. —O. G. W. (*Wesleyan Methodist*)

Perhaps few of us would agree in every point with the writer, but we must agree that he has stated the questions well. What about television? What are its bad qualities and what are its good? How should the Christian react to this problem?

**I** HAVE BEEN very critical of television, but the other day I began to think things through. Some of us will remember when the radio first



came to us. There was a great upheaval among the people and many refused to have one in their home, but radio had come to stay and now almost every home in our country has a radio.

While thinking about this, last night I decided to turn on the radio and see what I could find. The first thing I heard was a beautiful religious program. Then the next were two murder programs following each other. So you can see your radio has questionable programs also. As the radio came to stay, so has the television come to stay. We cannot put it down, but we may help to solve the problem if we do our part.

The other day I went to a neighbor's house to ask for the privilege of taking a picture of their television for the paper. In the conversation he told me about certain children who came at night to look at television because they had none at their home. So that is what will happen with your child. If your children are obedient, then you will be successful; if they are not, they will spend their time in some other home and it may not be a Christian home. If a home is a Christian home and the children obedient, then the problem can easily be settled.

Certainly some of the programs are not decent for anyone to see or hear. However, your child as he or she walks down the street can meet young men and young women smoking. They can see by the side of the road two beautiful young people on a large signboard smoking. Whiskey and beer signs can be seen on the highways. Yes, we are in a world of sin and sorrow and we cannot get out of it until God calls us away to our heavenly home. Neither can we get away from television.

Our boys and girls are in a world where sin abounds, and they must be

taught to shun the evil and accept the good. We have poolrooms, saloons, and gambling dens in our towns. We must live in the same towns with them. Our children must be taught to shun them. We find bad literature in many of our places of business, but we refuse to allow our children to buy it. We are surrounded on every side by the devil's works and we must be able to cope with His temptations.

Just now while I write I am hearing an advertisement of one of the best automobiles on the market. The automobiles are used for both good and bad. Shall we do away with the automobile because some people use it for sinful pleasure. Oh, no, we must rear our children to avoid the sinful pleasure.

**WE HAVE SOME** worthy programs on television, as you know. Not long ago a man who was very antagonistic toward television went to visit a friend of his who had one. He asked his friend to turn it on. He did so and a popular religious program was being televised. He listened to the minister for awhile and saw the people who were getting saved, and soon he was shouting God's praises.

Television is a good friend to the housewives. Every morning they have programs such as cooking schools and sewing lessons. For the young mother, there are child-care programs. There are also good children's programs. I have often watched them, and my little granddaughter, two years old, will stand in front of the television and sing and play the games with them. They have sermons, sacred music and many other religious features.

There are news programs, educational features and several family

type programs which supply wholesome entertainment. The task is to select the worthy programs. Actually, that is what we must do when we choose a book, a phonograph record, or even a friend.

Let us teach our young people to accept the good and refuse the bad, for television is here to stay. We need a double portion of grace and wisdom to show us how to conduct ourselves in our home in order to have our children obey us. We find much good information on this subject in books and magazines. Do you spend your evenings searching the Word of God and these good magazines and books to find help in training your boys and girls? We should remember that what we feed our minds affects us.

We should not let television dominate us and take up too much of our time. We must let our children know that lessons come first, and that education comes to us only by study.

Let me quote again from the clipping above. "If the present radio programs are any indication of what may be expected of television, you may expect to see nearly nude men and women roaming the jungles, co-habiting with beasts, planning and executing vicious crimes."

Pardon me if I say that in the summertime this prophecy is about fulfilled in our country now when we see boys and girls, men and women, going about our streets almost nude. Shame on our civilized country.

In dealing with television let us each be persuaded in our own minds and do about it what we think is right, but let us be careful about the attitude we have toward others who see differently. This is a time when we need to be consistent, wise, and very spiritual.



Television has made a tremendous impact upon home life. The group around the hearthstones is not the same, nor are the activities the same. Is this good or is it bad?



# Little Girl Lost

A Children's Story by DONNA LEIGH

SANDRA, SANDRA, WHERE are you?" called Mother. "Oh my, is that child gone again? I let her out of my sight just one minute and she is gone. Well, I see the side gate is open. She must be in Bobby's yard playing with him. I do wish she would learn to stay at home."

Indeed, Sandra had slipped through the fence to see Bobby. She heard her mother calling, but said, "I'll play with Bobby a little while and then go home. She probably doesn't want anything important anyway." She looked all around the back yard calling softly so Mother wouldn't hear, "Bobby, Bobby." Bobby didn't seem to be there, so she went on around to the front of his house.

Just then she saw a gray horse pulling an old wagon. On the seat of the wagon sat a big fat man. In the wagon were all kinds of vegetables. He called, "Fresh vegetables for sale! Corn, tomatoes, beans, all fresh from the country!"

"Oo-o," squealed Sandra, "look at that horse! Isn't he big?" As the horse and wagon went on down the street, Sandra followed, hardly noticing where she was going.

You see, Sandra didn't really mean to run away. Oh no, not this time any more than she had meant to run away last week, or those times before when she had wandered from her yard. She loved Mother very much and did not want to worry her. It was just that everything was so interesting, and she wanted to see the whole, wide world.

JUST AS THE WAGON turned the corner she saw the cutest little puppy across the street. He was white with a black patch over one eye and two black feet. He perked up his ears and stared solemnly at Sandra. Calling softly to him, she crossed the street. The dog, who was a little bashful, turned and squirmed under a hedge into his own yard. Sandra skipped down the block. It was such a beautiful day, and she was having a glorious time!

Turning the corner she spied three bushes covered with large red roses. "Oh, aren't they pretty? I wonder if they smell as nice as Aunt Clara's roses." She smelled a few of them, decided they didn't, and continued wandering down the street. Sandra was enjoying her freedom immensely. The whole world was wonderful.

In the excitement of seeing new places and many, many interesting things, she didn't notice that now there were stores instead of houses with big lawns. Now, instead of an occasional car and a few bicycles passing in the streets, there were many cars, and some big trucks. Finally, Sandra looked all around and decided she wanted to go back home.

She turned around and started back, but when she got to the corner she whispered to herself, "Oh my,

which way is my house?" Suddenly she wished very much that she were at home in her own nice back yard. "I believe I should go this way," she thought, and stepped down from the curb. The screech of brakes and the angry honking of a horn caused her to turn and run as fast as she could back to the sidewalk. The big red truck had stopped just in time.

Terribly frightened, Sandra ran up the block. Tears began slowly running down her cheeks; then came faster as she looked all around her and saw not one friendly face. No one in the hurrying crowd had time to notice a lost, frightened little girl, all alone in the big city.

SUDDENLY SANDRA remembered a verse her Sunday School teacher had taught her, just last Sunday. "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." And Sandra felt she was just about to the end of the world now! The teacher had told them that Jesus was with them and would always help them in time of trouble. "Well, I certainly need some help now," she thought; then she whispered, "Dear Lord, please help me to find my way home. If You will, I promise I will never run away again."

Looking up through her tears she saw a big policeman standing a few feet away. Swallowing hard and gathering all her courage she tiptoed over to him and tugged at his coat. When he looked down at her she sobbed, "Please, Mr. Policeman, I'm lost." He gently picked Sandra up and comforted her until she quit crying and could talk again.

"What is your name, little girl?" he asked kindly. Sandra had been taught her name, address and telephone number. She was glad she was able to tell the policeman. He took her to the police station and called her mother. "Hello, Mrs. Davis, this is the police station. We have found your little girl Sandra. She is all right and we shall bring her right home."

How happy Mother was to hear that! She had discovered that Sandra was not at Bobby's house, and had gone to all the neighbors' houses looking for her, but Sandra was nowhere to be found. She had been very worried and had prayed for God to watch over her child and help her to be found.

Sandra rode home between two policemen in the big black police car. She was over her scare enough by this time to be almost excited by the ride. But she was certainly glad to see her dear, familiar house, and Mother running out to meet her. Her very first words as she hugged Mother's neck were, "Oh, Mother. I promise I'll never run away again."

And she never did.



EXCUSE ME, ANN!"

Paul leaped from his seat on the porch, cleared the steps at a bound, and raced through the garden into the alley, where he began yanking things from refuse cans awaiting the ash collectors.

"What are you doing, Paul?" panted Ann, who had pursued him.

"Just as I feared! Gramp's been on one of his raids again! Would you look at *this*?" Paul pulled a lot of magazines from one of the cans. "My file of scientific mags, my school notebook—current one at that! And here are my old Scout things. Gramp, Gramp, will you *never* learn?"

Ann's giggle stopped him. "I think," said she, "it was your grandfather who said the other day that every family should move once each two years to get rid of all the *jun*—all the things that accumulate—"

"That was a quotation from Gramp all right. Only he didn't say 'things'—he said *junk*. Everything is junk to Gramp. Everything, that is, except his squeaky old rocker and a few useless, personal trinkets he hangs onto as if they were solid gold. If I'm not on the job to rescue *my* treasures, it's just too bad!"

"At our house," Ann said, "no one seems ever to throw anything away. It's almost impossible to squeeze through cellar or attic."

"Well," admitted Paul, as they started back toward the house, his arms filled with rescued treasures. "I suppose there is a happy medium. But with my Gramp around—! Now if he'd decide to raid my kid brother's assortment of sticks, stones, fishhooks, bugs, even snakes, maybe it would be a good idea, but—"

"Paul Weller, I'm surprised to hear you say that. As if *you* didn't collect the same kind of treasures a few years ago! I remember, 'cause I used to help you, see? But while it's been fun for me to watch you rescue those treasures of yours, I'm suddenly reminded of something less jolly—"

Paul grinned. "Could it be, my girl, that you're thinking of your room back home? For if it's anything like my sister's—"

"You must be psychic, Paul!" Ann exclaimed. "How in the world did you know I was thinking about my room? It's usually a mess. I'll run home now and straighten it out. What a surprise Mother will have!"

"Your mother will decide she has a real jewel for a daughter if you do that, Ann. I'm not saying that *my* room's any model of neatness, mind you; but it's harder for a fellow to be neat—we kind of like things messed up, it seems." Paul sank down on the top step, and deposited his reclaimed treasures alongside. "It's so nice here in the sunshine . . ."

"Too nice to go home just yet," Ann sighed. "Wonderful to sit here daydreaming and—" She sat upright quickly. "But no! That's like stuffing 'junk' in one's mental attic, isn't it? Daydreaming, my old auntie claims, can fill one's mental attic with useless thoughts."

PAUL LOOKED AT HER with a new interest. "Yes? Well, now—" He tapped his blond head gingerly. "'Mental attic' is good. It's at the top of one's anatomy, anyway; but let's hope it contains some good things, though I'll grant there is a lot of 'mental junk' floating around these days. I suppose Gramp would say, 'Clean house often, son.'"



*Did you ever check the "junk" in your attic—  
mental attic, that is?*

By JONATHAN WEST

Ann was silent for a minute. "That's one reason I don't attend the movies," she said, softly. "Most of my girl friends can't understand me, say I'm silly and 'old-maidish' before my time. Things like that, but—"

"They do?" Paul flared. "Say, if I hear anyone saying such things about you, I'll—"

"Ever since I became a Christian," Ann continued, "I've had a mental battle. I know a Christian is supposed to think good thoughts, for the Bible says that as we think in the heart so we are going to speak and act. Words to that effect, anyhow. Satan is always at the door to the mind. He tries to stuff it with trash and 'junk' such as impure stories, evil gossip, bits of unrelated information and *misinformation*. But I suppose you know all about that, Paul, without my mentioning it."

Paul's look of admiration increased. "Ann," he said slowly, "I guess you know how much I admire you. But I'll tell you now, a girl who stops to consider such things, these days, is a—a jewel, and no mistake!"

Ann laughed, but her cheeks were pink. "Flatterer. But, seriously, I know that's the truth. Any Christian has the same trouble, I'm sure. It's always easier to think of something evil than of something good—unless we deliberately *will* to think good thoughts."

"Sure. But some people have different ideas about what are good and evil things. Take Gramp, for instance: he thinks these scientific magazines are 'junk,' while I think they're worthy of a place in our attic. Don't you suppose it's that way with thoughts, too?"

Ann considered. "I suppose so—if we leave the decision to ourselves alone. You and I could have very different ideas about a thought. But as Christians, don't you think we should weigh thoughts, and most things, by Christian standards? Or shall I say, Bible standards? I'm thinking now of a verse or two in Philippians 4, in which we are told to *think on* such things as the true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and so on."

"I know the verse you mean, Ann. Yes, I agree we

(Continued on page 22)



## I. MAN'S NEED OF THE SCRIPTURES

**T**HERE ARE MANY necessities of life for which we can find an adequate substitute. However, there is one need in the life of every individual that only the Word of God can meet. There is absolutely no substitute for God's Word. When this need is not met, the life of that individual is sadly lacking in its most vital area.

Before life can reach its rightful level there must be a proper fellowship with God, and truth will be its standard and guide. The search for truth has been the constant endeavor of the mind of man from the beginning of time. However, the truth is something that man can never attain by his own reasoning and search.

Paul describes the path down which man will find himself travelling if left only to his own ability to guide himself. "For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away. For of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth," II Timothy 3:2-7.

The search for truth has also been the endeavor of the religious inquiry of mankind. This was the subject of Paul's famous speech on Mars Hill to the learned men of Athens who represented the reasoning and wisdom of the world. He indicted them for their inability to arrive at the true knowledge of God. He scorned their altar "To the Unknown God" and chided them by pointing out that the God whom they ignorantly worshipped, the One their human reason had been unable to find and learn, was the only true God. Paul then pointed to the right path in the search for truth—"Him declare I unto you."

God is revealed in the creation. Even here natural religions cannot be trusted to formulate a certain degree of truth and knowledge of God. Unfortunately, they too often become the victims of Satan's cunning direction that leads men away from the truth, or they become subject to the worldly desires of men. What course does the

religious inquiry of man's mind follow when left to his own reasoning? Paul gives us an illustration of what happened in times past. "Because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and fourfooted beasts, and creeping things," Romans 1:21-23.

A lack of truth and knowledge of God always leads down the path of sin and immorality. "Wherefore God also gave them up to uncleanness through the lusts of their own hearts, to dishonor their own bodies between themselves: who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever. Amen," Romans 1:24, 25.

Human reasoning and worldly wisdom cannot lead man to God, "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord," Isaiah 55:8. The finiteness of man's mind is not capable of reaching out and appropriating the in-

### Pathway Pulpit

# THE WORD

finite greatness of God. We learn by discovery or revelation and evaluate by comparison. The prophet Isaiah asks, "To whom will ye liken God? or what likeness will ye compare unto him?" How can the meager mind of man come to a comprehension of One who spoke the worlds into existence, creating them out of nothing? How can we know One "who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?" (Isaiah 40:12).

How can we know God? It is a matter of faith. We know God and come to a knowledge of the truth because

He has revealed Himself to us through His Person, His work, and His Word. The prophet implores us, "Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created things." Through these media God has provided the means of bringing us to a knowledge of Himself. If a person should take a trip across the country, one of the first things he should do is secure a road map. This would reveal the way to go and the route to take. God's Word reveals to us the route to take to come to a knowledge of the truth.

The moral exactness of God's nature must be declared to us. It is a mystery to the world. "Now to him that is of power to stablish you according to my gospel, and the preaching of



*"When you have read the Bible, you will have found it the key to your own duty."—Woodrow Wilson*





*Now it is the Word of God, because  
heart, your own happiness and your*

# F GOD

By W. P. STANLEY  
Editor of Sunday School Literature

Jesus Christ, according to the revelation of the mystery, which was kept secret since the world began," Romans 16:25. Paul emphasizes the importance of this revelation; "How that by revelation he made known unto me the mystery; . . . which in other ages was not made known unto the sons of men, as it is now revealed unto his holy apostles and prophets by the Spirit," Ephesians 3:3, 5. The blessing of this revelation is that through it, all men, Jew and gentile, can come to a knowledge of the truth; "and

to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ," Ephesians 3:9.

The content of this mystery is the Person of Jesus Christ who reveals God to us. "Even the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints: to whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you, the hope of glory," Colossians 1:26, 27. Speaking of Christ, the writer of Hebrews declares, "Who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person . . ." The Person of Jesus Christ reveals the moral nature of God. That this knowledge comes only by revelation is illustrated by Jesus' answer to Peter's great statement of faith. When the disciples were questioned as to the identity of Jesus, Peter answered, "... Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven," Matthew 16:16, 17.



Peter was incapable of obtaining that knowledge by his own mind. The mind of man is unregenerate, carnal. It has been characterized as being at enmity against God. As such it is held in spiritual and mental bondage, unable to utilize all of its potentialities or express its facilities for good. A stream can never rise above its fountainhead. Therefore, knowledge of the holiness and majesty of God can never be approached by a reprobate mind. The truth cannot arise out of a heart that is bound by hard-

ness and deceit. Then how can we be free? Jesus declared, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Then He said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The truth came directly from the throne of God in the Person of Jesus Christ and is declared unto us in the Scriptures. These are made a part of our experience by the work of the Holy Ghost, "for the letter killeth, but the Spirit maketh alive."

## II. THE AUTHORITY OF THE SCRIPTURES

THE TRUTH declared unto us by the Scriptures is authentic. Constantly, when Paul was challenged as to the authority by which he preached, he always referred his critics to the prophecies of the Old Testament as they were fulfilled in Jesus Christ. When officers of the law make an arrest, they must have the authority to substantiate their actions. When we proclaim the Scriptures as the Word of God there must be sufficient authority for such a declaration.

First, through the Word we have fellowship with the Apostles who beheld the revelation of God, Jesus Christ, firsthand. "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life; . . . declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ," I John 1:1, 3. The Apostles preached the message of Jesus Christ to the congregations they served. As the Church grew and spread, these men who had known the Lord personally, recorded the gospel for our benefit. Apostolic sanction gives power and authority to the Scriptures.

The Apostle Peter declares that we have a more sure word of prophecy than a firsthand report. "For we have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eyewitnesses of his majesty. For he received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. And this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with him in the holy mount. We have also a more sure word of prophecy . . .," II Peter 1:16-19.

Not only were they eyewitnesses,  
(Continued on page 26)



# HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON



## THE MERRY MONTH OF JUNE

*The merry month of June, I think  
Is best of all the year,  
When sunbeams play so merrily  
And dewdrops sparkle near.*

*When roses and gay lilies bloom,  
In dainty colors rare,  
And to the world sweet gifts they bring  
Of fragrance everywhere.*

*Oh, yes, the merry month of June  
Is best of all the year;  
Its thirty days are every one  
Brimful of joy and cheer.*

*And I am glad that we can give  
One of these gladsome days  
To honor all true fathers with  
Kind deeds of love and praise.*

## REMEMBER FATHER, TOO

By Alda B. Harrison

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

**W**E MUST NOT forget Father, must we? June is called the month of roses. I think they have chosen a beautiful month for fathers, don't you? My, how you can decorate the house for that "home-coming day" for Father, when all the children come home to celebrate. I can see in my imagination that big bowl of roses right in the center of the table with all the good things to eat. The vases are here and there over the house all filled up with white, red, pink, yellow—well, every kind of roses. I'm sure Father will feel important when he sees so many beautiful things all for him. Well, Father needs to feel his importance, for he is important. "What is home without a father?" Not much.

I think that if we would put Father on the pedestal a little more and make him feel his worth, he would many times be different. It is true that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world. I happen to know that there are fathers who stay up hours at night, rocking sick, restless children while the mother sleeps. God bless such a father. It's only right for him to do this if it is necessary, but he should have the credit when this is the case.

There are fathers who wash the dishes, wash clothes, iron, sweep, and cook, when it is necessary. There are fathers who are kind and sympathetic in the home, and when God calls that father away from this earth, every member of the household feels like saying, "What is home without a father?" There are good fathers, brave, courageous, wonderful fathers. Let us hold them high and encourage them. While your home is all decorated with roses, slip over to your father's side, put your arm around his neck and say, "Father, you've meant a lot to me. I appreciate all you've tried to do for me." That will be a beautiful bouquet, not of roses but of forget-me-nots, for he will not forget.

Unless your family has plenty of money, Father has many anxious hours studying how to meet the needs of the house. He is anxious to provide the right kind of food. My, how it hurts him to have you ask for something he can't provide. You want nice clothes like the Jones boys and girls have, and you'll never know how it breaks his heart to refuse you. How it hurts him when Joe and Bettie Jones go off to college and you can't go. Talk about a mother's heart, well, a father's heart feels things too. Of course, you can't have all the material blessings you desire, but there is one thing a father can give his family that means more than all of these. If he and Mother will walk hand in hand down the pathway of life in making a Christian home where peace, love, and joy reigns, they could give no richer heritage than this. All the pomp and glory of this world would vanish like dew before the morning sun in the face of a gift like this.

SOME OF YOUR fathers face dangers every day for you. His work takes him where the saw will clip off his fingers if he is not careful or where the machine could crush his hand. His working hours are spent amid gases that are fatal, kegs that are explosive, vats that are poisonous, furnaces that are deadly. Had you ever stopped to think seriously of what your father means to you?

We recently read of a newly made widow who celebrated her golden wedding with her husband one week and buried him the next. She said afterwards as she stood by his silent form. "He was such a prop to us all." It has been said that no one ever wrote a poem about a prop, no one ever sang about one, and if you want to see one you must go down into a mine or a cellar, under a tree or a bridge, behind a barn or a bin. It is never planed nor painted, always has one end in the mud and the other in its burden. But Father, isn't it great to be a prop and know that you are holding up a home, holding it up to health, to culture, to sunshine, to virtue, to power, and to God?

Children, you owe your father every courtesy you owe your mother, for you cannot separate your parental blessings. Honor him while he lives. Write regularly to him and keep him posted on all your affairs. Good news from you will refresh him and keep him young. Your success will mean more than his own.

Let us see what Edgar A. Guest has to say about Father:

*Used to wonder just why Father,  
Never had much time to play;  
Used to wonder why he'd rather  
Work each minute of the day.*

*Boys are blind to much that's going  
On about them every day,  
And I had no way of knowing  
What became of Father's pay.*

*All I knew was when I needed  
Shoes I got 'em on the spot;  
Everything for which I pleaded,  
Somehow Father always got.*

*Wondered season after season  
Why he never took a rest,  
And that I might be the reason  
That I never even guessed.*

*Rest has come—his task is ended,  
Calm is written on his brow,  
Father's life was big and splendid,  
And I understand it now.*



*How many fathers  
do you suppose  
should make this confession?*

**L**ISTEN, SON: I am saying this to you as you lie asleep, one little hand crumpled under your cheek and the blond curls stickily wet on your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper in the library, a hot, stifling wave of remorse swept over me. I could not resist it. Guiltily I came to your bedside.

"These are the things I was thinking, son: I had been cross to you. I scolded you as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I took you to task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor.

"At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a little hand and called 'Good-bye, Daddy!' and I frowned and said in reply, 'Hold your shoulders back.'

"Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the hill road I spied you, down on your knees playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your boy friends by making you march ahead of me back to the house. Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! Imagine that, son, from a father! It was such stupid, silly logic.

"Do you remember, later, when I was reading in the library, how you came in, softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes?

When I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door. 'What is it you want?' I snapped.

"You said nothing, but ran across, in one tempestuous plunge, and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, again and again, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God had set blooming in your heart which even neglect could not wither. And then you were gone, pattering up the stairs.

"Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from my hands and a terrible sickening fear came over me. Suddenly, I saw myself as I really was, in all my horrible selfishness, and I felt sick at heart.

"What has habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding fault, of reprimanding—all of these were my rewards to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you; it was that I expected so much of youth. It was measuring you by the yardstick of my own years.

"And there was so much that was good and fine and true in your character. You did not deserve my treatment of you, son. The little heart of you was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. All this was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me good night. Nothing else matters tonight, son. I have come to your bedside in the darkness and I have knelt there, choking with emotion, and so ashamed!

"It is a feeble atonement. I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours; yet I must say what I am saying. I must burn sacrificial fires alone here in your bedroom, and make free confession. And I have



prayed God to strengthen me in my new resolve. Tomorrow I will be a real daddy! I will chum with you, suffer when you suffer and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. I will keep saying, as if it were a ritual: 'He is nothing but a boy—a little boy!'

"I am afraid I have visualized you as a man. Yet as I see you now, son, crumpled and weary in your cot, I see that you are still a baby. Yesterday you were in your mother's arms, your head on her shoulder. I have asked too much, too much.

"Dear boy! Dear little son! A penitent kneels at your infant shrine, here in the moonlight. I kiss the little fingers, and the damp forehead, and the yellow curls, and if it were not for waking you, I would snatch you up and crush you to my heart.

"Tears came, and heartache and remorse, and I think a greater, deeper love, when you ran through the library door and wanted to kiss me!"

At the cot of a sleeping babe all man-made ranks and inequalities are ironed out, and all mankind kneels reverently before the living image of the Creator. To understand a child, to go back and grow up sympathetically with it, to hold its love and confidence, to be accepted by it, without fear or restraint, as a companion

(Continued on page 26)

## FATHER and SON

Author Unknown



# Poetry

## PETITION

*These things I ask of You, dear God . . .  
Strength for each daily task,  
Happiness along the road,  
For these, dear God, I ask.*

*Help me to bear another's load  
And guide my steps aright,  
Help us do the things we should  
And bless us all, this night!*  
—Edna Hamilton

## LOOKING TO GOD

*He had spent a dozen years,  
Or even more, upon repairs  
Of watches, jewelry and stones—  
These were his daily cares.  
Each year he wore a stronger glass,  
In room more greatly lighted,  
For never looking from his desk  
He had become nearsighted.*

*The same is true of you and me  
Unless we take good care  
That little worldly things we see  
Do not appear too fair.  
For if we fail to lift our eyes  
To heaven, all love-lighted,  
We stand to lose our visions here  
By growing worldly-sighted.*  
—Grace Cash

## MY QUEER DAD

*Sometimes I think my dad is queer;  
I can't tell what he's thinking.  
He'll sit around, and sometimes scowl,  
And do a lot of blinking.  
And then at times he'll bawl me out  
And really spoil my fun;  
But 'fore I know it, He's my pal,  
And I'm completely won  
By just the way he grins at me,  
And really seems to know  
Exactly how a fellow feels  
When he's just stubbed a toe,  
Or when his girl has let him down  
And he's most awful sad—  
I really don't know what I'd do  
Without my queer old dad.*  
—Jonathan West

## THE GATE

*There are many gates to enter \*  
As we pass along life's way;  
We may meet them here and yonder,  
Opening for us every day.*

*Gates of chance, success, and sorrow,  
Other gates to just go through,  
But if we'll heed the calling,  
There's a gate we all come to.*

*This one opens right through Calvary  
And the blood of that dear Lamb;  
We must go this way or perish,  
Take no substitute or sham.*

*This gate is so bright and lovely,  
We can see it if we look;  
How it shines through all the ages  
And the pages of His Book!*

*Straight, this gate, and when we enter  
We will find a shining way  
That will lead through sun and shadow  
To that great perpetual day.*

*Enter, for He has commanded  
For our safety we should go  
Through this gate, and then on homeward—  
And He is this gate, we know.*

*"I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh  
unto the Father, but by me."*

—Rachel Johnson Barker







*aspiring  
artist*

# art

## jeanette c. stanley

The LIGHTED PATHWAY brings to our page this month Mrs. Jeanette Chesser Stanley of Cleveland, Tennessee. She was born December 4, 1934, in Miami, Florida. She is a student in the Liberal Arts Division of Lee College. With her church activities, scout work, and, of course, her housework, she also manages to find time for her art studies. She is now enrolled in the Famous Artists Course of Westport, Connecticut. Jeanette is the wife of the Reverend W. P. Stanley, Editor of our Sunday School literature, and the daughter of the Reverend H. L. Chesser, former General Overseer.



*Jeanette Stanley*



- Q. When transferring my sketches from tracing paper to illustration board, I find that carbon paper leaves an indelible mark which smears. How can this be rectified?—Richard Jahnston, Jacksonville, Florida.
- A. The commercial type carbon paper designed for typewriters is impractical for artists. Make your own by rubbing a 6b pencil on one side of a sheet of tracing paper. Then take a piece of cotton, dampen it with lighter fluid or rubber cement thinner, and go over the entire penciled area with it. The fluid keeps the carbon from rubbing off in undesirable places.—Art Director.



*Would you say Adam or Eve was right—  
or were they both wrong?*

"... SO YOU SEE what a problem we have, Pastor," concluded a young woman named Eve, who with her fiancé, curiously enough named Adam, were seeking pre-marital counsel. "There are so many things we need, and I'd just die, sitting around the house all day; yet Adam thinks it isn't important for me to keep my job."

"It is important, though perhaps not in the way you may think, to have a thorough understanding on this essential matter," replied the pastor. "I'm glad you came to me now, before any more time has been wasted haggling about this problem."

"You, Adam, and you, Eve, are of equal value to the world. There is only one thing that each of you can do that the other cannot. You, Eve,

"But why pick on me?" cried Eve. "Aren't fathers equally as guilty, when it comes to spending their time and thought on many social engagements?"

"Yes, Eve, unfortunately that is true," replied the pastor. "Although his role was different, the original Adam was made primarily to be a father, just as the first Eve was made to be a mother. His body and every instinct were formed for this basic purpose. How sad that fathers have wandered so far from their original function, and how sad that the same social law is no longer attached to being a bad father that is attached to being a bad mother, in the sense of example and loving care."

"But if a man wants to be a success and provide a good living for his family, he has to serve on a certain number of committees—belong to clubs," objected Adam.

"Before we talk about that, suppose we consider the potentialities that you share in common with Eve that must be applied in conformity with the laws of human life," replied the pastor. "It is well for you to understand them."

"Of course it will be inevitable that on occasions each of you will be called upon to do work that usually belongs to the other in today's scheme of things. Since you have about equal brainpower, this interchange of jobs and duties will cause you no great difficulty. In reality, there is no man's work, and no woman's work, except the long overdue process of settling down to what the Creator expected each to be primarily."

"If you will make up your minds for Eve to be primarily a mother and Adam to be a father, according to the highest tradition of the term, you have no problem."

"Why didn't God line the original Adam and Eve up in the Primeval Garden and give them this sort of pre-marriage counsel?" asked Adam. "Wouldn't it have forestalled this debate that has been going on for thou-

(Continued on page 26)

## *A Postscript to Genesis*

were made primarily to be a mother, although by and large, modern woman seems to be busy proving that she can do all kinds of things except to mother in the true sense of the word. Of course, there are shining examples to the contrary—mothers who are too busy with the loving care and sacrifice for their families to attempt to be the smartest executive in town, or the busiest clubwoman, the best-dressed, or the best party-giver. These women have little time for anything else, save their families and their church.

"And even though you may care only for the judgment of society, Eve, whether you like it or not, that judgment will be made in terms of mothering. I have no doubt that you are talented and capable, but the admiration you may be secretly craving will be lost in the condemnation for your lack of mothering if you expect to keep on working after children come."

By ANN TEGTMEIER



# Youth IN THE SPOTLIGHT



The beam of the spotlight shines down Louisiana way this month and focuses on Miss Marilyn Core of Covington. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Core, she was born July 18, 1936. Throughout her life she has felt the strength and guidance of her devoted Christian parents. Such an environment has nurtured her in the Christian graces and assisted her to become the exceptional young lady she is today.

Marilyn graduated from the Kentwood, Louisiana High School in 1955. She maintained a "B" average in her high school work which evidences her diligence and scholastic ability. While in high school she played in the band, was accompanist for the high school chorus and served as secretary of her sophomore class. She enrolled in Lee College, Junior College Division, September, 1955, and has just completed her freshman year.

Marilyn's Christian character has been exemplified in her responsibilities at Lee College. She has served as secretary-treasurer of the Student Body, of the Student Council and of the Fine Arts Club. She was elected as Student Leader and has worked on the Vindagua, Clarion, and Clarionita staff. She has also found time to be active in various sports, to be in the freshman play, to sing in the girl's choir, and to play in the college band.

Marilyn states her desires for the future. "I plan to continue my education and to prepare myself to work for the Lord wherever He leads."

Claiming spotlight honors for the young men this month is Alex Dunn, Jr., of Springfield, North Carolina. Born April 4, 1935, he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Dunn, Sr., of Gibson, North Carolina.

At the age of twelve he was converted and baptized and one month later was united with the Springfield Church of God. It was here that he felt the calling of God upon his life while serving in the youth program of the church. Alex graduated from the Gibson High School at Gibson, North Carolina in May, 1954, where he was active as Beta Club president, editor of the school paper, and was elected most popular boy in his senior year. While a junior in high school, he was a representative to the annual Boys' State Convention at the University of North Carolina.

In the fall of 1954, Alex came to Lee College where he had decided to further his education in the junior college department. While at Lee, he was elected president of the Student Body; he edited the 1956 Vindagua and also served as president of the Student Council in his senior year. Alex graduated from Lee College last month. His plans now are to continue his education this fall at the University of North Carolina where he will major in the field of journalism.

Alex says: "It is my greatest aspiration to serve Christ in any capacity that I can and live so that men may not see me, but Christ living in me."

## Lighted Pathway Distribution

The following statistics give the LIGHTED PATHWAY distribution by states for March, 1956, and the proposed contest goal. Another report will be given at the conclusion of the contest.

State	March L. P. Circulation	Contest Goal
<b>GROUP AA</b>		
Alabama	1,925	5,984
Florida	3,655	5,670
Georgia	3,017	7,367
North Carolina	5,262	7,283
South Carolina	4,795	6,378
Tennessee	2,353	7,122
West Virginia	2,693	4,211
<b>GROUP A</b>		
Kentucky	1,290	2,737
Mississippi	1,234	2,439
Ohio	2,390	2,955
Texas	1,630	2,413
Virginia	1,609	2,614
<b>GROUP B</b>		
Arkansas	660	1,003
California	1,504	1,645
Illinois	1,060	1,393
Michigan	1,224	1,455
Pennsylvania	1,200	1,250
<b>GROUP C</b>		
Arizona	368	526
Indiana	610	969

Louisiana	602	969
Maryland	582	957
Missouri	870	974
Oklahoma	595	780
<b>GROUP D</b>		
Kansas	186	293
New Mexico	219	282
Western Canada	139	263
<b>GROUP E</b>		
Colorado	131	108
Delaware	144	130
Iowa	161	197
Maine	205	166
Montana	117	118
North Dakota	119	221
Oregon	170	103
South Dakota	81	189
Washington	293	230
Wisconsin	56	166
<b>GROUP F</b>		
District of Columbia	33	70
Idaho	63	92
Nebraska	87	98
New Jersey	310	87
New York	118	83
<b>GROUP G</b>		
Central Canada	83	34
Connecticut	2	11
Massachusetts	7	16
Minnesota	59	40
Nevada	15	10
Utah	0	5
Wyoming	6	2
Foreign	235	



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(Continued from page 13)  
ought to take the Bible as our guide  
in all such things, and if we do, we'll  
not have much trouble sorting the  
good from the evil. Now that we're  
thinking about it, I can see a reason  
for thinking true, honest, just  
thoughts, and the others you men-  
tioned, can't you? *Truth*, for example,  
is Jesus Himself; He is described as  
'the way, the truth, and the life.' I  
think that's in John 14. So when we  
speak or think of *true* things, we are  
pleasing Jesus."

**ANN NODDED.** "Mother  
said one day that if our attic were  
filled with useful things instead of  
trash, it would not be so difficult to  
walk through it. I guess that's true  
of the mind also. If we try deliberately  
to think of the true, just, honest,  
lovely things, it would make it less  
easy to think of unworthy things. At  
least we could not do both at once."  
"That's right, Ann. And if, as you've  
said, our thought habits determined  
our habits of speech and action—it's  
easy to see the value of being care-  
ful to think right thoughts. Isn't there  
something in that passage in Phi-  
lippians 4 which speaks about gossip?"  
"I suppose you mean the 'good re-  
port' part. We are told to think about  
things of 'good report.' That should  
prevent idle gossip. I also recall a  
verse in Colossians 3, which tells us  
to 'set our affection on things above,  
and not on things on the earth.' We  
can't do that if we think 'trashy'  
thoughts, Paul."

Right you are, my girl! Well, I'm  
glad we had this chat. You're a really  
helpful little preacher. Now if we can  
put some of the things we've learned  
into action—"

Ann leaped to her feet. "I'll say!  
And my room's probably just as un-  
tidy and junky as ever. S'long, Paul.  
See you later. Take care of Gramp,  
now."

"Gramp," grinned Paul, "is old  
enough to take care of himself. It's  
my precious magazines and stuff that  
I'll have to look out for!"  
(All rights reserved)

## SELF-EXCEPTION

(Continued from page 3)

on Hebrews 13, and particularly that  
word, 'Be content with such things  
as ye have.' Immediately after this,  
dissatisfaction seized me, for which  
my heart abhors my heart: wherefore,  
being convinced of my danger, I re-  
solved in the Lord's strength, from  
henceforth to make my sermons the  
subject of my Sabbath-night's medita-  
tion and so to improve them for my-  
self."

May we hurriedly realize that the  
illusion which has caused us to im-  
agine that we were "not as other  
men" is a mirage designed to cause  
us to be critical of others, careless  
in our daily life, and calloused to  
the facts of death and judgment. We  
are all certainly subject to laws and  
conditions which are pretty much uni-  
versal. Our one sufficient help rests  
upon our faith in Jesus Christ.

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## THOSE WHO BELIEVE

(Continued from page 7)

won't let me sing, I'm not a Christian'; but I found out that they would let me. I knew many of the songs, for my folks had taken me to church from early childhood until I was old enough to remove myself out of their control. Then, too, I sang in our high school choir, and it was there that I had developed a love for choir work.

"The next night I was seated in the choir and for three more nights without missing, I practiced, sang, and enjoyed myself in those surroundings. Each time the invitation was given there was a turmoil in my breast, but I was victor over the prayers of my wife and of Christians who were praying for me. The fifth night's message was directed to the Christians primarily, but an invitation was given and there were those who responded. I, too, would have responded but for the first and only time, Mr. Graham did not turn around and direct part of his invitation to the choir. I was somewhat disappointed because now that my mind was made up to confess my need of a Saviour—this need I had been aware of for years—I wanted to go forward as the audience was then doing.

"I did resolve to sit in the choir the next night and, when the invitation was given, to take my place with the many who were opening their hearts that Christ might cleanse those innermost parts of their lives.

"As I drove home with the firm purpose of returning the next evening, I recall thinking that I must surely drive carefully, for I did not want to be taken out of this world not having yet received salvation. My heart was lighter and I was anxious to return to complete the transaction with the Lord Jesus Christ.

"I said nothing to my wife that night; she had stayed home with the children, but she noticed a change in me. The next evening I returned to the meeting and when the invitation was given to the choir, I was one of the several that responded out of that group. My thought now as then is, 'Why did I wait so long?' I do not remember a single message that was preached, but I do know that my life has been changed (II Corinthians 5:17). Now I am attending a Bible School with the view of full-time Christian service as my Lord leads."

### BELIEVER IN SHREVEPORT

Jackie MacGregor

**JACKIE MACGREGOR** was a Marine—feminine variety. As a member of the Marine Corps Reserve, she was entitled to ride on an army plane, if there were no priorities. One day, when plane-hiking, she had a narrow escape in an accident. Then on the next plane on the take-off, she saw flames. Frantic, she tried to contact the pilot over the intercom and couldn't make him hear her. Before she found she was pushing the button the wrong way she had promised God that if He spared

her life, she would find out something about Him. The pilot explained that the flames she saw were from the exhaust, but she didn't forget her promise.

The first time she heard of some revival meetings, she went. These were not Graham meetings, but the evangelist was young and good-looking. Jackie MacGregor simply couldn't figure why he wanted to waste his life preaching! Anyway, true to her promise to God, she went forward and received His Son as her Saviour.

This evangelist, however, had nothing to suggest in the line of follow-up to Jackie except that she read her Bible—excellent, as far as it went. She needed to do more than read her Bible. She needed guided study. But she read and read, and two months later, she heard that Graham was coming to Shreveport, Louisiana.

She was a Christian now, wasn't she? Then she should go to the meetings to support them. When there was a request for help in the office, she volunteered. She was given a job sorting inquiry cards. But more, her hungry heart responded to the instruction that was being given the converts. Her heart grew warm within her.

The name of Jackie MacGregor is not listed anyplace as one who responded to a Graham invitation. Yet the Graham meetings helped her in her spiritual life as much as the meetings help those who sign inquirer's cards. From Shreveport she joined the staff of the Navigators and has been with them ever since.

## A TEEN-AGER DREAMS

(Continued from page 8)

in which native women might be trained.

Indian women up to this time had only the duties of bringing children into the world (preferably males) and rearing them, and household duties. At first the authorities were bitter toward her for even asking permission to train their women in this line of work, but in 1918, Ida Scudder saw this dream realized when seventeen women enrolled for training.

Pentland Hall was rented for the first site of this school, and the first lecture was given there. Today there is a college made up of wards, dispensaries, administration buildings, lecture rooms, a chapel, dormitories, laboratories, a building for the use of radium, and deep X-ray therapy, with a training school for nurses.

Ida Scudder lived in India for forty years, a loved and respected woman, though she had been brazen enough to accomplish what Indian women had been scorned and disinherited for trying to do.

One might wonder if the teen-age dream of a life of ease in America ever came back to her as she went about the various buildings and grounds of the college she had founded. Those who knew her best would tell you an emphatic "NO!" for happiness radiated from this woman who gave her all to help those who were less fortunate, *the suffering and dying women of India.*

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## COMMENCEMENT By Margie M. Mixon

### Leader's Remarks:

June ushers in a day that many students eagerly anticipate—that of commencement. Most graduates face their commencement day with mixed emotions. A definite ray of delight is beclouded by the graveness the occasion also brings. Even though school days present their share of difficulties, they, nevertheless, are happy days. Many graduates attest in later life that their school days were by far the happiest days they lived. Graduation is in one sense the end, and in another the beginning.

### First Speaker:

#### THE END

Graduation marks the end of a school career. To some it is the end of all school days; to others it is graduation from one division of school life with still another before them. Let us consider here the graduate who completes his schooling, and bids farewell to his Alma Mater. This applies usually to college graduates.

The graduate should consider himself a fortunate person to have had the opportunity of developing his capability under the guidance of competent instructors. Many denied this privilege would welcome such an opportunity.

### Second Speaker:

#### THE BEGINNING

Stepping from the platform with diploma in hand, the graduate faces the beginning—the beginning of his role in a world that needs his best effort for its improvement.

Mankind expects something from the graduate—especially the college graduate. Graduates, be determined not to betray these expectations. You are now ready to serve God and man much better qualified than when you entered school.

Make the motto of your life "Rowing, not drifting." Anyone can drift aimlessly through each day, but to serve diligently will require some rowing.

Jesus' acclamation to His disciples in Matthew 9:37, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few," applies just as much today as ever before. Workers are needed desperately in many capacities, some full time and some part time. It will not be difficult for you to find a needy

place to serve if you are willing to do your share of rowing.

### Third Speaker:

#### THE VOICE OF GOD IS CALLING

*The voice of God is calling  
Its summons unto men;  
As once He spake in Zion,  
So now He speaks again,  
Whom shall I send to succor  
My people in their need?  
Whom shall I send to loosen  
The bonds of shame and greed?*

*I hear my people crying  
In cot and mine and slum;  
No field or mart is silent,  
No city street is dumb.  
I see my people falling  
In darkness and despair.  
Whom shall I send to shatter  
The fetters which they bear?*

*We heed, O Lord, Thy summons,  
And answer: Here are we!  
Send us upon Thine errand,  
Let us Thy servants be.  
Our strength is dust and ashes  
Our years a passing hour:  
But Thou canst use our weakness  
To magnify Thy power.*

*From ease and plenty save us;  
From pride of place absolve;  
Purge us of low desire;  
Lift us to high resolve;  
Take us, and make us holy;  
Teach us Thy will and way.  
Speak, and behold! we answer;  
Command, and we obey!*  
—John Haynes Holmes

#### HISTORY OF FATHER'S DAY

By Ruth K. Johnson

##### Introduction

Father's Day was brought about a period of years after Mother's Day, when a daughter realized, after she was grown, what a great sacrifice her father had made years before. Her mother died when she and two other children were quite small. Her father began at once to be father and mother to them. He cared for them so well that they did not feel the loneliness of not having a mother. He spent every moment of his spare time with them and gave them all the love and teachings of the better things in life he possibly could. This daughter suggested that a day be set aside to pay tribute to fathers, for surely they were

very deserving after days, nights, and years spent in facing the cold wintry blast, the extreme heat, and the cruel world to make life just a little more comfortable for their families. Father's Day was soon brought about and now we have a day set aside to give him a little special love and devotion.

#### OUR HEAVELY FATHER

Hebrews 12:9, "Furthermore We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live?"

Daily reverence and love should be given to our heavenly Father who gave His only Son that we might have life eternal. He still loves us even when we are so indifferent. The young people of today cannot only be guided by the advice and care of our earthly father, but also by our heavenly Father. He has given us His Word to live by, which instructs us in every problem we face. No matter what the problem may be, there is an answer for it in His Word, placed there especially for us. When we have need and we place our confidence and faith in Him, we can rest assured our decision will be the right one.

#### EARTHLY FATHER

Ephesians 6:2, "Honor thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise."

"Dad" occupies a strategic place in the home. He daily rubs shoulders with the people of the "outside world." He forms the link between the inner sanctum of the home and the milling throng in public life. He is in a position to see life in its every aspect and make judgments. Dad's judgment should always be sought by the son and daughter, and respected. After all, they have not been here all their lives for nothing and many of our problems that we face daily are not new to them, for they, in all probability, had the same problems in their young lives. The trial and error method of stumbling through life is wasteful of time, and dangerous. Dad may be old-fashioned, but the basic principles of life don't change much, and many times we can be steered from a fall if we ask his advice. Our fathers know our temperament, our ability, our aptitudes and ideas. They are in a better position to assist us in setting the goal posts for life than we realize.

#### A CHRISTIAN FATHER

Fortunate are we who have Christian fathers who have brought us to church, given us instruction on how to conduct ourselves in church, maintained a family altar in the home, taught us to pray, and lived uprightly before us. In a Christian father we can place our faith and confidence, for we know he will guide us by the instructions from his heavenly Father. Our fathers have a heavy obligation and are faced daily with many problems of this life. They cannot always be the tender and affectionate persons our mothers are, but they have a heart full of love and devotion for their children.

Many sons today think their fathers are ideal and, whether a Christian or



not, they think what they do is the proper thing and will try in every way possible to follow in their footsteps. Once a father left his home on a cold wintry night to go down to the village tavern. His little boy watched him go and was determined to follow him just as soon as he could without his father seeing him, for he knew he would make him come back home. His father had not gone far when he heard his little son puffing up behind him. Surprised at the little fellow's ability to follow him in such a deep snow, he asked, "How did you get here?" The little boy looked up into his father's face and smiled, "Dad, I just followed in your footsteps!" Surprised and stunned at the significance of those words, the father, remembering where those footsteps were leading, picked the little boy up in his arms and returned home with him.

Our fathers have such a responsibility, and daily need the love and respect of their children, as well as the guidance of our heavenly Father who cares and understands.

*There followeth after me today  
A youth whose feet must pass this way.*

*This chasm which has been as naught  
to me  
To that fair-haired youth may a pit-  
fall be.*

*He, too, must cross in the twilight dim.  
Good friend, I am building the bridge  
for him.*

—Will Allen Dromgoole

## GOD GIVES THE INCREASE

By Mrs. George W. Ayers

This subject is one of the greatest that pertains to God's work; Christian workers should give much thought to it. "Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man? I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase. Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one; and every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour. For we are labourers together with God. (read on through the verse 15 if you wish.) Paul, one of the greatest of all ministers, wrote this. He spoke of himself and another man who were trying to win souls to God. Paul minimized the work that they did and gave God the glory for what was accomplished. In our program tonight, let's study to see how we as Christian workers can do likewise.

**First Speaker:**

### WHAT SHALL THEY SOW?

Every minister and Christian worker should try to realize that the potency or strength of God's Word is above anything that our poor, finite minds can comprehend. Hebrews 4:12 tells us, "The word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any twoedged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." God says in Isaiah 55:10, 11, "For as the rain cometh

down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

We as Christian workers should quote or read the *Scripture* and use it, rather than giving merely our personal opinions. Sow HIS WORD and remember God's promise that it shall not return void. Remember its powerfulness. Let us sow HIS WORD and expect Him to give the increase.

I heard a story of a colored man who was preaching on this subject. He said, "De Lawd calls a man to carry the message; He give him the message to carry. It's jes' like the Western Union telegram boy. He brings the message, he gives you the message; he don't wait to see if it's bad news and if'n you is gwine to cry about it, nor he don't wait to see if it's good news and you is gwine to laugh and be happy; he just gives you the message and goes on." We are the messengers. We don't have to be preachers either, just vessels willing to carry the message. The messenger doesn't count; just the message is the important part.

### THE TORCH

The God of the Great Endeavor gave me a torch to bear;  
I lifted it high above me in the dark and murky air,  
And straightway, with loud hosannas, the crowd acclaimed its light  
And followed me as I carried the torch through the starless night,  
Till mad with the people's praises and drunken with vanity,  
I forgot 'twas THE TORCH that drew them, and fancied they followed me.

But slowly my arm grew weary up-  
holding the shining load,  
And my tired feet went stumbling over the rocky road,  
And I fell with the torch beneath me; in a moment the flame was out!  
Then lo! from the throng a stripling sprung forth with a mighty shout.  
Caught up the torch as it smoldered and lifted it high again,  
Till, fanned by the winds of heaven, it fired the souls of men!

And as I lay in the darkness, the feet of the tramping crowd  
Passed over and far beyond me, its people proclaiming aloud,  
While I learned, in the deepening shadows, this glorious verity,  
"Tis THE TORCH the people follow, whoever the bearer be."

—Author Unknown

**Suggested Song:** "The Great Reaping Day," page 89 in Church Hymnal.

**Second Speaker:**

### THE IMPORTANCE OF WATERING

Water is a very important part of every living thing; plants and animals cannot live without it. It contains several minerals, but no calories. Its

main purpose is to flush impurities from our bodies. When one fails to drink water, his body dries or dehydrates, and the same is true of plants. When one sets out a new little plant in the ground, he usually prepares the soil, makes a hole, puts the small plant's roots down, puts water around them, then covers the roots and part of the stem with dry soil.

Jesus, in talking to the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well, as recorded in John 4, said, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." He also said to her, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Jesus knew the importance of water to every living thing, and He compared it to salvation.

**Suggested Songs:** "Jesus Gave Me Water, Not Water From a Well"; "The Gospel Is the Power," page 17 in Choruses of Calvary.

**Third Speaker:**

### WE ARE ALL REWARDED FOR EVERY EFFORT

In John 4:35-38, Jesus said, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together. And herein is that saying true, One soweth, and another reapeth. I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labour: other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours." God always rewards us for every effort we put forth for His cause; everything that we do to help in His work is noticed by Him.

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## THE WORD OF GOD

(Continued from page 15)

but they had heard the voice of God proclaiming Jesus Christ as the Son of God; yet we have a more sure word of prophecy.

The question might arise, how could there be a more sure word than a firsthand report? If three persons witnessed the same automobile accident and were to give an account of it, you would hear three versions of what happened. Eyewitness accounts vary. They are open to different interests, prejudices, and opinions. How do we know that the Scriptures were not subject to the same conditions? Peter answers, "Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," II Peter 1:20, 21. This prophecy came to pass in the revelation of Jesus Christ. No truth is more established than words of an anointed man of God that have been accomplished through the working of the Spirit.

The gospel of Jesus Christ came not by the will of man. Neither is it given by private interpretation. The words of the Scriptures were written by men who knew Christ in the flesh, in the age in which He lived, and who were moved upon by the Holy Ghost to record the precious truth for all mankind. The canon of the Scriptures was established according to the written works that have lived. The Scriptures have lived to meet the spiritual and moral needs of the world. They have stood the test of time and the test of criticism. They have withstood the efforts of Satan and the forces of evil to destroy the truth. They stand today as the living Word of God. It is this living Word that will be the source of judgment when mankind stands before Christ in the last day. When judgment of my soul is involved, I want an authority that came from God and has stood the test of time.

## FATHER AND SON

(Continued from page 17)

and playmate, is just about the greatest good fortune that can come to any man or woman in this world—and, perhaps in any other world, for all we know.

And I am passing this "confession" along to the fathers and mothers who may be privileged to read it, and for the benefit of all the "little fellers"

—the growing, earth-blessing little "Jimmies," and "Billys," and "Marys" and "Janes" of this very good world or ours.—QUESTS AND CONQUESTS.

## A POSTSCRIPT TO GENESIS

(Continued from page 20)

sands of years over the equality of the sexes?"

"Hummm . . . sort of a postscript to Genesis?" smiled the pastor. "Well . . . perhaps He did talk to them just as explicitly. I have a feeling there was quite a bit of talking going on back there in those first days. No, I believe it was after man got away from God that all of this scientific and pseudo-scientific research and debate began about woman's place being in the home, and the senseless striving by mothers for power and prestige, when if they only realized it, they have more power at home than they will ever gain in the business world."

"I . . . I think our problem is solved," said Eve with stars in her eyes. "Shall we talk about the ceremony now?"

"Whatever Adam wants to do," replied the pastor.

"Yes, I'm ready, too," replied Adam. "I've been resenting the fact that Eve is my equal in brainpower, but I was thinking only on the academic level. Now I'm sure we are ready to enter into the operational stage of equality. We'll do our best to be a father and mother, according to the highest tradition of those terms."

"Then I know you have nothing to fear," said the pastor. "Would you prefer three or five bridesmaids?"

A great proportion of the wretchedness which has embittered married life, has originated in a negligence of trifles. Connubial happiness is a thing of too fine a texture to be handled roughly. It is a sensitive plant, which will not bear even the touch of unkindness; a delicate flower, which indifference will chill and suspicion blast. It must be watered by the showers of tender affection, expanded by the cheering glow of kindness, and guarded by the impregnable barrier of unshaken confidence. Thus matured, it will bloom with fragrance in every season of life, and sweeten even the loneliness of declining years.—Sprat.

Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with the design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have, in that action, bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections to the end of their lives.—Addison.

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The LIGHTED PATHWAY



# The Purpose of Teachers' and Officers' Meetings

RAY H. HUGHES, National Sunday School and Youth Director

THE QUESTION IS OFTEN asked, "What can we do in our teachers' meetings?" or "What is the real purpose of the meetings?" A better understanding of the purpose of teachers' and officers' meetings will help us in our preparation for them.

A weekly meeting with officers and teachers offers an unparalleled opportunity for co-operative planning and counsel. Some have thought that this time should be used for teaching the Sunday School lesson to the teachers; however, the time can be spent more profitably. There are times when controversial, doctrinal points or difficult passages of Scripture in the current lesson would merit a short discussion or explanation, but for the most part the teacher should study his lesson at home.

## THE PURPOSE

1. To make announcements to teachers and officers that apply only to them. Much time is consumed in regular Sunday School sessions with announcements that apply only to the staff.
2. Difficulties can be dealt with in an environment of mutual counsel.

3. The activities of the school can be correlated and the program better integrated.
4. Ideas and materials can be exchanged.
5. Reports of successful class projects can be inspirational and informative to other teachers and officers.
6. Programs and plans for special days can be worked out and understood better.
7. Welds the staff together in fellowship.

In addition to the weekly meetings, one evening each month can be spent very profitably in a workers' conference of all Sunday School teachers and officers. With the guidance of the Sunday School Board, a twelve-months' program for workers' conferences could be prepared to cover the years' program for the Sunday School.

Let it not be said that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light because the world has learned the value of special meetings with the personnel of firms to make their work more effective. For effective, co-operative work in your Sunday School have regular teachers' and officers' meetings.

## LEADERS IN ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for March, 1956  
SUNDAY SCHOOL

Group AA	
Tennessee	19,827
North Carolina	19,683
Georgia	17,086
Florida	15,889
South Carolina	15,296

Group A	
Ohio	9,253
Kentucky	7,915
Virginia	6,717
Texas	5,534
Mississippi	4,892

Group B	
California	5,725
Michigan	5,374
Illinois	3,904
Missouri	3,346
Pennsylvania	3,016

Group C	
Oklahoma	2,919
Indiana	2,799
Maryland	2,797
Louisiana	2,139
Arizona	1,466

Group D	
Kansas	941
New Mexico	752
Western Canada	610

Group E	
Washington	785
Montana	501
Oregon	477
North Dakota	437
Delaware	429

Group F	
Idaho	303
New Jersey	249
Nebraska	212
New York	185

Group G	
Central Canada	257
Alaska	110
Minnesota	53

Y.P.E.	
Group AA	
North Carolina	9,731
Georgia	9,513
Alabama	7,898
Tennessee	7,538
Florida	7,219

Group A	
Ohio	5,076
Kentucky	4,281
Virginia	3,589
Texas	3,312
Mississippi	2,902

Group B	
California	3,106
Illinois	2,121
Michigan	2,100
Missouri	1,848
Arkansas	1,724

Group C	
Oklahoma	1,702
Indiana	1,670
Maryland	1,291
Louisiana	1,019
Arizona	630

Group D	
Kansas	427
New Mexico	441
Western Canada	229

Group E	
Washington	330
Delaware	207
Maine	196
Iowa	190
Colorado	170

Group F	
Nebraska	205
New York	149
Idaho	116
New Jersey	99

Group G	
Central Canada	119
Minnesota	30
Alaska	22

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for March	
Greenville (Tremont Avenue), S. C.	921
Detroit (Tabernacle), Michigan	524
Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	517
Kannapolis, North Carolina	516
Cincinnati (12th and Elm), Ohio	432
North Cleveland, Tennessee	430
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	426
Pulaski, Virginia	415
West Flint, Michigan	411
St. Louis (Grand Avenue), Missouri	400

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN Y.P.E. ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for March	
Nicholls, Georgia	294
Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	244
Detroit (Tabernacle), Michigan	225
Lebanon, Pennsylvania	219
North Greenville, South Carolina	215
Cincinnati (12th and Elm), Ohio	211
Pulaski, Virginia	210
Orangeburg, South Carolina	201
Jacksonville, Florida	200
Whitwell, Tennessee	194

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPTS. ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for March	
Mullens, West Virginia	1,634
Louisville (Faith Temple), Kentucky	1,522
Greenville (Tremont Avenue), S. C.	634
Cincinnati (12th and Elm), Ohio	585
Abingdon, Virginia	400
East Nashville, Tennessee	348
Lumberton, North Carolina	335
Birmingham (Pike Avenue), Alabama	249
Eldorado, Illinois	188
Port Huron, Michigan	166

## TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

West Virginia	50
South Carolina	40
Ohio	31
Florida	29
Georgia	27
Tennessee	24
Virginia	23
Alabama	18
Illinois	18
Missouri	18
Texas	13
Kentucky	12
North Carolina	12
Pennsylvania	12

## YOUTH STATISTICS THIS MONTH

Saved	3,471
Sanctified	1,613
Filled with Holy Ghost	1,171
Added to the Church of God	1,097
Since June 30, 1955	
Saved	26,886
Sanctified	11,915
Filled with Holy Ghost	9,055
Added to the Church of God	7,931

Branch Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1955	78
Branch Sunday Schools reported as of March 31, 1955	374
New Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1955	86
Total Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1955 (Branch and New)	164
New Y.P.E.'s organized since June 30, 1955	107



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Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

just comp

## Article

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation, to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the Assistance of Counsel for his defence.

## Article VII

When the value in con  
mon law, where dollars, the right  
and the fact that  
in the Court

EQUAL JUSTICE UNDER LAW

July, 1956





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## America First

By G. ASHTON OLDHAM

America first, not only in things material,  
But in things of the spirit.  
Not merely in science, invention, motors, skyscrapers,  
But also in ideals, principles, character.  
Not merely in the calm assertion of rights,  
But in the glad assumption of duties.

Not flouting her strength as a giant,  
But bending in helpfulness over a sick and wounded  
world like a Good Samaritan.  
Not in splendid isolation,  
But in courageous cooperation.

Not in pride, arrogance, and disdain of other races and  
peoples,  
But in sympathy, love, and understanding.  
Not in treading again the old, worn, bloody pathway  
which ends inevitably in chaos and disaster,  
But blazing a new trail along which, please God, other  
nations will follow into the new Jerusalem where wars  
shall be no more.

Some day, some nation must take that path—unless we  
are to lapse into utter barbarism—and that honor I  
covet for my beloved America.  
And so in that spirit and with these hopes, I say with all  
my heart and soul, "America First."

# The LIGHTED Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

LEWIS J. WILLIS, Editor

CHARLES W. CONN  
Editor-in-Chief  
Church of God Publications

ALDA B. HARRISON  
Editor Emeritus  
The LIGHTED PATHWAY

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## "Thy Word Is a Light Unto My Path"

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## Lee College Expands!

By R. L. PLATT, HEAD OF LIBERAL ARTS DIVISION

**NOTE:** Because of the tremendous significance of the following article, I am pleased to extend the courtesy of the editorial page to Lee College for this momentous announcement. Immediately following the article is the "Aim and Purpose" of Lee College. I sincerely hope that many young persons, after reading this page, will be inspired to enroll in Lee College for the winter term.

For years the young people of the Church of God have been reaching upward toward better preparation for various fields of service to the Church and to society in general. The Church of God has recognized the value of such reaching and has rallied again and again to meet the educational demands of its youth in this rapidly changing society. The setting up of a Bible Training School in 1918 and the additions of the high school, the liberal arts junior college, and the four-year Bible college are examples of the Church's readiness to meet these educational demands.

In its past few years of rapid growth and expansion, the Church, in turn, has called and is still calling upon its youth to perform bigger and broader tasks; such as, the effective handling of local church business matters, the establishment of businesses which speak well for the Church, and the training of native workers in mission schools all over the world.

These larger responsibilities call for training which our young people have had to find elsewhere. While trying to find this training elsewhere, many of our young people faced secularistic philosophies and influences which were not easy to combat. Again the Church is recognizing the need and is taking the first steps toward satisfying it.

In September, 1956, Lee College will launch upon a program for which our junior college students have been asking over and over since the establishment of the junior college—the extension of our liberal arts program to include four years of work and to offer the B.A. degree in liberal arts. Most four-year colleges offer, basically, two different programs — a degree in liberal arts (for those who go into fields other than teaching) and a degree in education (for those who plan to teach). The liberal arts degree is our immediate goal.

Trying to stay within our financial and professional bounds, the leaders of the school do not feel that we can take too large a step at the beginning. We do plan, however, to make our first steps academically sound with a strong emphasis upon a basic understanding of Bible teachings and the doctrines of the Church of God.

Our program, therefore, will of necessity be limited. Our first offering will be majors in English or social studies (history, sociology, economics, political science, and so forth). Also, we look hopefully toward a major in business administration. Students who major in either of the above listed fields may minor in any of the others named. For instance, if a student majors in English, he may minor in social studies or business administration. Other minors offered will be foreign language and Bible subjects. (This minor in Bible for liberal arts students is made possible by the already established four-year Bible college.)

One distinctive feature of our program will be the requirement that every liberal arts graduate have a minor in Bible subjects. This is done to insure the fulfillment of one of the primary objectives already mentioned—a basic understanding of Bible teachings and the doctrines of the Church of God.

This is a new adventure. The task will not be easy. The Board of Directors has labored long with it; the administration and faculty are laboring diligently now. Our labor will be in vain, however, unless God directs every move. The Church as a whole has always responded with its prayers when it recognized a need. Lee College solicits the prayers of the Church of God people to help us make your school and our school a really forceful center of spiritual and intellectual training for Church of God youth.

### AIM AND PURPOSE

IT IS THE AIM OF Lee College to combine the forces of education and religion in promoting the Church and the kingdom of God in the earth. The institution's purpose is to develop the highest in Christian character and to cultivate a love for the richer, finer things of life. It seeks to develop in its students a knowledge of and love for the Bible, literature, and the arts and sciences, that this knowledge may be used for the progress of man and the promotion of God's kingdom.

"Lee College believes in putting first things first." It was originally founded as a Bible School for the express purpose of promoting spiritual ideals and for the training of ministers and Christian workers. It believes that the world is ill from the effects of sin and that a means of recovery is to be found only through the preaching of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ and through a personal Christian work. This task is to be accomplished through God-called, consecrated men and women. It believes that these ministers and Christian workers should be thoroughly trained and educated for this great work of dealing with the souls of men, and to this aim the institution is dedicated.

It is the aim of Lee College to help young men and women to prepare for their chosen vocations in life. It aims to prepare its students for social and personal adequacy and a sense of economic self-sufficiency and to give them intellectual and spiritual insight into the problems of human relations. It believes that men and women who are trained for their vocation or profession make a great contribution to both Christianity and society. To this aim Lee College is dedicated.



*Suddenly he slammed his brake tight. The wind, sweeping th*

by L. L. WIGHTMAN

A youth camp,  
a forest fire, and  
two souls in conflict  
create drama  
and suspense.

# FIREBRANDS

DALE EVANS LOOKED toward the lake where the brisk wind kicked the wavelets into white caps. Beyond the lake massive thunderheads towered into the sky, their white peaks fading into a background of black and steel gray. Lightning capered in vivid forks, the jagged streaks cheered on in their fantastic display by the booming applause of rolling thunder. The elements promised to break the drought in a real celebration.

"Get the canoes into the boathouse," Dale snapped forth his orders. "Close the windows in the mess hall. Carry all chairs inside."

He kept his eyes on the weather while directing activities, hoping to be prepared for any eventuality. The storm might materialize, or it might be only a threat. He was still issuing orders when Henry Mason drove in with the camp truck. The director of the camp leaped to the ground and motioned one of the boys to put the truck in the garage.

"I saw the storm gathering and turned back," he explained his unexpected appearance. "I note you have everything under control. Are all the boys in camp?"

Dale scowled, indicating there might be an exception to having everything under control. All the storm was not on the outside.

"All here except Matt Towles. He took a canoe and went across the lake. Said he intended to explore the woods."

"Across the lake!" The director shook his head. "I hope he doesn't try to return in those choppy waves."

"He will if he feels like it," Dale declared bitterly. "He does just about as he pleases. I told him he couldn't leave camp without my permission, but he went just the same. He said you told him he could go after his work was done. If he won't obey rules, it might be well to send him home."

The director stood in thought for a moment, then asked, "Dale, would you present that motion to the rest of the boys?"

Dale shrugged, hesitated, then said, "I'm not ready to accept the responsibility of sending him home from camp." Though he was a problem in some respects, Dale admitted that Matt had likable qualities and could entertain the camp with his banjo and mountain songs. He also did his share of the work without protest. However, when those dark eyes flashed in rebellion—well, discipline must be maintained.

Matt interrupted further conversation by dashing full speed from the woods. He changed the direction of his course as the camp director called to him.

"Where is your canoe?" Henry Mason asked.

"I hid it in the woods," Matt replied. "The lake is too rough for me with a canoe."

The director nodded. "Good judgment. I understand you left camp after Dale refused you permission to go."

Matt nodded, giving Dale a look of resentment. "But I had your permission to go after completing my work."

"My fault is not informing Dale," Henry Mason acknowledged. "You are aware, however, that Dale is in charge when I am absent, and he must be obeyed. After this I shall expect you to obey him."

"Yes, sir. But why wouldn't he let me go? I asked his reason and he refused to give me a reason. I think he wished to show his authority."

Dale felt a wave of anger sweep over him. "Listen to me, you—"

"Stop!" The director turned to Matt. "Matt, he did not have to state his reason. It is his place to command, and your place to obey. Now we shall consider the matter closed."

Matt nodded respectfully and withdrew. Dale followed Henry Mason into the office, where the camp director asked a personal question. "Why did you refuse Matt permission to leave camp?"

DALE FOUND himself in sudden turmoil, a crimson glow overspreading his face. When he failed to make instant reply, another question came at him.

"Could it be you decided to discipline him because he annoyed you? Was Matt right about your wishing to show your authority?"

"Call it that if you wish," Dale defended his action. "The time has come to put Matt in his proper place."

"What success did you have?" Dale shrugged. "None. Just made an enemy, judging from his dislike of me."

The director shook his head. "I wouldn't go that far. Dale, I'm acting in an impartial manner. I told Matt my assistant director must be obeyed, and I will stand back of that. On the other hand, I wish you to act with all the wisdom necessary. Personalities must be barred when one acts in an official capacity."

He turned to his desk and chose some papers. "Here is information about Matt, much of which you should know. He comes from a mountain district where the outlook on life is limited. His life consisted of hard work and little freedom until one of our home missionaries discovered him. Through this contact Matt gained a new vision of life. On this man's recommendation Matt joined my camp this year. I'm telling you this so you will know what the reaction will be if he is dismissed from camp."

Dale reversed his attitude as his sympathy gained precedence. "That makes the matter look different."

The LIGHTED PATHWAY





"Much different. At home his aggressive manner gave him dominance over the other children of the family and also the neighbor children. Learning to submit to authority, especially from those near his own age, is difficult for him, but I consider he is doing very well. This incident today must be ironed out in the right way."

Dale nodded in agreement. "I'll apologize to him. I wish him to feel that coming to our camp has been profitable. His memories should be pleasant ones."

"Our efforts should be for one thing predominantly. With a few exceptions, all our boys are Christians. The others must see Christianity in action in the lives of those who profess to be Christians. We wish to lead them our way in—"

THE RINGING of the telephone interrupted the conversation. Henry Mason answered it, receiving startling information. The threatening storm produced no rain, but did bring an electrical storm and high winds. Lightning had started three fires in adjacent woods. These fires were spreading over a wide area, and evacuation of the boys from camp was advised, at least until the fires were brought under control.

The director made known his plans

to Dale. "I shall take the boys to safety, and then return here. I will leave you here in charge until I return. If the fire becomes dangerous, use your best judgment. I should be back in an hour or so."

Hastily packed in two camp trucks, the boys drove toward safety. An hour passed with Dale anxiously watching for any developments that might endanger the camp. Supposing himself to be alone, he was startled by the sudden appearance of Matt Towles.

"How do you happen to be here?" Dale demanded.

"I went after the hidden canoe before the fire destroyed it. I brought it back. I guess Mr. Mason thought I was in the first truck."

Dale thought of some things he wanted to say, but checked himself before uttering heated remarks. The telephone rang, and he answered it. Someone inquired for Henry Mason.

"He isn't here," Dale replied. "He left camp with the boys because of possible danger from the fires."

"He started back for camp some time ago," the caller informed Dale. "He is somewhere between here and the camp. He can't get back this way, for the fire has closed the road. If he doesn't reach you very soon, you better do some checking."

Dale turned to Matt with this in-

formation. "Do you think we should take instant action?"

"The runabout is here," Matt said. "Why not use it?"

Dale nodded. "I think the director is all right, but it won't do any harm to drive down the road to make sure. These pine woods burn furiously."

One mile from camp the young men encountered the first fire. Dale drove through the dense cloud of smoke which partially obstructed his view. Farther on he encountered another smoke screen. Suddenly he slammed his brakes tight. The wind, sweeping the smoke aside, enabled him to see a car on its side in the ditch.

"Mr. Mason," Matt shouted, recognizing the car and leaping to the ground.

They found the camp director pinned in the wreck. It took several minutes to release him, minutes of great value in the face of the surroundings conflagration.

"Are you hurt?" Dale asked. "Can you walk?"

"Dizzy from a head blow," Henry Mason replied. "Tire blew, wrecking me."

Dale turned to Matt. "Turn the car around. We haven't any time to spare with these fires developing at such a speed."

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# A Bill of Rights

as provided in the Ten Original Amendments to  
The Constitution of the United States

## Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness

By LOIS DUFFIELD

OUR DECLARATION OF Independence affirms that all men are "endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." Our lives cannot be sacrificed to someone's whim or unfounded suspicion, as lives can be in many countries of the world today. We have the right of a fair trial in a public courtroom with impartial jurors, before our lives or our civil liberties can be taken from us.

Liberty! Do we really appreciate what it means? Displaced persons arriving on our shores are terrified when first they hear criticism of our government, while we consider it not only a natural right but actually a duty to speak out against injustice! How lightly we prize the other freedoms we have also, such as the unequaled privilege of worshiping according to the dictates of our own consciences!

The pursuit of happiness leads the American people to spend billions of dollars annually on vacation trips, new cars, movies, sports, television sets, and work-saving devices. Pursuing happiness is truly the great American sport.

Therefore, we feel that the phrase "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" is a good definition of our national life. But have you ever thought how well it expresses the important points of our Christian life, also?

We have life through the acceptance of Jesus' sacrifice on the Cross. It is a life which is "more than food," and "does not consist in the abundance of" a man's possessions, as Jesus Himself said. It is life that goes above and beyond the dictionary definition of life as the "condition in which plants and animals exist" to something that is spiritual and eternal. John wrote, "He that has the Son has life; he who has not the Son has not life."

Also, we have what Paul called the "glorious liberty of the children of God." "For the law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus has set me free from the law of sin and death," Paul said. Millions of persons who have all the freedoms our country can offer them are still slaves to this "law of sin and death." Only the acceptance of Jesus as their Saviour and Lord can give them this greater liberty.

Our government allows us to pursue happiness, but it makes no guarantee that we shall overtake it. Many persons pursue happiness intently throughout their lives and never succeed in finding it. Jesus has told us explicitly how to be happy and blessed. He said:

*Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

*Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted.*

*Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.*

*Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.*

*Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.*

*Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God.*

*Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

*Blessed are you when men revile you and persecute you and utter all kinds of evil falsely on my account. Rejoice and be glad, for your reward is great in heaven, for so men persecuted the prophets who were before you (Matthew 5:3-12).*

—Revised Standard Version

"Yes, Life and Liberty are gifts

To anyone who kneels,

And with sincere, repentant heart

To Christ lifts his appeals.

But happiness is only won

By following His plan

And living daily, as He taught,

With love toward God and man."

Americans should thank God for the privilege of living in a country where life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are rights guaranteed to each individual; but Christians should be more grateful still that God has given them an even better life, liberty and happiness through His Son and our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.



# Freedom Under God

By KAY BOYLE



**T**HIS IS A WONDERFUL age in which to live—a challenging age. It is an age of swift change and of fierce conflict which will be recorded historically as one of the most decisive periods in the life of mankind.

None of us, as Christians, can afford to sit on the sidelines and be indifferent to the challenge thrown out, as we see freedom under God contending with godless slavery for world control. We are being offered a chance to have a personal part in this great event and to make our influence felt.

As Christians, we have pledged ourselves to support this freedom under God, and it cannot endure without our individual participation. The opposition is strong, and many battles have been lost simply because someone has said: "I should like to help, but how can one person do anything?"

A little over three hundred years ago, a small group of persons made a hazardous journey to a new land. This land held many unforeseen terrors for them, but in it they found what they sought—*freedom*. They went through hardships that to us would seem unbearable, meeting them bravely and without complaint.

Yes, a great price was paid for the freedom under God our country knows. Such is our heritage; yet, many of us accept it lightly, as a matter of course, seldom giving a thought to its cost.

This freedom was founded on the Word of God. When our forefathers came to this country, they built their homes and their lives on a solid foundation, the Holy Bible; but how many of our homes today have the permanency and security of these homes established by our forefathers?

What place does the Bible have in the modern home of today? To what extent do we as Christian America appreciate and use this freedom under God of reading our Bible regularly?

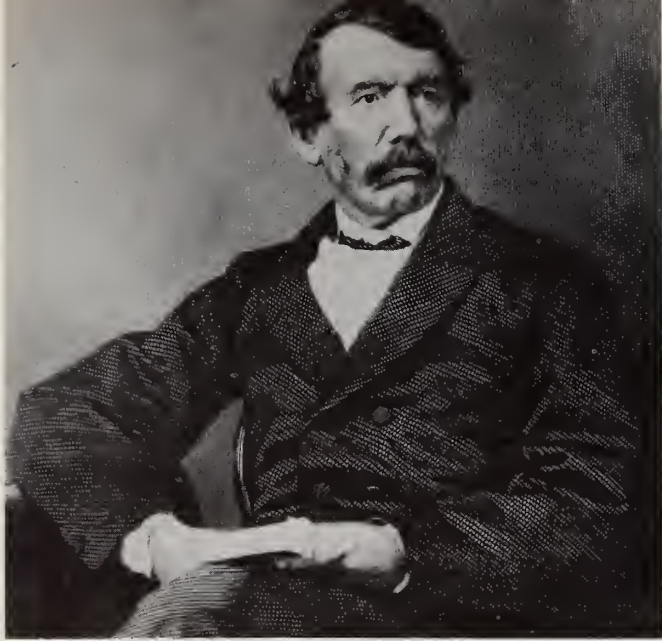
The story is told of a ship steaming in from Europe. As it came nearer and nearer the New York harbor, a minister aboard, like many of the other passengers, was straining his eyes for a glimpse of the Statue of Liberty, long before the ship was near enough for the "Lady" to be seen.

As they scanned the horizon, a man was heard to exclaim: "There's the Old Girl! Look, folks, she's welcoming us home. And I'm telling you it's great to be getting back home!"

A Polish family, one of the many displaced families brought to this country by our churches, were huddled together, presenting a rather sad picture in a way. The minister hurried across to where they were and, extending his hand, assured them that the welcome from the

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David Livingstone, Missionary and Explorer

A VISIT TO THE Lanarkshire Village of Blantyre, Scotland, is most inspiring because it was here that the famous Scottish missionary, David Livingstone, was born in 1813. The village, which is located on the fast-flowing Clyde River, possibly would have passed unnoticed today had not Livingstone been born there. This man who changed the destiny of Africa is revered by his own countrymen inasmuch that his birthplace and surrounding grounds are now a Scottish national memorial. These grounds provide playing fields for the children and have become the favorite children's gathering place in West Scotland. The following is written concerning the purpose of this memorial: "The purpose of this memorial is to keep ever fresh in the generous hearts of *youth* the name and story of David Livingstone, and to make his humble birthplace a center of inspiration." I am sure that this purpose has been fulfilled time and again in the hearts of many young people. I have read books on the life of David Livingstone which moved me greatly, but a visit to his birthplace which has been preserved in the fashion in which it existed in his boyhood days, plus African scenes, murals, relics and tableaux depicting his missionary life stirs one deeply.

As one passes through the main entrance into the old village street called "Shuttle Row," the first thing that his eyes behold is a large two-storied building and a three-storied tenement building with two spiral stairways. As I approached the tenement house of twenty-four rooms, I noticed a plaque on the side of the building with this inscription, "The children of the Sunday Schools of Scotland by their gifts bought and partly restored this property, which was opened on October 5, 1920, by HRH, the duchess of York." This is only one of the thousands of incidents that show the impact that Sunday School has made upon civilization the world over. Today the building would be classified more or less as a museum. One can spend an entire day in the museum with much interest. A trip through these buildings provides quite a thorough knowledge of the life of David Livingstone from birth to death.

This tenement house was built in 1780—the same year that Robert Raikes began his first Sunday School—to lodge workers of the nearby cotton factory on the banks of the Clyde. In each of its twenty-four rooms, a family lived. It was in one of these small rooms, ten by fourteen, that Livingstone was born, and lived his boyhood days. One can readily see that Livingstone came from a very humble background; in fact, he often described it, "my own order, the godly poor." Though his parents were poor, they were deeply religious. His father was a Sun-

# David Livingstone

## A SOUL IN HEAVEN A HEART IN AFRICA

By RAY H. HUGHES

National Sunday School and Youth Director

day School teacher and a total abstainer. When one took that stand in his day, he was severely ridiculed, because drinking was an accepted thing. It has been said that Neil Livingstone, David's father, made personal evangelism his special hobby.

### BOYHOOD DAYS

AT THE AGE OF TEN, David worked in the cotton mill as a "piecer." Though just a tender boy, he worked from six o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night with short intervals for meals. After a long day, he attended night school for two hours. Apart from the long hours, his job was not hard. The work of a "piecer" was to tend to the spinning jenny and tie broken threads. David utilized every moment of his time. Even the time he worked in the factory was not wasted. He placed his Latin Grammar on some part of the machine and studied as he could. In his own words, he "devoured books." Studying amidst the hum and buzz of machinery gave Livingstone a power of concentration that enabled him to "abstract his mind completely amidst the dancing and singing savages in an African village." Unnoticed by the people around him, no doubt God was ordering this lad's life and preparing him for his colossal task.

### PREPARATION TIME

AT THE AGE OF TWENTY, David made the following resolution: "In the glow of love that Christianity inspired, I resolve to devote my life to the alleviation of human misery." About the time he made this resolution, he came into contact with literature pleading for medical missionaries in China. This became a consuming ambition of his life; however, finance was a problem. Finally, he scraped together enough money for entrance into Anderson College, a prominent medical school in Glasgow. Simultaneously, at different places in the city, he studied theology, medicine, and Greek. After two years of rigorous study, he offered his services to the London Missionary Society. Here he passed an examination and was given three months of special training, which was a proving period. This period of training was a trying time for Livingstone, because his tutor was not sympathetic with him, and he knew he was failing. One of the most trying experiences during this time happened when he was sent by his tutor to fill the pulpit of a sick minister. He took his text and read it deliberately, but his sermon was gone. He could not remember a word of it. He said, "Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say," and hurried out of the church. This unfavorable report was almost his undoing,





David Livingstone Memorial Bridge

but a period of grace was given him and he was finally accepted. I mentioned this failure for the encouragement of young persons who are struggling over obstacles to reach a goal in life. I urge you to make your failures and disadvantages in life stepping stones to success as Livingstone did. Two more years of study were required before Livingstone could sail as a missionary. Up to this point, his mind was still set on going to China, but the conditions in China were making it impossible to go to this field.

At a special conference on "Amelioration of Conditions of Races of Africa," Livingstone became burdened for the darkened continent. At this meeting he met Dr. Robert Moffat, also a Scotchman, who had spent several years in Africa. He listened eagerly to Moffat as he painted word pictures of Africa's needy millions. One thing that especially captivated Livingstone was the statement Dr. Moffat made that he had often stood on a hill in the mornings, and had seen clearly to the North, the smoke of a thousand villages where the gospel had not been proclaimed. Dr. Robert Moffat was to affect the life of this young man more than any other. Livingstone approached Moffat and asked if he "would do for Africa." The reply was, "If you are prepared to leave occupied ground and push on to the North." Of course, this was no problem for the adventurous David, who had many of the characteristics of the Bible David.

#### FROM SCOTLAND TO AFRICA

AT THE AGE OF twenty-seven he put out to sea for his voyage to an eventful life in an unknown world. Because of mishaps the ship trip lasted over three months. Having landed in Capetown, he lost no time in proceeding by oxcart to Kuruman, the mission station of Dr. Moffat. The next sixteen years of his life were to be spent in medical missionary labors in Bechuanaland. As most young men do, during this period Livingstone took to himself a wife, in the person of Mary Moffat, the daughter of Robert Moffat. Mary was to make a real contribution to the early years of Livingstone's ministry in Africa. She contributed a great deal toward opening Bechuanaland through her teaching of the natives. Since David Livingstone was greatly influenced by his Sunday School teacher, David Hoag, it is evident he felt that this teaching approach would work in the darkened jungles of Africa as well, and it did.

The unknown North seemed to draw Livingstone like a magnet, and phrases such as: "Providence seems to call me to regions beyond," and "I will go whoever opposes," are typical of his determination. He once said, "I



David Livingstone's Birth Room

am willing to go anywhere provided it is forward." What a challenge for young people!

The lack of finance was an ever-increasing problem with Livingstone. He constantly lived beyond his means, which at times meant much privation. Even his family was on the verge of actual want at times.

Though David Livingstone has been acclaimed a great explorer, he was no less a great missionary and preacher. When one African asked him the question, "What is holiness?" this was his reply, "When copious showers have descended during the night, and all the earth and the leaves and the cattle are washed clean, and the sun rising shows a drop of dew on every blade of grass, and the air breathes fresh—that is holiness." His methods of getting the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to the hearts of the natives have been praised by eminent missionaries.

Livingstone was constantly moving northward, for the regions beyond challenged him. He undertook to cross the Kalahari Desert with his family. This trip almost cost him and his family their lives. They went for days without water. His little children with parched tongues and cracked lips whimpered all the day long as they trudged along slowly in the old oxcarts. On the fifth day, water was found in a quantity large enough to save their lives. Because of the health of Mrs. Livingstone and the dangers that were ever-increasing, Livingstone decided to send his family home. This was one of the most heart-rending decisions of all of his lifetime, for of it he wrote, "It will be like tearing out my bowels for my children will forget me." Yet, the pressure of an unfinished task drove him on. Being separated from her husband to raise their four children alone was a real sacrifice for Mrs. Livingstone. Speaking of their separation, she wrote, "I never passed a dreamless night nor knew an easy day." All of this makes me to know that most things that are worth-while are purchased through much suffering. It must be realized by those young people who are seeking a certain goal in life that the glamour of a hero or heroine is generally prefaced with much trouble and difficulty.

During the years of 1856-1857, Livingstone was privileged to make a visit home. While at home he became a national figure, and won a place in the hearts of the British public that has never been lost. Because he spent much time in writing a book and on speaking engagements, he had little time to spend with his family. This is the penalty that one has to pay for fame.

In 1858 Livingstone returned to Africa with the intention of stamping out slave trade, which he called "The Open Sore of the World." While on this expedition his

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# T HE DEFENDER

*Little did that eight-year-old boy think that one day he would be called the "Defender" of the Constitution.*

By KATHERINE BEVIS

THERE IS SOMETHING wonderful about a boy and a dog, and it is even more wonderful if they belong together—and the small boy looking wistfully at the handkerchief in the village store window, with the dog standing patiently at his side, surely belonged together.

Next to owning the dog, the most exciting thing in this boy's life would be owning that handkerchief.

How he longed to possess it. However, it cost twenty-five cents—he had already asked the price—and twenty-five cents was a lot of money in a home where there were twelve mouths to be fed.

Disappointedly he turned to his dog, "We may as well go home, Dinkey Boy; where would I ever get that much money?"

The day came, however, when, with head held high and eyes shining, he hastened down the village street, the twenty-five cents held tightly in his hand. Soon after entering the village store, he walked out again to breathe the refreshing, cool evening air, his faithful dog at his heels; and in the place of the coin was the treasured cotton handkerchief.

The reason this handkerchief was such a treasure was that on it was printed the new Constitution of the United States.

It was the year 1790, and this eight-year-old boy, tak-

ing the valued purchase home with him, could hardly wait until he arrived there to begin memorizing the words on the handkerchief. In just a short while the lad had memorized the printed words so well that he could recite them from beginning to end. Little did that eight-year-old boy think that one day he would be called the "Defender" of this same Constitution, for this lad with the cotton handkerchief was none other than Daniel Webster.

Born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, on January 18, 1782, the grandson of Thomas Webster, who had come to New Hampshire as a Scotch settler in 1639, Daniel was a very frail infant. Friends of the family predicted that he would not be with them long, but as the days passed into weeks and months, then into years, Daniel also grew and gained health and strength.

Daniel's father, Ebenezer Webster, having fought in

French and Indian wars, as well as the Revolutionary War, entertained his young son with stories of adventure that the boy was very fond of hearing. One of these in particular was the one his father told about being on guard in front of General George Washington's tent just after Benedict Arnold's treason, and how the great general himself had come to Ebenezer and said, "Captain Webster, I believe I can trust you." These stories that his father told to him while he was still just a little lad developed in him a great love for his country.

Daniel attended school as regularly as the times in which he lived permitted. One day his teacher offered a jackknife as a prize to the pupil who could recite the most verses from the Bible. Young Daniel recited so many that finally his teacher had to stop him because of the lack of time.

HIS FATHER WAS SO impressed by the alert, bright mind of his son that he mortgaged his farm to send Daniel to college.

After graduating from Dartmouth, Daniel took up the study of law and opened an office in Portsmouth. Soon after this he was elected to Congress, and it was in the year 1813 that Daniel, now thirty-one years of age, began his political career.

At this time there was an idea growing in the South that if the Government passed any law not agreeable to a state, that state might refuse to obey this law or might secede from the Union. This idea was known as "nullification."

In January, 1830, Senator Hayne of South Carolina made a bitter attack on New England, upholding the right of nullification. On the morning of which Daniel Webster heard of this attack made by Senator Hayne, he

(Continued on page 26)



# a red C for allen

By ANN TEGTMEIER

**W**OMEN! THEY MAKE me sick! Always trying to run something they don't know anything about," Allen Kemp exploded as they waited for the bus.

"Now what's eating you?" demanded his friend, Bob Birch. "Your sis get the best of another argument?"

"You know what's eating me! It's that old Miss Colby taking over our Youth Band. No woman can lead a band—I don't care HOW good a musician she may be. Tell you what, fellows, let's don't show up for practice tomorrow."

None of the other boys said a word, so Bob reminded him reasonably, "Somebody had to take it over when Mr. Grimes left for Denver so suddenly. Hey! Here comes our bus. Get that trunk of junk moving here. No wonder you're so grouchy. I'd quit, too, if I had to haul that around every day. Why didn't you take up the piccolo?"

"What d'ya think?" some of the smaller boys asked as the bus whisked away down Maple Street. "Should we go on strike?"

"Not I, said the pig," replied Randall Wise. "I paid my whole month's allowance for these summer band lessons, and woman or no woman, I intend to get my money's worth out of it."

"But if we didn't show up tomorrow, like Allen says, wouldn't they have to get someone else to direct us—get a man?" asked Billy Shires.

"The summer band was here before Colby came, and it will be here after Colby goes," said Charley Novak. "Me, I'm sticking with Randall. See you tomorrow, big boy."

"You're playing it smart, Randall," some of the others chimed in. "We're with you all the way."

"You make up your mind about band yet?" asked Bob when he came over after supper.

"Quiet, you big loudmouth," hissed Allen. "Even if I don't decide to keep on with the band, which I think I won't, I can have a lot of fun playing around outside the Youth Center while the rest of them practice. You want to taint the deal with my mother?"

"Just my luck," he muttered to himself next morning as he hauled his instrument case aboard the bus. "Old Colby WOULD have to take this very bus. Wonder what that handful of letters means that she's got there? Oh, now I get it. "C" for Colby. She's even going to name the

band after her. That does it! Wouldn't she be surprised if nobody came to wear them? I for one am quitting right now!"

"Good morning, Allen. My, it's nice to see you boys so interested," smiled Miss Colby as she got off behind him. "And there's Bob and John with their clarinets, and Michael with his sax, and Jimmy with his trumpet. Goodness, we almost have a band right here on the sidewalk."

"Wait'll I put a bug in their ears," thought Allen. "Hey, fellows!"

**BUT THE FELLOWS** were too busy getting their own heads together even to notice him. Allen thought he heard his own name mentioned, and then something about Randall. They were soon too far ahead of him to hear anything more. Allen sat down on his instrument case to think.

"She can't build much of a band with four pieces," he told himself, "and if I sit here and put the others wise, that's all she'll have, too."

But after a while Allen decided that all of the others had decided to do as he had done—quit the band. Not another boy or girl turned into the big gateway that led to the back door of the Youth Center. Then suddenly he heard the rat-tat-tat of the drums and the blare of the brass. Something hadn't turned out as he had planned. The band was already at work.

"Any other time they would have left a window open," he complained as he tried to ease one of the sashes open at the bottom. "Everything sounds so queer. First it seems to come from one side of the room and then the other. Ah! here's a BB hole that's been patched over. Now, if I can just push off that piece of glass . . ."

It was some time after the tinkle of falling glass told him the mission had been accomplished before Allen dared to creep out of the privet hedge once more and peep through the hole he had uncovered. Yeah! Sure enough, she was pinning that big red "C" for Colby on everyone's sleeve. He saw what it was that made the music sound so queer, too, for they were marching, round and round the floor. Of course, he couldn't see the entire floor from that little hole—in fact, only a little part of it that was not filled with the chairs they had pushed

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ONE LOVELY spring day I sat across the desk from an attractive, intelligent woman doctor. Some of her background and personal history was known to me, and the tragedy she had faced through the years had left her with an aching heart and unhappy countenance. She must have thought me rather strange, for after our medical consultation I felt compelled to tell her of the Saviour, Jesus Christ, and how He could transform her life and lift her heavy load. Though my lips refused to speak, the compulsion remained, and I could neither speak nor leave.

"Finally, as I drove away in my little black convertible, I again apologized to the Lord for not being prepared. Why couldn't I tell her? I knew Christ could fill her need as He had mine. Prior to the time when I accepted Christ, I had exhausted every possible avenue of escape from my unhappy self. Secular aspirins, such as new clothes, thrilling experiences, exciting jobs and fellows, afforded only temporary relief, and as soon as these wore off, I was again confronted with a dull ache down deep within.

"College days were filled to capacity with everything the youthful heart desires . . . but on graduation day I had in one hand my 'degree' and in the other the same

by

DOROTHY C. HASKIN

# Those Who Believe

*" . . . Even we have  
believed in Jesus Christ,  
that we might be  
justified by  
the faith of Christ,  
and not by the works  
of the law," Gal. 2:16.*

unanswered problem of life with which I had enrolled, 'What was life all about and just where did I enter into the scheme of things?' The next thing I tried was a fast, exciting career with one of America's leading airlines—the dream of so many young women today. Though the days were satisfying and full of contacts with interesting people, I always had to go home to the same, unhappy girl I had left behind. She was *always* waiting for me—sitting there in a puddle of blue despondency.

"The seeming enigma of life was answered by Jesus Christ, the Son of God, for when I heard the story of Life as is related in God's Word, I realized the necessity of a vital relationship with Him. I entered into this relationship at the ripe old age of twenty-five on a cold, snowy January day in the privacy of my own home.

"But after three years of attempted witnessing, I came to the solid conclusion that the 'great commission' was for everyone but me.

"Still I was forever being put into situations where I felt compelled to speak for Christ and yet could not! Such as the day I faced the doctor whose unhappy life was known to me.

"At that very moment God was sending my answer. Classes were being organized for the purpose of training counselors to be used in the coming Greater Houston Billy Graham Evangelistic Crusade. Our church, along with two hundred others, was to supply twelve candidates each. My minister included my name on his list for these classes, and from the first moment of instruction until this very day (three years hence) life has been a progressive thrill. In these classes Lorne Sanny, our instructor, skillfully showed us the absolute necessity of feeding upon God's Word daily, of memorizing it and hiding it in the 'tables of our hearts,' an effective way of carrying about the 'sword of the Spirit.' (Since I lived alone, I used to entice the neighborhood children to listen to my Bible verses by inventing and playing games with them!)



"April, 1952, was a pivotal point in my life! Since that time I have come to know the Lord, the Object of my faith, in a personal way, and Jesus Christ has become a reality to me. He is as real to me as my own hands and feet are! I have had the joy of leading others to the Saviour and of observing the transformation of their lives as they learn to 'feed' upon His Word.

"After the crusade, I continued working with the Navigators, and in 1953, I was sent to Dallas to help with the Graham crusade. Twenty-two young married girls from my home church in Houston wrote and asked me when I was coming back there to live, if ever. They wanted to start a Bible class and had no one to teach them. Finally I told them to get a class organized and I would commute by train every other week, because frankly, as long as there was a need which I could fill and the trains were still running, how could I fail to take advantage of it?

"We began our first class in November, 1953, and nine months later I had commuted over 5,000 miles, but there were twenty-two beautiful, spiritual 'youngsters' to show for the effort and expense. Eventually I moved back to Houston and immediately there was a cry for a second class. The changes were so evident in the lives of the first class, that other young married girls in the church wanted 'whatever the others had.' Thirty faithfully turned out for this class.

"I've been away from these groups almost a year now here at the Navigators' headquarters in Colorado Springs, but missionary journeys back through Houston have proved these girls to be faithfully going strong in their Bible study, Christian life, and witness. They've even started a third group (my 'grandchildren' in the faith) and they take turns leading it. These facts show the chain reaction of a work well grounded on the truth. It all started with Lorne Sanny's teaching me (and eight hundred others like me). Now, three years later, almost one hundred young lives have been reached for Christ to one degree or another!"

#### BELIEVERS IN LONDON

*Ernest Shippam  
Charlie Potter*

THE FAMILY OF Ernest Shippam had been in the same business for two hundred and four years at the time of the Graham London Crusade. Shippam was a proud man, proud of his name and heritage, proud of his own victory over sin. There had been desperate years when the desire for drink had been stronger than he, but with the help of a doctor, Shippam had conquered drink. He was proud of that and his good deeds, which he flaunted in the face of friends and family. He was blissfully unaware of the fact that his wife dreaded his coming home at night and that his children avoided him because he was so arrogant and irritable.

He attended the Graham meetings out of curiosity. He had been advising his employees to attend. A little religion would do them good! At first, as he sat in the Arena, he was dismayed; the gathering seemed crude to him.

Then Graham's God-centered message began pounding him. He saw his soul naked of its pride. He went forward and confessed his need of Christ. The next few days he said little of his conversion, feeling after his past bragging, he'd better do a little living before he did so much talking. Gradually he took heart and let his belief in Christ be known, especially after his wife said, "We look forward to your coming home these nights. You're so changed."

The conversion of Charlie Potter was one that made the press during the London campaign. Like most persons, he had a religious background. Too, he was a man with a natural desire to champion the underdog. He instinctively fought for him, and the Communist Party claimed to defend the working man. Potter worked with the Party for sixteen years, becoming the secretary of the Communist Party in the provincial town of Reading. On two occasions he was a Communist candidate in the borough elections, and he often spoke in the Reading Market Place.

Yet, with the years, he had a growing uneasiness about his Communist affiliation. The Party was not doing all

it claimed to do. His wife and three sons were Christians, and they persuaded him to attend the White City rally. During the message, Potter was troubled but did not go forward.

The next evening he went to the baptismal service of one of his sons, and when the invitation was given, he went forward and made his public confession. When the press heard of his stand, they interviewed him and he said, "Marxism has not given me satisfaction of heart and mind. I will show that Christ is the answer to Communism."

#### BELIEVER IN NASHVILLE

*Ben A. Green*

I HAD A WONDERFUL feeling of being 'wholly alone' the night I stepped from crowded Vanderbilt Stadium stands to answer Dr. Billy Graham's invitation: 'Come and confess Christ.'

"Some twenty-three thousand persons were in the stadium, and several hundred marched with me, but I did not feel their presence. Only when I reached the counseling tent did I again realize that people were around me. There I met a dear friend, who served as my counselor.

"All the next day, I had a different outlook. It was as if Someone were marching by my side or sitting with me every minute. I surely was quieter than usual, thinking a lot. On occasion I repeated that first of four Bible verses given me to memorize. They represent my first systematic step to go all the way in what I believe will be a Great Adventure.

"Why did I do it? Am I glad?

"That's what people wonder about at a time like this. The second answer is easy. 'Yes, quite glad.' But the first question takes more.

"I had held up my hand as a 'first-timer' at the Graham Crusade. Naturally I was moved by the mass singing, and my spirit became in tune with that of the thousands about me. I felt their presence, and marveled at the sea of faces across the field.

"Then came the sermon—and gradually I felt the crowd was falling away. I believe a sense of personal responsibility began to grow upon me.

"I had never heard Billy Graham. His voice struck me with its ring of relentless sincerity, its utter positiveness, and yet its humble self-removing factor—the Bible, not man, was the source.

"Then came the invitation. Some things that man said struck me between the eyes: 'Maybe you are a Sunday School teacher' . . . Yes, next Sunday I start teaching, for the first time. 'Maybe you have been a church member for years' . . . Yes, almost half a century—and recently I accepted new responsibilities as an active layman. 'Maybe you need to be more sure of Christ in your life' . . . Yes indeed, that was my situation exactly.

"So among the very first I stepped forward, after a word of prayer. I almost ran up the ramp, so pressingly sure I wanted to do what I was doing.

"But where do you go from here? That's the big, important third question that came to me in the counseling tent.

"And the answer here is surprisingly definite to me—step by step. My counselor gave me a pocket Gospel of St. John, and the B (Bible) Rations in Scripture memory. Later I will receive more help, on a personalized self-study basis.

"Already I have a certain feeling of confidence, as never before. I believe this first verse given me to memorize: 'And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life' (1 John 5:11, 12).

"You may not understand that at first reading. But try it forty times as I have so far. You get the meaning.

"Yes, it's a Great New Adventure. And I'm on my way!"

#### BELIEVERS IN SCOTLAND

IN SCOTLAND THE theme of the campaign became "This is my story," because there were so many stories to tell of those who believed. A woman and her daughter went forward at Kelvin Hall and the next day the woman phoned her counselor and said, "You're the lady who counseled me last night after I

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*Before we decry the modern youth's  
behaviour, let us consider*

# Youth's Co

## Pathway Pulpit



**T**HE UNUSUAL WORD in the title means, as no other word in our language can describe, the changes from one era to another. In a lifespan there are many such changes; hence, the complex vicissitudes are the difficult changes of life for any person. Our study is with the adolescent change—that time of passing from childhood to adulthood, which almost anyone will agree is the most difficult.

One cannot sit back and wait for the budding, bursting, energetic victims of complex vicissitudes to beat loudly at his door for counsel and advice. He must advance cautiously and give that spiritual counsel. He must be, in a measure, aggressive with his wares, so enticingly aggressive as to gain the respect of questioning youth.

We have many more attractive things to offer the thrill-crazed throng of youth, plundering in the sin-benighted, dark-lighted, all-nighted, near-sighted, red-lighted, and devil-delighted regions.

Christianity has always outshined demoniacal falsity!

The resurrected Christ offers more appeal than a doomed Satan!

The transfigured Christ has enhanced the longings of my soul much more than the flashing flames of hell playing host to a defeated devil, whose home is the lake of fire.

The challenges of John's new Jerusalem give more thrill than the rich man's hell.

The thrilling ecstasy of being at the feet of Jesus fills the longing of a loving heart more than being entwined in the arms of a demon-filled polygamist in men's clothing.

The Book of Life means more than a movie contact in Hollywood.

Thrill-crazed masses weakly confess their failure to find permanent happiness from their arts. I boast of "rivers of peace" to my soul and mind.

Eternal life emits greater anticipation than eternal destruction.

Sin just doesn't pay enough for me to sell my soul's birthright.

Youthful humanity longs for company. The vicissitudes of life to the young man or woman have made him or her feel that youth must find youth to be understood.

Christ was YOUTH UNEXCELLED! Find Christ and you have youth!

Adults detest old age almost involuntarily. Men have given millions

and traveled thousands of miles to retain youth, but it scampers farther away with every sunset.

The most exuberant years of life are those of youth. Every day brings new excitement. Every breath exhibits lilt-ing vivacious, youthful life. That energy will be put to some use. These energies placed in the bank of Satan pay no dividends, but placed in the bank of God, they draw an abundance of manifold interest.

The time of the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. The gospel of the kingdom must be carried to the entire world. The world is longing for its message. It is going slowly, far too slowly. The young people converted to God's program could carry that message with greater propensity than less energetic messengers could.

**THE WORLD IS** disappointed in sin. They must have the message of the gospel. They stand longing for it. By the help of the God of heaven we shall set the youth on fire by understanding them and letting them see the thrills of being a child of God, and send them to the far-flung places of the world to carry the gospel.

Think of the sublime youth of God in Christ. No greater thinking can be hurled upon the minds of humanity.

The Church must not stand perplexed by the vicissitudes of modern youth, but arise to new life and declare the greatness of Christian life more appealing than the bewilderment of Satan.

Youth can carry God's Word!

Young people, the gospel is committed into our hands. With counsel and godly advice from our elders we can take this message to the world. Our energy and vitality are of untold value to this incomparable task. Let us make the most of it.

God has placed into the hands of



# plex Vicissitudes

the older people the weapons to frame and mold our lives. Let us give them our confidence. Let us help them understand us by being pliable enough to be molded to better vessels for the Lord and His Church.

We young people who know the Lord cannot relinquish other young folk to "Lovers, Inc." or "Vice and Sin Associated." We know young persons will trust something. It may be a matinee idol with a maladjusted life filled with immoral deeds, or it may be Jesus Christ of Nazareth. We cannot concede them to licentiousness and sin without a terrific struggle. The Lord stands by our side to help us win them, and by His help we will win them.

Young people, these vicissitudinal changes will surely come. Let us accept them as potters' turn-tables to mature us and to shape our lives and destinies. Trust in godly counsel and advice.

If you have problems, go to someone older than you and seek their counsel. You may not feel your family would understand. Go to your pastor; he will be glad to help you. If not your pastor, go to some other understanding elder person in the Church. They will be glad to help you. They had problems before you had them. Their successful life points to the fact that problems can be overcome to the good.

God said in Lamentations 3:27, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."

Commensurate with this modern age is a very important problem of how to utilize the youthful energy displayed in healthy youth for God's work rather than in the foreboding evils of our day.

Without trying to pin "adult ways" on the powerhouse of modern civilization, there rests a very urgent need to convert them into dynamos for spirituality. This job need not be so impossible to us if we consider them

with understanding heart. I am a young man, and I think the task can be done in a successful manner. We need energy in God's work, and we have it in the youth. To set about to make them adults might end in tragedy. That endless stream of energy needs to be put into channels for the upbuilding of God's kingdom. If we understand the vicissitudinal changes, we may have redemption for the youth.

Every person must pass through the vicissitudinal changes: from babyhood into childhood; into school age; into puberty and adolescence; into adulthood; into old age. Humanity can cope with the latter because an adult mind is at the stern guiding that precious life into the proper channels, but from whence will come knowledge of similar complexes in the adolescent?

Experiences strewn upon the life of an adult equip him to meet the perplexities of later life. The avenues of life have been kind in giving many teaching experiences to the adult. Young people have no treasury from which to draw. Careful hands must guide their lives through these crucial days. The hands must not only be careful, but understanding as well. Every person endowed with a wealth of age and experience should be a constant source of instruction to the reckless modern youth of our day.

Just because some of our youth do not heed these signs of instruction does not warrant pulling them down. Should we tear down a sign on a dangerous curve because some reckless driver failed to heed its warning? I say no, if anything it should be made a little more noticeable so that passers-by will note its warning. So it should be with our young people. Failure should never prompt stoppage of the greatest work of all—saving our young people at any cost. Godly counsel and advice should ever be available for querying youth.

The devil has covered many rotten

holes of sin with a beautiful covering. They look inviting to energetic young people. Bright lights advertise a beautiful covering, but inwardly lurks a traitor more treacherous than enemies of our beloved nation. Participants in such can only end in tragedy.

Life stands before youth with a hand of welcome. Youthful explorers are incessantly roaming over new territory. There are pitfalls strewn throughout by the wicked hand of one more cruel and cunning than any notorious despot or desperado. Human intellect cannot see them. It is only the eye of the Master which can detect them beforetime. He has a way mapped out which cannot fail. One must trust in Him to be sure of passing through this life without falling into pits of regret never to be forgotten. His gentle, nail-scarred hands are wonderful guides.

The devil is interested in our youth. With their never-failing supply of energy he has the weapon to promote his kingdom and to perpetrate it throughout the world. We cannot stand blithely by and let him have our young people without a battle. We must put up a desperate fight. We must understand the vicissitudes of their lives as well as Satan does.

A great tragedy could result when questioning young people are subjected to nonunderstanding adults. Every question brings an answer that will be folded into those tiny creases of the brain. They will never be forgotten. An answer from an adult, whether right or wrong, will help guide that young life somewhere.

From the tugging youngster at a mother's apron strings to the adolescent invading the unknown secrets of life, there is an unceasing flow of questions. None of these should be regarded lightly. From the questions of babyhood—Where did I come from? Who is God? Who are the angels?—to the more serious aspects of puberty and adolescence, each answer in its own way serves as a mold for that life.

Young people have problems, and they feel no one understands them. Yet the most trusting hearts beat within the bosoms of young people. If they find a shelter for their trust, that is where it will be. They feel

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# HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON



## IT REALLY WORKS

By Julie Creaser

**I** O THEM THAT love God all things work together for good." I read the verse impatiently, even angrily as I read it the second time. It was in the Bible, but it just wasn't true, at least not for me.

I loved God. I tried to do my duty and be a Christian, but all things didn't work together for good in my life! There was, I reflected bitterly, too much work, too much expense, not enough money, not enough strength or time, too few years of active life left to me for all that I wanted to accomplish.

I read the verse again. If it meant anything at all, it must mean something for me. How wonderful it would be really to know that all things were working together for good. It would mean the end of frustration, the end of worry and discouragement.

Dimly, something began to dawn in my mind. There was only one condition given for entering this blessed state where all things work together for good. To enter it did not seem to require a spotless house, a satisfactory wardrobe, or even active service in public organizations which, however much worth while, drained more of my time and strength than I had to offer.

Now I was getting a glimmering of an idea, and I went back to the verse eagerly. Only one requirement, but it seemed that this condition of continual good in one's life depended on it.

To those who love God. Love is an elusive thing. How could I know I loved God? How could I be sure what He meant by loving Him?

Well, He had made that plain, had He not? Jesus Christ said, "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." That was definite enough. But for goodness' sake, I didn't go around breaking the commandments. I didn't lie or steal or murder, or envy my neighbors.

Neighbor! That rang a bell, faintly. What was I trying to remember? Of course! Those were Old Testament commandments, binding of course, but only a beginning.

Jesus said that He gave us only two commandments: to love God with all our heart, and to love our neighbor as ourselves. Only that! What an *only*! It would take every bit of anyone's body, mind, and heart to keep those two commandments. But if any individual looked upon that as the first and whole duty of the day, he would certainly change his ways.

Timidly, I decided to experiment. In the days that followed, I found that a clean house was still important, but it could be sacrificed to some extent to play with a child who would so soon be grown and gone, or to have a cup of coffee with a neighbor who was downhearted or tired. I found that food could be nourishing and attractive, even when very simple. I found that clothing need not be a major issue in life. I found that giving up a volunteer position of honor and authority and wearing responsibility, in exchange for a less conspicuous one that brought me into personal and helpful contact with people, brought its own great reward.

I found that taking time for laughter and fun with my family and friends paved the way to confidences that I had longed for but missed before. It is amazing how many changes and adjustments are brought about just by taking one of God's promises seriously and literally.

My days are still full, but only two things take priority. Time to talk with my Father—and listen to Him—and time out for other people's needs and

pleasures. And how other things have fallen into place!

I do my work easier, with less grim, energy-destroying nerve strain. I can look at a little dust without feeling guilty. I can pick up a simple meal and go off for an impromptu family picnic, or leave the ironing in order to sit with an invalid and release a member of her family for a needed rest.

I wake up in the morning no longer dreading an overfull day, but looking forward eagerly to the opportunities God will open to me before night. And when night comes, I can lie down in quiet peace, knowing that all things work together for good if we really love God and our neighbor—and that worries are no longer a burden to carry around on my tired shoulders. They are His responsibility. It really works!

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### A MOTHER PRAYS

By Frances McKinnon Morton

*Dear God, forgive my sins of motherhood,*

*Times I thought more of self than my child's good,*

*Sharp, hasty words that cut their cruel way*

*Across my child's bright happiness to-day;*

*The careless act whose trivial intent Gave to my child's sweet thought improper bent;*

*The self-absorption and anxiety That quite ignored my children's need of me.*

*And when, dear Lord, you have forgiven all*

*My thoughtless sins against my children small,*

*Only You have power to take away The wrong impressions I have made today.*

*And now I pray, tomorrow help me live With fewer sins and errors to forgive, So these sweet children, trusted to my care,*

*Be blessed and benefited by my prayer.*

---

Parents can't change the color of their child's eyes, but they can help give the eyes the light of understanding and warmth of sympathy. They can't much alter the child's features, but they can in many ways help endow it with the glow of humaneness, kindness, friendliness... which may in the long run bring a lot more happiness than the perfection that wins beauty contests.—Aram Scheinfeld, PARENTS' MAGAZINE.



# Helps for the Tempted and Tried

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

I AM WONDERING how many problems you have to meet today and just what you would like for me to write to you. I am sure you have many problems. You are troubled and distressed, not knowing how to meet them. I may be talking to some who have formed habits which you are trying to overcome. Some of them are hindering you from living the victorious life. So we are going to talk to you about "Good-habit Highways."

When someone says, "Johnnie Jones has formed some very bad habits," usually we think that he has learned to use tobacco, drink whiskey, or swear. There are, however, many other bad habits that we form besides these. So we are going to try to lead you out into Good-habit Highway.

The church to which you belong needs leaders. Some are born to be leaders, while others must be trained. You probably know many who believe that leaders are born and not made and that people are either destined to be leaders or destined not to be leaders but we simply do not believe it. Some are born with better leadership capacity than others, but a very real and appreciative amount of effective leadership can be and constantly is being acquired by persons who desire leadership and are willing to pay the full price for it.

Acquire the habit of leading. You say, "That is peculiar; I never heard of a habit like that." We shall try to make you see what we mean. Let us see what the first step toward leadership is. The first important step is that of being friendly. You will notice the politician as he seeks to lead out along political lines. He comes to your home. He notices every dog and cat around the home. The baby of the home is the most beautiful baby he has seen in all the world. The successful salesman who comes to your door notices the children and compliments them. He gets you in the best state of mind possible to be able to get your attention; then he

makes the sale. No other kind of salesman is successful. Some persons are sure they are not cut out to be salesmen; yet, after they have studied and practiced and formed a few habits, they become expert salesmen. They practice until they become experts.

Did you ever enter a store on a shopping tour and watch the clerks? Did you notice the difference in the ways they meet you? Some meet you with a smile and seemingly with a desire to please you. They try to understand what your need is and then make an effort to fill that need. You feel that they are personally interested in you. When you leave, you say, "I want to go back there," and when you return you ask for that person to serve you. What have they accomplished with this spirit? They have led you back to their store. They have formed the habit of being friendly and kind, and by doing this they lead many to their place of business.

A Sunday School worker once said, "Oh, if we only had leaders in the different communities, we could organize so many Sunday Schools!" Isn't it a shame there are not enough leaders?

The fields are white and waiting for leaders in the different communities to lead out in the work of the Lord. You pray, "O Lord, how I should like to do something in this community for Thee, but I have no qualities of leadership, and I do not know how to go about it." Of course, in the work of the Lord the first step is to make a complete consecration to God; then do not depend on Him to do everything for you. There is much you can do to bring you to the state of leadership you are seeking.

Try smiling your way into the hearts of the people. Smiling comes naturally to some, but this habit must be cultivated in others. Perhaps the reason you are not leading men and women to Christ is just this little fault you have. Did you ever look in the mirror and see how sour you look sometimes? Here is a little verse for you.

*"Ever pause before a mirror  
When you had a spell of blues;  
When you wished someone you envied,  
For awhile, were in your shoes?"*

*Ever glimpse your sad reflection  
With the mouth a-turnin' down,  
And the brow that should be lofty  
Decorated with a frown—and smile?"*

If you ever did this, you know which you can best use—a smile or a frown—to win a soul to Christ, or cheer some lonely heart along this way. So why not cultivate the habit of smiling?

PHYSICIANS TELL us the best thing one can do for an unhealthy body is to give it plenty of sunshine. It will work wonders on the soul. Feed the people in your community cheerfulness instead of discouragement.

We went into a meeting one time, and as soon as we entered we knew the pastor and his evangelist were both down with the blues. Of course, the meeting was a failure. Discouragement is very easily detected and is as contagious as the smallpox. If you want to be a leader in your community, be cheerful and happy and others will follow your leadership. I can hear them say right now, I'd go to the end of the earth with that man or woman. It just lifts me up to be in their presence." This is easier said than done, I hear you say, with all the cares and trials we have to endure. Yes, it is hard sometimes, but by our own determination and God's grace it can be done. The writer knows by experience that many times when the heart is carrying a heavy load, it pays to smile. This one thing we must pay for leadership.

Get in the habit of loving everybody. This is possible. The devil will tell you it is not possible, but you tell him it is and stick to it with determination. God will meet you half way. Some folk depend on God to do the whole thing. Of course, He has a part in it, but so do we. You can cultivate the habit of loving the unlovable; that boy with the tousled hair and dirty, ragged clothes, or that cigarette-smoking or whiskey-drinking girl. You

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#### WHO IS IT?

Who hangs the earth upon nothing;  
Who stretches the sky over space?  
Who spreads the sea on the dry land  
And pats the mountains in place?  
Who clothes the lilies in satin;  
Who makes the dew drops to shine?  
Who carpets the hillside in velvet  
And holds the planets in line?  
Who eases the sick and afflicted;  
Who lifts off the burdensome pain;  
Who died on the cross just to save us?  
It's Jesus, my Lord, the same.

—Mrs. Beulah Briggs

# Poetry

#### MY CHRISTMAS ANTHEM

Today, ah yes! I'll weave my Christmas anthem  
While yet the summer flowers are in bloom;  
And in the fields the harvesters are raking  
Dried grass, in which there lingers sweet perfume  
Of frankincense, gleaned from old Mother Earth,  
A tribute to the Master's lowly birth.

Today, ah yes! I'll weave my Christmas anthem,  
As o'er the hills now green with stately trees  
There comes to me the soothing breath of music  
From swishing wings of birds and honeybees;  
And while I pause to listen, I can hear  
The song the angels spread upon the air.

Today, ah yes, I'll weave my Christmas anthem,  
And in my mind most lavishly adorn  
With summer's subtleness and witchery,  
The manger bare, where Christ the Lord was born!  
For who cannot behold in summer's wings  
A setting worthy of the King of kings?

—Alice Whitson Norton

#### GOD IS PASSING BY

O sun, shine the brightest,  
Lilies, look your whitest,  
Roses, smell the sweetest,  
Doves, now be your neatest—  
For God is passing by!

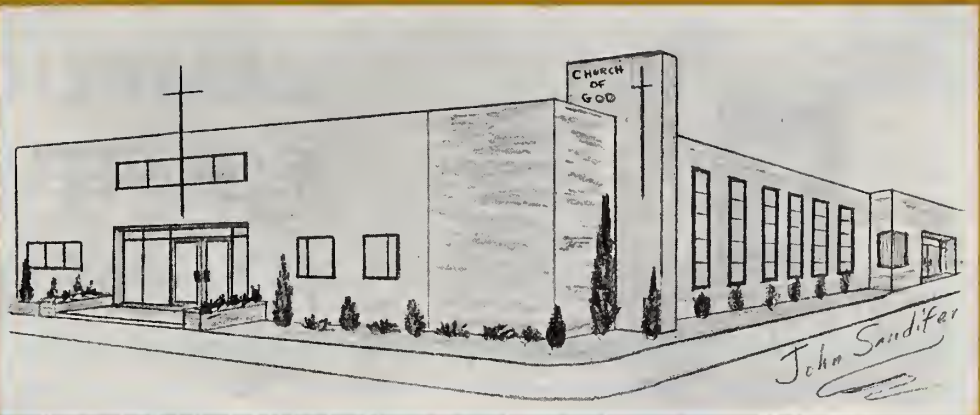
O grass, look the greenest,  
And owls, be your keenest,  
Violets, look the shyest,  
Eagles, soar your highest—  
For God is passing by!

O sea, roar the loudest,  
Peacocks, strut your proudest,  
And skies, be the bluest,  
Dear hearts, be your truest—  
For God is passing by!

—Earle J. Grant



# art



## john sandifer

This month the LIGHTED PATHWAY reaches far to the Northwest for its artist, John Sandifer. On January 20, 1937, John was born in Grand Coulee, Washington, and now resides in Yakima. He has studied art and mechanical drawing. His artistic versa-



tility not only embraces drawing but also the piano and violin.



*John Sandifer*





*Another Step Forward!*

# LAMPLIGHTERS YOUTH FELLOWSHIP

*Another Lamplighters Club project  
providing a fellowship for ages 16-20*

By O. W. POLEN

*Assistant National Sunday School and Youth Director*

THE CHURCH OF GOD Lamplighters Club project for boys, girls, and young people, ages 8-15 years, is proving to be a very successful weekday activity for our youth. This statement is supported by the fact that as of May 7, two hundred and fifty clubs had been officially recognized by the National Youth Department, and the number of organized clubs is increasing daily.

While the Lamplighters Club activity is meeting, at least in part, the obvious spiritual, social, and recreational needs of the age group, 8-15 years, soon after the introduction of the club project it became very apparent that a similar activity for the age group, 16-20 years, was very definitely needed.

The National Youth Department lost no time in taking this need into consideration, and in its April 23 meeting, the National Sunday School and Youth Board approved the Lamplighters Youth Fellowship activity, designed especially for the age group, 16-20 years.

A brochure *How to Start a Lamplighters Youth Fellowship* is being mailed to each church by the National Youth Department. A copy may also be secured from the state Sunday School and youth directors as well as by writing directly to the National Youth Department.

The Lamplighters Youth Fellowship is not a replacement, in any degree, for the regular Y.P.E. service. In brief, the purposes of this activity are these:

1. To provide a follow-up activity for Senior Lamplighters after they reach the age of sixteen.
2. To provide more church-supervised social and recreational activity for the age group, 16-20 years.
3. To provide more social contact for young people through committees, planning groups, project groups, work groups, hikes, hobby groups, and so forth.

The new Youth Fellowship will be directed in each local church by a Lamplighters Youth Fellowship adviser (an adult person), a director, an assistant director, and a secretary-treasurer. Details relative to these positions are given in the organizational brochure.

The Lamplighters Youth Fellowship Devotional Committee, Refreshment Committee, Social and Recreational Committee, and Project Committee will each play an im-

portant part in providing an interesting, stimulating, and exciting time of fellowship for all young people within this age group in the local church.

As an activities guide, the National Youth Department has prepared a list of suggested Fellowship projects and social activities for each month of the year. A few of these suggested projects are: collecting clothes for mission fields, raising funds for needy young people to go to youth camp, and sponsoring a Christmas party for the underprivileged.

Some of the suggested Fellowship social and recreational activities are: the showing of films and filmstrips on juvenile delinquency and other youth subjects; book reviews of Christian fiction; guest speakers such as doctors, teachers, and police officers; birthday activities honoring those within the Fellowship; group picnics; fishing trips, hikes; scenic trips; trips to museums, and so forth.

The suggested Fellowship project, social and recreational activities are also given in the organizational brochure.

In each of the brochures captioned *How to Start a Lamplighters Youth Fellowship* there will be an organizational report card which is to be filled out and mailed to the National Youth Department whenever a Lamplighters Youth Fellowship is organized. Upon receipt of this card, the National Youth Department will send to each Fellowship an attractive organizational certificate which will be signed by the National Sunday School and Youth Director.

*Treat the youth of your church to the best by providing a Lamplighters Club activity for the age group, 8-15 years and a Lamplighters Youth Fellowship for the age group, 16-20 years.*



## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

(Continued from page 9)

wife returned to Africa to join him in his travels. Having been with him for only three months, she fell victim of a serious fever and died. At this, Livingstone was utterly broken, and it is said he wept like a child.

### EBBING TIDE

Livingstone is not generally looked upon as a martyr, but I choose to look at him as such, since with his body wracked with pain, fever, and multiple sicknesses, he refused to give up his task before it was finished. By this time, Livingstone was not only a national figure but a world figure. The *New York Herald* had heard of the movements of David Livingstone and sent H. M. Stanley, one of its war correspondents, to find Livingstone. The owner of the paper felt that the story of Livingstone would bring glory to his paper. Stanley finally found Livingstone at Ujiji, which meeting possibly saved Livingstone's life, since Stanley brought proper food and was able to nurse Livingstone back to health. This was not only a momentous meeting for David Livingstone, but the four months that these two men spent together made a deep and lasting impression upon Stanley.

Finally, Livingstone's travels had come to an end. With his body in such excruciating agony and pain, he was brought to the village of Chief Chitambo. He was so weak that he could not hold a conversation with the Chief. That night a lad was placed at the door of the hut that had been erected especially for Livingstone so that he could hear the missionary if he called during the night. He looked in the hut and saw his master kneeling as in prayer. When morning broke he looked in again, and he was alarmed to find him still on his knees. When he entered there was no sign of life, but Livingstone had died in the act of prayer.

### THE JOURNEY TO THE ABBEY

Livingstone's heart was removed and buried under a large Mulva tree where a monument now stands. His bodily remains, which were little more than skin and bones, were dried in the sun and roughly embalmed with salt and brandy. Susi and Chuma, beloved followers of Livingstone, were appointed leaders in the task of transporting his body to the coast that it might be shipped home. For fear that the tribes through which they would have to pass would believe that the dead body of Livingstone would bring them bad luck, his limbs were drawn up to shorten the package. It was then wrapped in calico, covered with sail cloth and bark, and attached to a pole. For nine long, weary months, a group of colored boys, with an undying devotion to Livingstone, traversed fifteen hundred miles to give the body of Livingstone to the British Council. Greater loyalty than this has seldom been known. When the body arrived in London, there was some doubt as to the identity. Not until the family physician discovered the fractured joint

that had been damaged by a lion thirty years previously was this doubt removed from the minds of the people. On April 18, 1874, the people of the British Isles thronged Westminster Abbey for the funeral. Jacob Wainwright, Chuma, and Susi, three loyal Negroes, had been brought over to London for the funeral. The most outstanding figures of the land were present. The best-known hymn in Scotland was sung.

A few weeks ago, before leaving England for the United States, I spent a time of meditation in the sanctuary of Westminster Abbey. I went there for the express purpose of viewing the grave of Livingstone, which is in the center of the floor in the Abbey. In inlaid brass letters is the following inscription: "Brought by faithful hands over land and sea, here rests David Livingstone, missionary, traveler, philanthropist, born March 19, 1813, at Blantyre, Lanarkshire, died May 1, 1873, at Chitambo's village, Ulala."

For thirty years his life was spent in unwearying effort to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, and to abolish slave trade of Central Africa. Characteristically, some of his last words were: "All I can add in my solitudes is, may Heaven's rich blessings come down on everyone, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world." On one side of his grave is the inscription of the verse of Scripture, "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice." On the other side in Latin, the following is inscribed: "*Tantus amor veri, nihil est quod noscere Malim, quam fluvii causas persaecla tanta latents,*" which means, "So great is my love of truth that there is nothing that I would prefer to know rather than the sources of the river, hidden through so many generations." May all young people who read this article accept the challenge to reach a profitable goal in life.

### THOSE WHO BELIEVE

(Continued from page 13)

made a decision for Christ. I want you to take the card I signed and tear it up, please."

"Why, what's wrong? Please tell me," the counselor asked.

"When my daughter and I told my husband what we'd done, he was furious and threatened to leave us unless we forgot all about it. He says he's going to the pastor where we're all members and get this thing straightened out. I'm afraid our pastor isn't going to like what we did either, but as Mr. Graham spoke, I knew I had never surrendered my life to Christ."

After the woman hung up, the counselor phoned the pastor and explained the situation. He listened politely, then answered, "So two of my parishioners have made decisions to live for Christ! Have no fear, dear lady, I think it's wonderful. You know, they have been interested only in the social side of church before. Tell the

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lady not to worry about her husband. I'll have a long talk with him and everything will be all right."

And it was!

So simple is conversion, like this—several reporters from Glasgow papers were sitting in the press room at Kelvin Hall. Naturally, they were talking about the meetings and messages.

"They don't make sense," exclaimed one reporter.

Another reporter who never made any pretense of being religious replied, "The things Billy has been preaching seem logical to me. He tells us that we're all sinners, that sin has to be paid for and he keeps saying Christ died for me—" He stopped and repeated the phrase—"Christ died for me." In that moment, he saw clearly what Christ had done and trusted Him with his life!

He isn't the only reporter who has been saved through the Graham meetings. George Burnham was an alcoholic who worked on the *Chattanooga News-Free Press*. During the Graham crusade in Chattanooga in 1953, Burnham was converted, and let it be known. As a result, his paper sent him to cover the London Crusade. *The News-Free Press* ran forty-five consecutive first-page articles about the campaign. Again he was sent to Scotland to cover the crusade. He is proof of the reality of Graham's message, one of the fruit that remains—for time and eternity!



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## YOUTH'S COMPLEX VICISSITUDES

(Continued from page 15)

they cannot confide in an older person less they find a dull adult ear, or for fear they will display cowardice and fear. Adult humanity must take them into their trust and prove they have passed the way before them, that their problems once were a part of the elder's life, and that there is more understanding in an adult's heart than youth may know.

Every parent has an unparalleled obligation to be discreet and understanding to those persons. They may develop into mature and self-possessed persons or become sad spectacles of frustration and ruin. Much depends upon the understanding and training they receive from adults.

Consider the ages of the modern sin-indulgers. They are the robust, enthusiastic humanity—youth!

Jesus said in Matthew 11:30, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Solomon said in Ecclesiastes 12:1, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Some of the greatest complexes of youth are being self-centered and keeping problems to oneself. No one can successfully solve a problem like yours all alone. The Lord will help you; your pastor and friends are ready to help you. They love you and feel

responsible. Don't feel superior to them. God has helped them over their problems so they can help you.

You may feel no one knows your complexes. Not so! You may have been fortunate enough to receive more education than your parents, but remember, nothing can take the place of experiences. They have had those experiences.

If you reject the advice of those who know best, you may be headed for a downfall.

Jesus stands ready to help you.

God's Word is a lamp unto our feet and light unto our path (Psalm 119:105).

Many years ago, God placed a burden on the heart of our beloved Sister Alda B. Harrison for the guidance of young people through these vicissitudinal complexes. The **LIGHTED PATHWAY**, named from the Scripture I have just given, seemed the most likely to bespeak her sentiments. Her thinking was only typical of many of those who love you. Sister Harrison's understanding heart has created a magazine destined to be the light for many struggling and erring young persons.

Let us arise with thanksgiving to our Great Master who has saved us from our sins and provided us with grace for every need. Now we are qualified to be a help to other young

persons. May the Lord give us wisdom in this hour to do the utmost toward winning the precious young people whom the devil would like to bring to degradation.

## HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED

(Continued from page 17)

can force the habit of loving that old tobacco-soaked man, or that old woman with snuff running down her chin. It is so easy to love them when, with that spiritual vision, you see them washed in the blood of the Lamb and shouting His praises. Of course, you detest the tobacco, but that vision looks beneath it. A smile and handshake, perhaps a pat on the shoulder, may be all that is needed to start that man or woman or that dirty boy or girl on the right road. You said, "I just can't be a leader," but I have proved to you now that you can, haven't I?

You may be considered in your community a very insignificant little piece of humanity, but God uses just that kind if they will step out on Good-habit Highway. Soon this highway will be crowded with followers. It does not take a great man from the world's standpoint to be a leader; it takes just a humble little creature who will find this highway and be determined to walk in it.



## FIREBRANDS

(Continued from page 5)

The director looked sharply at Matt. "How do you happen to be here? Did you disobey my order about getting in that first truck?"

Before Matt could reply, Dale said, "We must hurry. Other matters can wait until we reach safer ground."

They went straight into an inferno this time, for the fire had leaped across the road in places, presenting a solid line of flame.

"Wait a minute!" Matt commanded as they came to a bridge across a small creek. Seizing empty bags from the back of the truck, he soaked them in the creek. "Wrap these wet bags around your heads," he directed his companions.

Hot smoke stifled them. Tongues of livid fire leaped forth in flaming torches. Flying embers showered on them. The air grew unbearably hot. Somehow Dale kept the car moving ahead until they reached the final stretch of woods, the last flaming barrier. There he collapsed behind the wheel.

In an instant Matt raced around the truck, lifted and shoved Dale away from the wheel. Taking the wheel himself, he headed into the caldron of flame in a desperate endeavor to surmount the barrier. One minute he was in a dense billow of smoke, interspersed by tongues of fire; then he was through into clearer atmosphere. The heat and smoke were left behind as he sped toward the camp buildings.

WHEN DALE opened his eyes, Matt was bending over him. Henry Mason sat on the ground beside him.

"Time you woke up," Matt said. "Can't sleep all day around here."

Dale smiled, then turned his head to get his surroundings. He looked back at Matt. "You brought the truck through after I passed out. Matt, you are grand! From now on any time you wish to leave camp—"

"I'll ask, and then do as I'm told," Matt interrupted.

Dale turned to the camp director. "Matt stayed behind to save the canoe he left in the woods, due to his sense of responsibility."

The director nodded. "From what I've seen today, I move we erase all differences of the past, and start on a new basis of understanding."

"All right with me," Dale said. "I'm not satisfied with some of my actions." He extended his hand to Matt. I owe you an apology."

Matt shook his head. "You don't owe me any more than I do you. I'm beginning to see what privileges are mine in this camp. From now on I'll show my appreciation by obeying the rules."

"Good for you, Matt," the camp director said.

Within his own heart he felt that the fires of the day had burned more than timber, for dross had been removed from certain hearts. The companionship at the camp would be on a new level now.

## A RED "C" FOR ALLEN

(Continued from page 11)

back from the middle. That was why the band had marched out of the west door and away before he knew what was happening.

Then a big Greyhound bus, marked "Centerville" was rounding the corner, and not until they were passing him, did Allen realize that it was the band.

"Hey! Wait for me!" he yelled, but no one seemed to hear him.

"I'll fix them! I'll get Mother to drive me over," he thought as he hopped the local bus for home.

If Allen's mother suspected that his story of too large a crowd for the bus was not true, she did not say so on the way to Centerville. In fact, she had very little to say at all—something, anyway, to be thankful for. Nor did she seem to notice when they pulled up behind the bus just as it was unloading all the rest of the band.

"Where's your red 'C'?" demanded the big fellow at the door as Allen started dragging his instrument case inside. "That's orders from headquarters—nobody admitted without it."

"She's got her nerve!" squeaked Allen. "I've belonged to this band for simply ages, and we never wore a red 'G' for Grimes. Why should we have to wear her old initial now?"

"What's the trouble here?" asked Allen's mother, who had finished parking the car.

"The man won't let me in, just 'cause I don't have an old red 'C,'" he muttered. "It's one of her dirty tricks, just to get even with me."

"Allen, I think this is something you had better go home and talk over with God," said his mother firmly as she reached for his instrument case.

"God has nothing to do with it," he screamed angrily. "She . . . she's just got it in for me, that's all."

Somewhat later that evening, however, Allen was ready to admit to his mother that God did have a great deal to do with it. Even if it had not been the window of the Youth Center that he had jimmied, there was the untruths Allen had told. Well, lies, if anyone wanted to be specific. And there was the strike he had wanted to call. Oh, yes, God would have a great deal to do with it before Allen was finished.

"May I please have my red 'C' now, Miss Colby?" he asked her the first thing the next morning.

"Why, Allen? They were only badges for admission to the Centerville auditorium. Probably we shall never use them again—or should I say, the band will never use them again. We are getting a new director soon, you know. A wonderful man, too, I hear."

"Maybe we won't ever use them," replied Allen seriously, "but to me it will mean that 'Colby can count on me,' as long as you're here, and 'Christ can count on me' after you're gone. Please, Miss Colby may I?"

"Why, of course, Allen, if that's the way you feel," she smiled. "If you really mean it."

Allen's eyes followed hers toward

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the hole in the window back of the privet hedge.

"Of course, I mean it," he replied. "And the first thing you can count on is my getting that window fixed—out of my own allowance, too."

"Then here's your red 'C,' Allen, and I'm sure this is going to be a real RED LETTER day for all of us here at the Youth Center. Shall we play?"



# BIBLE



# lessons for YOUTH services

## YOUTH AND CHRIST

By Irene Foshee

### INTRODUCTION

Have you ever wondered when was the best time to begin serving Christ? Ecclesiastes 12:1, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." It is very hard for an old person to get a job at a new trade, if he has not been trained for it. A company would waste money training such a person because his wage-earning years are short. Is not Christ more important than any company? Is His time not valuable? Yes, He is willing and ready to forgive anyone, regardless of age, but don't you think it only fair to be as considerate of Him as you would an employer? Then we should get our Christian training while we are yet young and have time to work for Him.

Unlike employment offices, there are always openings in Christian work. To be a Christian worker, one does not necessarily have to be a minister. Although that is one of the highest offices, there are other offices just as important.

### MINISTER OR MISSIONARY

Luke 10:2, "Therefore said he unto them, the harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest."

Many choose a life's occupation for the money value to them. This is, of course, not true for the minister or missionary. He makes the choice because he has heard God's call. Often the financial gain is very small, but the spiritual gain is great and outweighs all odds.

In some companies employees are allowed to become stockholders. The same is true for ministers and missionaries. They are stockholders with God.

### PERSONAL WORKERS

Proverbs 11:30, "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise." It does not take a minister or missionary to win souls for Christ. Perhaps everyday you come in contact with sinners who do not attend church or come in contact with any minister. It would be well to invite such a person or persons to attend church with you. Does your neighbor know Christ? Do

you talk about Christ in your everyday conversation to others. Let us speak often of Christ as we would of a very dear friend.

### CHURCH WORKERS

Are we ready for service, or are we ready to criticize those who do service? There are many jobs to be filled in a church. We need Y.P.E. leaders, Sunday School superintendents, teachers, secretaries, choir directors, and many others. There is a job for everyone. However small the job may be, do it the best you can.

John 9:4, "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."

### PARENTS

This is one of the greatest jobs ever given to anyone. Proverbs 22:6, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

The baby is sweet and innocent. As he grows he begins to imitate those about him. The young boy likes to play with his father's tools and the young girl likes to wear her mother's long dresses. Somewhere between childhood and adulthood they develop habits and personalities of their own. Are they receiving the right examples at home? Would you like for a child to pattern its life after you?

Boys and girls who are in detention homes and prisons were once innocent babies. Somewhere along the way they too made the change. They developed habits and personalities and hatred. Who is to blame? Let us not only try to do our part but let us do all in our power to help youth develop into Christian workers.

### YOUR LIFE SPEAKS

By Esther Eubanks

### INTRODUCTION

We are continually talking—not always with our mouths, though we should be careful not to say any words that would bring reproach upon Christ or His people, but in many other ways. We show people where we stand in our convictions, our nearness to God, and determine whether we shall be a stepping stone or a stumbling block to others. We must watch our lives and our words, for we are constantly being watched; and our lives will influence others, whether for good or bad.

### OUR CHARACTER TALKS

"What you are speaks so loud I can't hear what you say" is a saying we have heard many times. We cannot show sinners the way of Christ by merely speaking words; we must live pure lives before them, and by our example show them the Christian way. A child can understand the importance of attending Sunday School much better if his parents take him by the hand and say, "Come, let's go to Sunday School," rather than sitting down to read the Sunday paper and saying, "Go to Sunday School." We all know it is much easier to learn by example than by explanation. Stay true to God and your fellow man, live a pure and holy life, and "let your light so shine before men."

### BE TRUE THYSELF

*Thou must be true thyself  
If thou the truth wouldst teach;  
Thy soul must overflow if thou  
Another's soul wouldst reach.  
It needs the overflow of heart  
To give the lips full speech.*

*Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.*

—Horatius Bonar.

### OUR COMPANY TALKS

"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed," Proverbs 13:20.

God expressly forbids companionship with evil men. He tells us to shun the very appearance of evil. J. Edgar Hoover, of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, says that bad companions are one of the major causes of juvenile delinquency. Many young people who would not think of committing a crime are persuaded by their companions to take "just one drink" or smoke just one cigarette, and, since they are too weak to stand up under the taunts of "sissy" and "old-fashioned," are led deeper into sin, until finally they are in prison or on Skid Row, and then into hell. A Christian must be especially careful about his associates. Of course, we cannot neglect the sinner, but our relationship with him should be very clearly that of a Christian trying to win a sinner to Christ rather than as equal companions. We must choose wise and godly persons as our companions so that we may grow in the knowledge of God, and "enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men." Proverbs 4:14.

### OUR HOME TALKS

The slogan of a well-known radio program is "The family that prays together, stays together." How true this is, for as prayer and wholesome family life decrease, divorces and separation of families increase. Do you have family devotions in your home? Do you teach your family about Christ through words and actions? A real home must be filled with love, peace, and happiness. You have seen the motto "Christ is the head of this house." We must give Christ the most



important place in our homes, if we would give our family their rightful heritage. It has been said that 80 per cent of our criminals come from unsympathetic homes. Parents have a great responsibility resting upon them in teaching their children of God. Jane Addams said, "America's future will be determined by the home and the school. The child becomes largely what he is taught; hence, we must watch what we teach him, and how we live before him." And every Christian, whether a parent or not, has the obligation to make his home a place where God dwells.

### HOME

*I turned an ancient poet's book,  
And found upon the page:  
"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage."*

*Yes, that is true, and something new;  
You'll find where'er you roam  
That marble floors and gilded walls  
Can never make a home.*

*But every house where Christ abides  
And Friendship is a guest  
Is surely home, and home, sweet home,  
For there the heart can rest.*

—Henry Van Dyke.

### OUR BUSINESS TALKS

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men," Proverbs 22:29.

We must work for God at all times, for if we fail in what we should do, there is a part that must go undone. We are each given our talents and allotted our tasks, and we alone can do them, for each has been given tasks, and no one can do another's share. Too many persons are burying their talents. We must use our talents, for by doing this we gain more. We are told in Romans 12:11 to be "not slothful in business," but "fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." If we are always working for ourselves and to further our own interests, can a sinner see that we are true Christians? Remember that our business talks.

### OUR FACES TALK

It is said that in going through the papers of the saintly M'Cheyne a while after his death, a letter was found from one whom he had led to Christ. In this letter were these words, "It was nothing that you said that first made me want to be a Christian. It was the beauty of holiness which I saw in your very face." The face of a true Christian should show the love and joy of the Lord, and not selfishness and pettishness as a spoiled child. Christ can cleanse our hearts and fill us so full of His power and glory that our faces will be as a light in the darkness of this world. Since we are the only Bible some people read, we must be sure to "let the beauty of Jesus be seen" in our lives.

### CONCLUSION

Yes, our character, company, home, business, and faces talk, and, remember, we must answer to God for it all. "For by thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned," Matthew 12:37.

## THE BEAUTIFUL WITHIN

By Gladys Blake Seymour

### THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER

**LESSON TEXT:** "For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation," Psalm 149:4.

It is natural for every boy and girl to want to look as beautiful and attractive to each other as possible, but it should be your desire to be as beautiful as you look. God wants us to look nice and pleasing, but not be fastidious. The beautiful to the world is not the beautiful to God. I Samuel 16:7, "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." The spirit within you, whether good or evil, speaks the type of individual you really are.

The prayer of every boy and girl, man and woman, should be, "I pray thee, O God, to make me beautiful within." It is the inward adoring we should be more concerned with—not the outward. (I Peter 3:3, 4). There is a great difference between dressing up the body for outward appearance and dressing up the heart for service. If we worship God in spirit and in the beauty of holiness (I Chronicles 16:29), we shall be beautiful within, look beautiful in the eyes of the Lord, and our lives will shine out to those who know nothing about this inward beauty that only God can give to those who have His wonderful salvation in their hearts.

There's a great contrast between the persons whose hearts are ornamented with the fruits of the Spirit, and those who follow the works of the flesh. (Galations 5:19-23). Truly the nine characteristics of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance—make us beautiful within. These inward beauties shine outward, thus making the countenance bright, the eyes sparkle with joy, the body nimble and lively with the power of God, our ways and actions admired by the sinner, and our dress recognized by the stylists. There is a striking difference between the beautiful within and those whose beauty is only skin deep.

Did you ever drive up in front of a house that appeared to be a mansion outside with all its white walls, massive columns, spacious grounds, rose gardens, rock walls, trellises, green grasses, improved shrubs, and an entrance that looked so inviting, and when you entered it, you found the house altogether different from what the outside suggested? The house inside is cluttered, messy, inconvenient, out of order in every way. This house was built to make an outward impression, not for service and comfort.

So it is with an individual. The old adage is so true that we've so often heard our mothers say: "Pretty is as pretty does." A person's outward appearance when all jeweled, bedecked, and arrayed like a queen or goddess, will appear just right in the eyes of this evil world, but his beauty is vain (Proverbs 31:30), and his heart is far from God. The desire of all Christians should be to dress up the heart and the inward man by putting on the

whole armour of God (Ephesians 6:11-18). Once the heart is properly "dressed-up" for service, the outside appearance will take care of itself.

I know no better way to live a beautiful life than to live as Paul advised Titus in Titus 2:12b. We should live (1) soberly; (2) righteously; and (3) godly in this present world.

When we live (1) soberly, we deal with self; (2) righteously, we deal with others; (3) godly, we deal with God.

Truly, when we have learned to live with (1) self, (2) others, and (3) God, we will be beautiful within through the great salvation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

### FIRST SPEAKER:

(1) "Soberly" has to do with the world within. To live *soberly* means you will have inward qualities, as being balanced, poised, strong, self-possessed, steady, sedate. You must be a master of yourself.

(a) Milton: "He who reigns within himself and rules passions, desires, and fears is more than a king."

(b) Seneca: "Most powerful is he who has himself in his power."

(c) Proverbs 16:32.

(d) Proverbs 25:28.

### SECOND SPEAKER:

(2) "Righteously" has to do with the world around us. It means the Christian's attitude toward all peoples. It means how just, holy, and honest you treat those about and around you each day of your life. With what kind of a spirit do you face your neighbors, friends, and most of all your family every day? Your life tells to others how much righteousness you have. We can have as much righteousness as we need. (Matthew 5:6).

Sometimes we wonder why we cannot lead someone to God. Without this righteousness in our lives, we will not know how to contact, meet, and touch the interested, the indifferent, the hesitant, the doubters, the backslider, the penitent, and the disbelievers. If we are filled with this righteousness, however, it puts the "know-how" in us to lead others.

(a) Hazlitt: "Those who can command themselves (live soberly) command others (know how to deal with others)."

(b) James 3:18.

(c) Ephesians 5:9.

### THIRD SPEAKER:

(3) "Godly" has to do with the world above and beyond—to the things of God. This means our relationship with God, just how much of God we have in us, and how devoted to religious thoughts and exercises we are. These adverbs of "how," telling us how we should live, are so closely related one cannot be one without exercising the others. We cannot live soberly and righteously until we have also begun to live godly in Christ Jesus.

(a) Horace: "The more a man denies himself, the more he shall obtain from God."

(b) I Peter 4:11.

(c) I Corinthians 6:10.



# Truth About Youth

*Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity," 1 Timothy 4:12.*

By CHESTER SHULER

**L**ET NO MAN DESPISE thy youth." These are the words of the Apostle Paul to a young friend named Timothy. They are words that we should earnestly take to heart. We need to see to it also that *we*, ourselves, do not despise our own youth.

Weymouth translates this verse, "Let no one think slightly of you because you are a young man; but in speech, conduct, love, faith and purity, be an example for your fellow Christians to imitate."

Youth need be no barrier to success. The world's history proves this fact. Many of our greatest men and women accomplished much of their best work while still young.

Joseph, to use a Biblical example, was still in his teens when he was carried off to Egypt to begin a great work which God had planned for him.

Abraham Lincoln, as a boy, stood in the slave market of New Orleans, and there, in his youth, made a resolution which shaped his life and the ultimate destiny of his nation.

Florence Nightingale was still just a girl when she decided to give her life to nursing and caring for the sick and wounded.

Daniel was but a youth when he stood out against the evils of Babylon and refused to be overcome by idolatrous practices.

Josephus, the famous Jewish historian, was an authority on Jewish law at the age of fourteen.

Thomas Edison began the study of chemistry in the basement of his home when only eleven. As a boy he studied telegraphy and was ready to go to work as an operator when his great chance came.

Raphael painted his greatest pictures as a young man. His brilliant life ended at thirty-seven.

David was but a shepherd boy when called by God to the throne.

And so it goes. There are countless others, perhaps some we know personally, whose youth was no barrier to success, but rather a great aid.

The wise girl or boy is quick to realize and believe this. The youthful years are golden. Don't let them slip away idle. Resolve this moment to be the girl or boy God wants you to be, and to do the things He wants you to do—now.

A poet has put it this way:

*"Every youth has a quest to make,  
For life is the Kings' highway,  
And a joyous heart is the script we take,  
On the road of everyday."*

*"Every youth has his gifts to guard,  
As he fares to a far-off goal;  
A body pure, and a mind unmarred,  
And the light of a lovely soul."*

*"Every youth has a task of his own,  
For the Father has willed it so.  
Youth seeks the way, and He alone  
Can show him the path to go."*

*"Every youth has a lovely Guide,  
From the vale to the mountain crest;  
For the unseen Friend who walks beside,  
Is the Way and the End of the quest."*

## FREEDOM UNDER GOD

(Continued from page 7)

"Great Lady" was being extended to them, also.

The ten-year-old son of this family looked up into the face of the minister and asked in the broken English he had been taught to use, "Does she have the lights on so the people can read their Bibles?"

"Son," said the minister, "people in America can read their Bibles any time they wish, in the daytime or at night."

The people listening in had a mental picture of the years this family had hidden their one treasure—an old Testament—to read in their cellar home before they went to bed at night.

Yes, we can read our Bibles in America, wherever and whenever we wish. But do we?

If we want America to remain free, let us do our part toward this end, for she will do so as long as we can read the Bible at any spot we choose and at any hour of the day or night that we feel the need of God's comfort and assistance.

## THE DEFENDER

(Continued from page 10)

agreed to reply to the attack the following day. This gave him only one night in which to prepare his speech for the debate, but no man could have been better prepared as he arose the next day in the Senate Chamber, for he *knew* the Constitution.

The people who had filled the Chamber to overflowing doubted in their minds if this man could be prepared for such an ordeal. They did not think it possible that any man could prepare an effective answer in the short hours Webster had allotted himself, especially since Hayne had made such an eloquent speech. Who could meet such an issue with so short a time of preparation?

Daniel Webster said, "By the blessing of heaven, the people shall know what the Constitution is before the sun goes down this day." And if any man could help them to know, Daniel Webster could.

He took as his theme "NATIONALITY." For hours he held the vast audience spellbound in his masterful plea for a united nation. His entire life had been spent in the preparation for this very opportunity.

That day the greatest speech that had ever or has ever been made in Congress was delivered. It was such an one as to inspire loyal Americans with a profound devotion for their country. In closing he used these words: "... Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."



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# 52-WEEK-A-YEAR PROGRAM

RAY H. HUGHES, National Sunday School and Youth Director

AMONG SUNDAY SCHOOL workers it is generally conceded that there will be a big drop in attendance during the months of June, July, and August. For this reason, many of the workers relax and slacken their pace. They succumb to the general attitude of the church-going public, but really, there is no need for such a decided drop in Sunday School attendance during the summer months. According to a survey taken, the number of families out of town on a given Sunday in any community seldom exceeds twenty per cent of the population. It should be taken into consideration that a large percentage of this twenty per cent are non-churchgoers.

## REASONS FOR DECREASE

### 1. Lack of Absentee Follow-up

Everyone is entitled to a vacation, but God's work should not be discontinued for a season to make this possible. Many churches fail to continue an absentee follow-up plan during the summer, but careful planning with the staff makes it possible to maintain a systematic program of visitation even during the busy summer months. By reporting the vacation dates far enough in advance to the superintendent and officers of the Sunday School, arrangements can be made for the Sunday School to operate as normally as in the fall or spring.

### 2. Dismissal of Teachers' and Officers' Meetings

The dismissal of teachers' and officers' meetings during the summer months is an admission of defeat. Added emphasis and a special, attractive program should be arranged to add color to the summer meetings. Take

the meeting outdoors. Make it a social time as well as a time of instruction and planning. Teachers must come to realize that Sunday School is a 52-week-a-year program.

### 3. Vacationers Don't Attend

Even vacationers should attend the Sunday School nearest to them during their vacation. This will help stabilize attendance. Special attention should be given these visitors; in fact, churches should stage a "welcome visitors" summer program. If it is stressed that your school will give credit toward a perfect attendance record for attendance at other schools during the vacation period, it will serve as an incentive for the scholars to be regular in their attendance. This also serves to keep the people in the habit of going to Sunday School. Some churches provide special cards that can be signed by the superintendent signifying that the visitor was present in Sunday School. This card is taken back to the local Sunday School, and the class secretary credits the person with regular attendance.

### 4. No VBS

Spark your summer attendance with a VBS. Many new children are attracted to the church during this period, some of which do not attend Sunday School. This means there is a potential Sunday School attendant available; not only the child, but the parents also are potential attendants. A VBS attracts new scholars and helps keep the regular attendants church-minded.

If a good average can be maintained during the summer, it will reflect itself in the fall attendance. Though it takes nothing less than *work*, the summer slump can be corrected.

## LEADERS IN ATTENDANCE Average Weekly Attendance for April, 1956 SUNDAY SCHOOL Group AA

North Carolina	24,669
Georgia	18,790
Tennessee	17,246
Alabama	16,863
Florida	16,303

### Group A

Ohio	9,542
Kentucky	7,045
Virginia	6,698
Texas	5,483
Mississippi	4,720

### Group B

Michigan	6,223
California	5,329
Illinois	3,739
Pennsylvania	3,545
Missouri	3,536

### Group C

Maryland	3,498
Indiana	2,957
Oklahoma	2,754
Louisiana	2,024
Arizona	1,449

### Group D

Kansas	1,008
New Mexico	710
Western Canada	592

### Group E

Washington	868
Iowa	526
North Dakota	494
Oregon	494
Delaware	486
Montana	418

### Group F

New Jersey	265
New York	212

### Group G

Central Canada	142
Alaska	70
Minnesota	64

### Y.P.E. Group AA

North Carolina	11,746
Georgia	10,051
Alabama	9,578
Tennessee	8,606
Florida	7,142

### Group A

Ohio	4,805
------	-------

Kentucky	4,341
Virginia	4,184
Mississippi	3,759
Texas	3,511

### Group B

California	3,409
Michigan	2,715
Illinois	2,240
Missouri	2,214
Pennsylvania	2,170

### Group C

Oklahoma	2,001
Maryland	1,651
Indiana	1,510
Louisiana	1,363
Arizona	738

### Group D

Kansas	588
New Mexico	479
Western Canada	140

### Group E

Washington	337
Maine	289
Iowa	260
Delaware	242
Maine	237

### Group F

New Jersey	130
New York	114

### Group G

Central Canada	104
Minnesota	42

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for April	
Greenville (Tremont Ave.), South Carolina	930
Detroit (Tabernacle), Michigan	601
Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	580
Kannapolis, North Carolina	521
West Flint, Michigan	493
Cincinnati (12th and Elm), Ohio	477
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	462
Atlanta (Riverside), Georgia	449
Summit, Alabama	418
Wilmington, North Carolina	415

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN Y.P.E. ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for April	
South Gastonia, North Carolina	305
Nicholls, Georgia	297
Home for Children, Tennessee	272
Whitwell, Tennessee	239
Detroit (Tabernacle), Michigan	232
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	222
Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	216

North Chattanooga, Tennessee	182
Coconut Grove, Florida	181
Lakedale, North Carolina	176

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPART- MENTS ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for April	
Mullens, West Virginia	2,226
Louisville (Faith Temple), Kentucky	1,843
Greenville (Tremont Ave.), S. C.	798
Abingdon, Virginia	437
East Nashville, Tennessee	295
Bedford, Virginia	272
Birmingham (Pike Avenue), Alabama	233
West Durham, North Carolina	194
Henderson, North Carolina	166
East Alton, Illinois	144

## TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

West Virginia	50
South Carolina	47
Ohio	40
Florida	33
Tennessee	30
Virginia	24
Alabama	23
Georgia	23
Illinois	18
Missouri	18
North Carolina	17
California	13
Pennsylvania	13

## YOUTH STATISTICS This Month

Saved	3,640
Sanctified	1,613
Filled with Holy Ghost	1,182
Added to the Church of God	1,024

## Since June 30, 1955

Saved	30,526
Sanctified	13,528
Filled with Holy Ghost	10,237
Added to the Church of God	8,955

Branch Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1955	90
Branch Sunday Schools reported as of April 30, 1956	386
New Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1955	94
Total Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1955 (Branch and New)	184
New Y.P.E.'s organized since June 30, 1955	117





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AUGUST, 1956

# The **LIGHTED** *Pathway*

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR





# BEARING THE CROSS

By LOIS DUFFIELD

A LITTLE GIRL received a luminous cross as a present and fastened it to the chain on her bed light. "Now," she said, "when I see my cross I can find my light." What a parable she spoke! When we learn to see our Christian calling as an invitation to cross-bearing, we begin to perceive the Light of the world in His true glory.

When we speak of bearing a cross we do not mean being patient under burdens thrust upon us, but of making voluntary sacrifices. We need not look far to find heavy crosses to carry. We must start by surrendering our money to God. As Jesus asked, "If then you have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will entrust to you the true riches?" Luke 16:11 (RSV).

A missionary to India tells of an Indian pastor who came to his office, laid three rupees on his desk and said, "Here is my tithe for the month." The missionary knew that the man's salary was barely enough to feed his family, and that to tithe he must give up three day's food. Such faithfulness in countries filled with famine and want put to shame those who have "enough and to spare" but feel they "cannot afford" to tithe. God's richest blessings are promised to those who dispense their worldly good in the manner of trustworthy stewards.

Many Christians are miserly in the giving of their time. They have plenty of leisure for sports, television and the affairs of this world, but they suddenly become "too busy" when asked to do some work for the kingdom of God. A man from Iran visiting the United States was amazed to find no luck or magic in our material success. "The people just work harder and faster," he said. Successful churches and evangelistic movements do not "just happen" either. When we see a thriving group, we may be sure someone puts many hours of thought and labor into making it so.

Hand in hand with the contributing of time and money walks the stewardship of talent. Many persons try to slide from under this obligation by saying smugly, "I have no talent to give." But they only *think* they are absolved of responsibility! God has not made a human being who has no talent that he can share.

I know a young man who bore the nickname "Zero" while in school because that was his usual grade. He is an inspiration to his church, however, because of his promptness, regular attendance, eagerness to serve, and the depth of devotion revealed in his simple prayers. He may have been "Zero" to his schoolmates, but he rates much higher in God's book because he gives everything he has.

David Livingstone gave up a medical career in England to travel through Africa healing, preaching and exploring. He continued his work even while suffering from a severe illness. The glowing story of his life seems to most persons a glistening example of self-denial. Nevertheless, he once said, "I have never made a sacrifice." What did he mean? Simply that God had showered such rich spiritual blessings upon him that he always felt more than rewarded for such renunciation.

The spiritual law is this: "He who sows sparingly will also reap sparingly, and he who sows bountifully will also reap bountifully," 2 Corinthians 9:6 (RSV). Only those who bear the cross may wear the crown.

# The LIGHTED Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

LEWIS J. WILLIS, Editor

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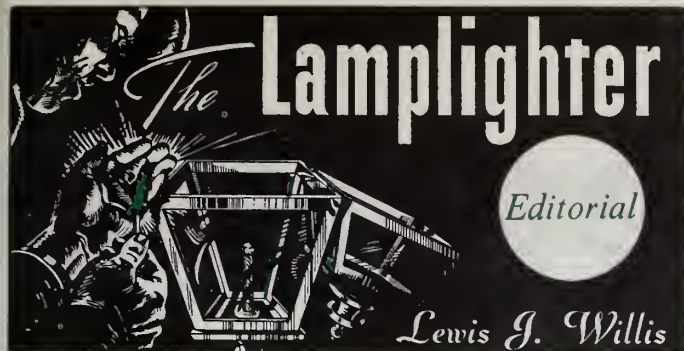
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# Branching Out

By RAY H. HUGHES

National Sunday School and Youth Director

**Note:** Among the many contributions Ray Hughes has made during his very successful tenure as National Sunday School and Youth Director is the Branch Sunday School plan. I am happy to present his report of that project on this page.

**N**OT LONG AGO, I was reading an article and noticed the following statement: "There are more Americans living in communities which have no church than ever before." Incredible, I thought. In the light of the many church expansion programs this statement seemed untrue; yet, it is a fact that the Church is not keeping abreast with the population trends.

The shifting population and new subdivisions contribute to this problem. Approximately thirty million people change residence within continental United States in one year.\* Persons moving into new subdivisions that have no church sometimes lose interest and are soon lost to the Church. It is months, and sometimes years, before some subdivisions have proper bus service, making it almost impossible for some to attend the home church unless transportation is provided. If this is the case, it is usually provided on Sunday morning only, and the fellowship of the weekday services is lost.

One of the best answers to this problem of unchurched communities is to organize a branch Sunday School and grow with the community. Through the aid of a mother church, branch schools can serve areas that expensive evangelistic teams cannot reach. This is an evangelistic program in which a larger number of laymen can participate. More responsibility delegated to the membership of our local churches in this area of the work will make the parent church more spiritual.

Our records prove that a church does not have to be large to begin and maintain branches. A medium-sized church in Ohio has begun five branches, two of which have developed into churches. There have been occasions where the attendance of the branch exceeded the at-

\*Based on statistics from Census Bureau, Washington, D. C., April 1951-April 1952.

\*\*In some states almost all the churches organized were started by branch Sunday Schools. In other states some were started through just new Sunday Schools and other methods, but a majority of all of the churches organized throughout the United States were organized through this method.

tendance of the parent church in a very short time. Usually, new Sunday Schools reach people faster than established Sunday Schools.

Branching out is a policy of many business firms to meet the demands of our day—branch banks, branch stores, etc. The time is past when a centrally located store can handily serve an entire city; likewise, the time is past when a centrally located church can serve an entire city. We must go where the people are. This is the command of Christ, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled," Luke 14:23.

In some of our major cities, the traffic problem is a hindrance to church attendance. In large cities, most persons will not fight the traffic for an hour or two to attend a church across town. They prefer to attend a church in their own community, even if it is a smaller one. Most persons will contribute more finance and sacrifice more for an effort of this nature than they will at the parent church. Money spent on transportation to and from a church across town can be channeled into the neighborhood church.

In some instances, working conditions prohibit the people from attending weekday services. It is impossible for them to drive the distance and arrive at church on time after getting off from work. This might seem an excuse rather than a reason for nonattendance, but we must face facts and cope with the times in which we live. A survey revealed that the average city church member travels only 1.7 miles to church, and in rural sections only 1.9 miles. Those who travel more than two miles are the exception and not the rule.

**YOU MAY ASK** the question, what are we as a church doing to meet this need? Approximately two and one-half years ago the state overseers and state Sunday School and youth directors in a joint meeting launched a branch Sunday School program to accelerate the extension work of the Church of God. A goal of 465 branch schools was set, being prorated to the states according to their membership. To date 400 branches have been organized, being only 65 short of the goal. Think with me just a moment what this means in terms of evangelism. This means that 400 lighthouses have been set up in neglected communities. It means that 400 audiences are receiving the full gospel, some of whom would never have heard. It means that seed for 400 churches has been sown. The impact of this program will be felt for years to come. It is not a temporary project but a practical approach in reaching the unreached. This has proved to be one of the chief methods of new field evangelism in our church; in fact, a majority\*\* of the churches organized during this period have been organized through this agency.

There are several states that have made outstanding gains through this medium. Ohio ranks first in the nation in the number of branches started. Fifteen of these branches have developed into churches, and nineteen more are now operating, some of which will be organized into churches soon according to the report of the state Sunday School and youth director. It is evident that these projects will eventually pay for themselves and continue to contribute to a program of evangelism in other areas. The branch Sunday School at Auburn, Ohio, sold enough Y.P.E. candy to purchase a Sunday School bus. This reflects the gratitude and enthusiasm with

(Continued on page 26)



# The Rescue

By CHESTER SHULER

Illustrated by Chloe Stewart

"HI, JOEY!" YELLED Fat Shull, at the top of his powerful voice. "Wait up! Got—*puff!*—something important—*puff!*—to tell you!"

I waited for my fat friend to catch up with me, grinning at the sight of his florid, excited countenance, as he puffed up the sidewalk at a speed which was surprisingly rapid for one of his weight. "Here comes Paul Revere himself, in person," I said, wondering what could make Fat run like that anyway.

"Joey," he puffed, "you seen—*puff!*—him yet?"

"Who's 'him'?"

"James Dawson. Remember Jim, don't you, Joey? Used to play with us when his folks lived uptown. Well, he's back again—spending some time with his Uncle Harry on Spruce Avenue. Joey, if Jim's the pal he usta be, I'm telling you, this is great news! We'll have fun and then some."

"Sure, I remember Jim Dawson," I said, thinking of the kid who used to run around with our gang sometimes, and was nearly always getting into some sort of trouble. Not that Jim was bad; in fact, he was what folks called a "good boy." He went to Sunday School every Sunday with us, never lied or cheated, and his parents kept tabs on him a lot closer than most of our parents did on us. Some of the kids in town had had it in for Jim on that account. But our gang always liked him, and so he had run with us a lot.

"Well, Joey, how about going along over there and saying hello to Jim right now?" Fat proposed, and away we went.

But we hadn't gone far until we ran into Josh and Bill. Josh is my older brother, Bill my cousin. They gave us the secret sign meaning they had important information, and Fat and I ambled over to them. Josh said: "You fellows seen Jim Dawson yet?"

"On our way over to see Jim now," said Fat.

"Hm-m. Well, Bill and I just came from seeing him. He's grown tall, and—well, he's different—" Josh looked troubled. "Bill and I noticed that Jim's

taken to smoking cigarettes, for one thing."

"Jim has?" I exclaimed. "Oh, I'm sorry for that!"

"So are we," from Bill. "Course a lot of kids smoke now, but a lot don't either."

FAT AND I WALKED slowly toward the house of Jim's Uncle. We were feeling disappointed and sort of sad. Of course, cigarette smoking these days isn't considered so terrible by many persons, but somehow to think of Jim Dawson with a cigarette in his lips just didn't seem right. "I hope, Joey," said Fat, "that we can help Jim stop smoking."

"Same here," I agreed. "But how? When a fellow gets that habit, it's hard to stop even if he wants to."

Fat nodded and sighed. "I know, Joey. But maybe there'll be a way. We'll have to be careful and not say or do the wrong thing, though. Well, there's the house—and that's Jim on the porch, sure's anything."

Jim grinned when he saw us. "Hi, Fatso—Joey," he said, reaching a big hand to us. Jim had grown much taller and, of course, was a lot older now than when we'd played with him. "Good to see the old gang again," Jim went on.

We had a pleasant visit with Jim. The only thing that made Fat and me feel bad was his smoking. Seemed he really had the habit—bad. We didn't say anything about smoking, of course. But as we walked back to Fat's house, we did a lot of thinking. When we met Frank Mack, our leader, we told him the story.

"That's bad," Frank agreed, shaking his head. "But I suppose Jim hasn't lived, as we have, where we have a good influence and where a lot of folks *don't* smoke. Some gangs almost ostracize a fellow who won't smoke these days. We can't be too hard on Jim, you know. But I do hope we can figure out a way to help him see how harmful tobacco can be."

"He looks like an athlete, too," I said. "But I'm sure his lungs will soon be weakened if he keeps on smoking as he did just now."

We held a meeting on Frank's porch

that afternoon. We agreed on two things. We would chum with Jim, just as we used to do when we were small kids; and if possible, we would try to help him stop the habit.

"And that latter," said Frank gravely, "is quite an order. Well, I see we're getting company. Here comes Harry Lawson. Hi, Harry."

Harry sat on the porch step. "You boys seen Jim Dawson yet?" he asked. When we told him we had, he went on: "Sure am sorry to see that boy smoking cigarettes. You see, I know what they can do to a fellow's health. It's only been since I got saved that I had power to stop using 'em."

We knew all about Harry's victory. He had been a tough boy, but when he became a real Christian, after we had gotten him into our Sunday School class for a while, he stopped his bad habits, including the use of cigarettes, and was getting along fine.

"We were just wondering how we might be able to help Jim stop smoking," I told Harry. "You got any suggestions?"

"Well, one thing's sure—you'll have to be careful how you approach him. I don't know Jim too well, but I remember how angry it made me when I wasn't saved and someone lectured me about smoking. I couldn't see that it made any difference to others, if I wanted to smoke—and told 'em so."

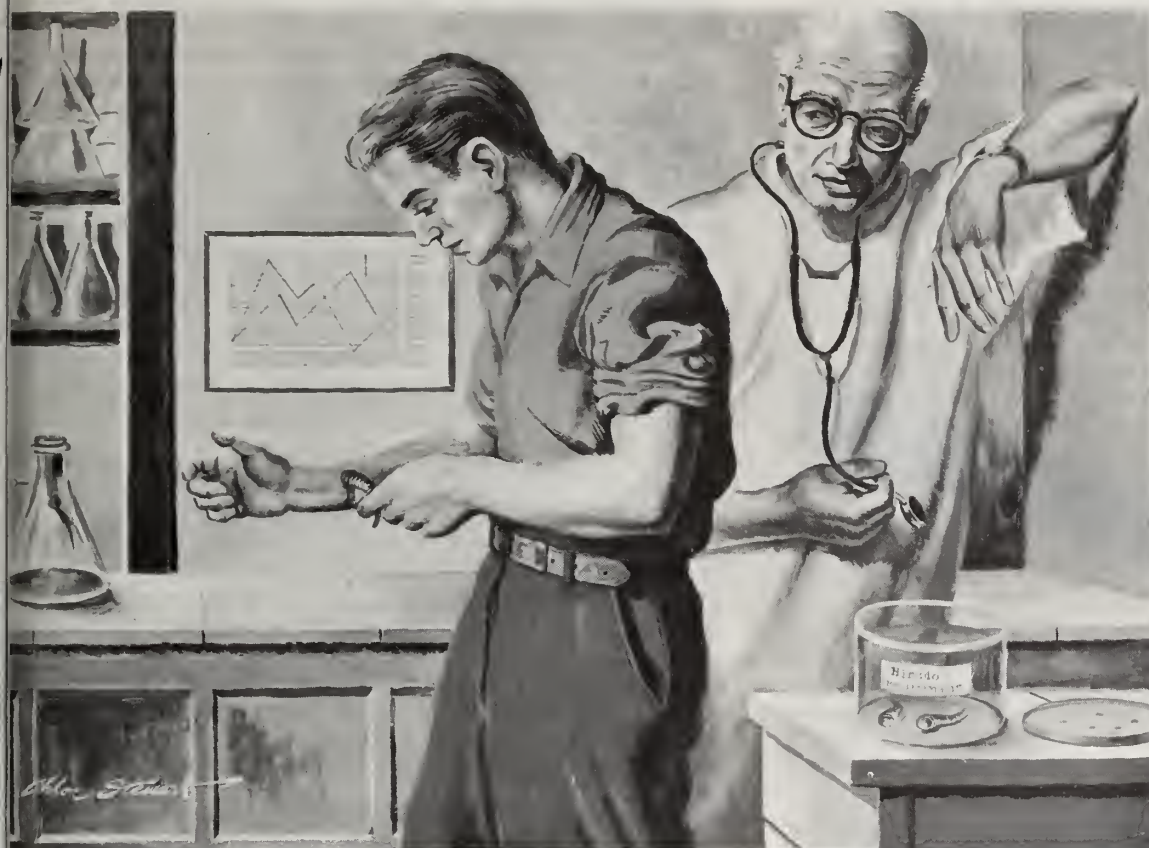
"But I believe Jim has had good home training," said Frank. "When he was here several years ago, he always went to our Sunday School. He had nice parents, but I think both are dead now. I have a feeling that if we could get Jim to recognize how harmful cigarettes really are, he would stop smoking."

"Maybe," said Fat, "it'd help if we prayed for Jim real hard."

"Sure would," said Harry. "I know my folks and a lot more were praying for me a long while before I came to my senses and got saved."

HE AGREED WE'D pray. But we felt sure we would have to do what we could, too, to help answer our prayers. That afternoon we all went over and got Jim to go along to





*"Jim had permitted the leach to fasten itself to his arm, and watched as its tiny body began to inflate."*

see a ball game. We noticed that although he smoked three cigarettes in a row, he suddenly stopped for a long while, and seemed interested in the game.

"I hope I can play like those fellows," he said, "when I get into medical school. Did you know I'm planning to become a doctor?" he asked us.

We hadn't heard, and told him so, but said we were glad to know it. And just about that time, I saw Fat getting very red in the face, and squirming on the bleacher seat. Fat always gets red when he's excited, and he was very red now. I knew he had gotten a big idea.

He could hardly wait for Jim to go home to tell us. We all felt his plan had possibilities, and agreed we'd talk with Doc Morris that very evening, if possible. Doc was a friend of boys, and our gang in particular. He knew several of us had ideas of becoming doctors some day.

Doc was glad to see us. We waited until his office hours were over, then he invited us into his private office. We explained Fat's big idea to him carefully. He listened without interruption until we had finished. Then he smiled and said: "I think this is a splendid idea, boys. Of course, it may or may not work, but it is worth try-

ing, and I'll be happy to help you all I can. Suppose—" He consulted his appointment book a moment. "Suppose you arrange to drop in here Tuesday evening about this time, and as soon as I have finished with my office calls, I'll be with you."

It wasn't too difficult to persuade Jim to go with us. He was interested in medical things, naturally, and remembered Doc from years before when he had lived in our town. We gave Doc's collection of specimens quite a build-up, too. But, of course, nothing at all was even hinted about cigarettes. We had agreed to be careful on that score—and to pray a lot meanwhile, that our plan might do some good for Jim.

To make things better, we had arranged to hold a meeting of our gang—inviting Jim to join us as an associate member—at Bill's house, which was just two doors from Doc's office. This would take up the time until Doc was ready for us. "You know, fellows," Jim said, "I sure miss you a lot at home. In the city, I never had a good crowd to run with like this. I've often wished I had. It's lots easier to do right when you're with a gang of good guys." We had noticed Jim reach for cigarettes several times, but each time he didn't light any. "This

smoking habit," he said, looking at his yellowed fingers, "would never have gotten to me if I'd been here, I guess."

**JUST THEN** someone said, "There goes Doc's last patient. Let's go over, gang."

"Good evening, boys," greeted the doctor cordially. "Especially glad to see you, James, my lad. They tell me you've decided to become a doctor—and I want to add my blessing! Certainly is good to have you all here this evening. Sit down."

Soon he began showing us around his office. He really had some interesting curios, including a white skeleton in a special little closet, the door of which had purposely been left ajar. Jim didn't know it, of course, but Doc had fixed the office a bit just for our visit! Jim was intensely interested in what Doc told and showed us. "I wonder what caused that guy's death, Doc," I said, pointing gingerly to the skeleton.

"Strangely enough," Doc answered, "I was told he died from the effects of drink, gambling and tobacco—a combination which, I've noticed, is very adept at killing people." Then we wandered around looking at things,

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By WAYNE and CHARLOTTE McAFEE  
*Missionaries to Brazil*

TODAY'S CHURCH IS faced with a perplexing problem: how to get the message to the spiritually impoverished masses before Christ's return. Is a higher numerical representation of missionaries all the answer? Perhaps not. Could not one of the solutions be to strive for the hallmarked missionary—the missionary of quality?

In an exceedingly hopeful effort to stimulate missionaries and missionary candidates to be hallmarked missionaries to meet this need of the hour, we prayerfully present what to us are six of the many desirable, if not indispensable qualities of the missionary who would pass the hallmark test. From the outset, we explain that they are not easily acquired characteristics, but we remind, as well, that not all missionaries are pure silver. "But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth . . .," 2 Timothy 2:20. They present a challenge. It is the great missionary who accepts challenge, and wins. The order in which we present these qualities is arbitrary: they form not a series but a constellation.

TO BEGIN WITH THEN, almost at random, we propose *Perspective*: the capacity to view things in their true relations or relative importance. "For I say . . . to every man . . . not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think," Romans 12:3. Because of the unusual sacrifices and hardships that many missionaries have undergone, they have come to be regarded by many as being in a class all their own. Having constantly received expressions of "pity" by well-meaning Christians, many missionaries have tended toward an attitude of positional and spiritual superiority. The missionary of quality, however, will retain a proper perspective of his calling.

The missionary too often expects unproportionate honor simply because his labor is done in a certain geographical location. We would remind him that the "field is the world." In the eyes of God all fields, home and foreign, are potential plow grounds for the gospel plow. It is interesting to observe the ordinance laid down by David to his army in this respect (1 Samuel 30:24). Many of the ministers in the homeland have received calls as definite and as logic-filled as the missionary who was led to go to the lesser crowded, more highly specialized field. In the United States government, it is the superior men who are trained and chosen for the foreign assignments, but these men receive equal credit for a job well done with the men back home in Washington. Likewise should the missionary consider himself as a part of God's great army with stations of importance in all the world. In reality, the missionary is nothing more or less than anyone else who has consecrated his services to the Lord.

While it is true that work on a foreign field demands mental alertness and a good portion of capability, going

MISSIONARIES WHO HAVE

PERSPECTIVE, PRINCIPLE,

PROGRESS, PRODUCTIVITY,

PRAYER, AND PENTECOST, ARE THE TRULY



to a foreign field does not necessarily make one a prodigy. On the contrary, a greater effort is required of him as an isolated minister to remain but average in his ministry because of his lack of contacts with equals who stimulate him to growth. It is also this lack of association with kinsmen and the constant living with less versed men that cause difficulty in the missionary's proper evaluation of himself and his work.

**AGAIN, PRINCIPLE:** a rule of conduct consistently directing one's actions. "... And upon this rock I will build my church . . .," Matthew 16:18. The chief general principle of any missionary is based on his firm belief that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation. Without the gospel the world is lost. "What can wash away my sins? *Nothing* but the blood of Jesus." No other religion, creed, belief or moral standard will do. It is the blood of Jesus that saves from sin. With this as his ardent belief, the missionary must let that be the driving motive that sends him to his post.

In order to put this irrefutable, inalterable principle in practice, it is necessary to employ other Biblical principles, such as the postulate that the system of tithes and offerings is the best financial system.

There exists a strong and growing feeling that Headquarters-to-foreign-church aid does not fully meet our obligations to the foreign church. It is the missionary's responsibility to present the tithe system to his field and insist upon its practice so that the foreign church will become, as the church in the homeland is, financially independent through its own strength. He must make an all-out effort to help the church in an underdeveloped country realize its own economic potential regardless of cost by presenting sound principles which steer toward indigency. The missionary is sorely tempted to deviate from this principle in order to meet an immediate problem, especially if that problem is the possible loss from the Church of some individuals or congregations. If he does so, he is reverting to expediency, and it is far easier to be expedient than to live by principle.

**IN THE THIRD PLACE, Progress:** the action of advancing or improving by gradual betterment. "The children of Israel went onward . . .," Exodus 40:36. Progress demands pliability—another exigent quality. It is only through change—sometimes drastic change—that any missionary's work can progress. Significant for thought is the statement given by Eugene Stanley in this respect. He says, "This is an age . . . of rapid evolution and sometimes revolution . . . in technology. Facts and ideas that were right yesterday may be wrong or completely irrelevant today. (He) who ceases . . . to unlearn and relearn his facts and to reconsider his opinions is like a blindfolded person walking into a familiar room where someone has moved the furniture."

Progress also involves continuous inventory. One must

be sure that his field progresses and betters constantly in all departments, always observant of ways in which he can improve the quality and quantity of the work in his care. If his predecessor was a good builder but not so efficient in spiritual care, let him seek to excel in the latter work. If the work of the Sunday School, Y.P.E. and L.W.W.B. has been neglected heretofore, let him progress in these lines. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it . . ."

**ONCE MORE, Productivity:** the quality of producing; creative; yielding or furnishing results, profits or benefits. "I have chosen you . . . that ye should go and bring forth fruit," John 15:16. After the missionary's first term, it is this quality, perhaps, which is of sincere concern to the Church when it is considering him for reappointment. It is our firm conviction that the missionary should not be fearful of financial and membership statistics as they might affect his position. Although statistics are important, they do not supercede spiritual sincerity or honest effort. This, of course, should not give a license to the missionary to belittle statistics in general and not fervently strive to be able to render a glowing, truthful report. It is also our earnest conviction that the hard-working, sincere, spiritual missionary will never lack for numerical information for his reports because his will normally be a productive ministry.

**AGAIN, PRAYER:** a key to spirituality. "But we will give ourselves continually to prayer . . .," Acts 6:4. This has brought us up naturally and normally to the quality of prayer, or the spiritual disposition of the missionary. The missionary's spiritual life is not secondary; it is paramount.

"For we battle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers." Hence, no neophyte in spiritual battles can long endure on the field. Recent converts in all sincerity have tried the mission field to find that until they had become more accustomed to the camouflage of the devil in the surroundings of the all-too-strange field that not only should one go to the field a spiritual military giant, but also that he must at all costs maintain his spirituality against overwhelming odds. As a general rule, on the field one hears no sermons in English; he has little or no fellowship in English services and prayer life with his fellow missionaries; he is constantly giving forth in the services he attends and conducts and rarely receives spiritual bread. Even so, he is obligated to continue to grow in the Lord and become even more efficient against the tactics of the enemy.

**FINALLY, PENTECOST:** holding firmly to the teachings of the New Testament concerning the doctrine of the Holy Spirit. "Aquila and Priscilla . . . ex-  
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# Hallmarked

# Missionaries



# Is it **MORE** **TIME** *that you need?*

by PHYLLIS PRIMMER

illustrated by w. ellip ambrose



**W**HEW! WHAT A DAY!" Susan dropped into one of the folding chairs on their little, westerly veranda facing a street of identical houses with little, easterly verandas. Every fifty feet of sidewalk frontage averaged a one-and-a-half-story house, a mortgage, one family of two and one-half children and nine-tenths of a dog.

Joe, in old slacks, T shirt, and soiled sneakers, called through the screen door, "Want anything to read?"

Susan sighed. "Beter bring me my sewing." She wanted to finish Patty's new play dress before the Sunday School picnic Saturday.

Joe dropped a bundle of red and white, with threads dangling, into Susan's lap. He settled himself in the other chair, propped his feet on the brief railing before he opened his Teacher's Manual.

"Tuesday, Christian Business Men's; Wednesday, prayer meeting; Thursday, Bible study. Boy, could I do with a little more time!"

All along the street laughing and squealing children and yapping dogs tangled with a spurting garden hose. Three-year-old Patty and one-year-old Brian romped in the handkerchief-sized lawn with their overgrown setter.

Voices carried clearly to the couple working quietly—voices with different degrees of complaints . . . first heat wave . . . sure bushed . . . need rain . . . I should be ironing tonight . . . too tired.

Susan looked around and tried not to agree with the snatches of grumblings. She thought of her own day—washing, meals, dishes, cleaning, sewing. Now both the children would have soiled outfits at bedtime. They'd be hungry again. She thought of her own aching feet and eyes tired from sewing, and she felt a little guilty because she didn't mentally disagree with the veranda conversations floating to them over the humidity.

"Oh, goody! goody!"

Susan looked up from her work as Patty shrieked, "Tell us about the time you killed the mad elephant!" Patty hopped up and down as "Old Brother Bell" shut the gate and came up the walk, swinging his gnarled old stick he always carried when out walking.

Joe got up from his chair, but Brother Bell waved it aside with his stick and dropped onto the step. "Remember the day I'd have been glad to find a step this clean to set a spell on."

Patty dropped on the bottom step and settled Brian beside her. "About the mad elephant?" she asked.

Brother Bell's face wrinkled into a grin. "Takes these children to remind me that I wasn't always old."

Susan watched him as he talked. Near eighty he must be, for he had been a missionary in Nigeria, Africa, for forty-eight years, and home for at least five. She marvelled at his energy, the aliveness of his wrinkled old face. Consciously she jerked back her own drooping shoulders.

When Brother Bell finished, Susan picked up the sleeping Brian. Patty sighed happily and followed her mother into the house.

When Susan came out again, the dusk had deepened. The sounds of children had quietened except for a last wailful objection. Joe and Brother Bell were silent.

**ABOVE THE USUAL** murmur of suburban sounds, adult sentences staccatoed, "I need about two more hours in my day."

Joe whispered, "I feel that way myself, sometimes."

"Me," a discouraged voice rose clearly. "I'm tired long before the day is over as it is." Their conversation continued only a murmur.

Susan sighed, knowing what that female voice had meant.

"As for me," another echoed a different frustration, "I might as well have stayed in bed. I just started the washing. The machine started to clank . . . twenty-five dollars the fellow said. . . ."

By the light from the street lamp, Susan could see Joe's face outlined in a frown.

"You know, Brother Bell, you hear this sort of thing everywhere. Not just the women who've been tending, and contending with children all day." He shrugged everywhere. Not just the women who've been tending executives . . . time . . . more time. . . ."



"Um humph," Brother Bell grunted. "Time. Time," he mumbled. "It's only the civilized humans that fuss about time. God and the heathens don't. The heathen because he doesn't know enough; God because He knows better. Only civilized humans. . . ."

"But how can we help from getting caught in this . . . this . . ." Susan fumbled.

"Rat race," Brother Bell finished. "That's what it is, Susan girl. A rat race. Not meant for humans, especially ones that profess to have some experience of Christianity."

"But how?" Susan asked again.

The street lamp highlighted the wrinkled, ageless face. "Time doesn't bother me much. Neither time, nor the lack of it."

Susan caught back her flashing thought, "But you don't have two lively children, a home with a mortgage. . . ."

Brother Bell nodded. "I wasn't always an old man with just me and my old age pension to contend with."

"I had a tribe of about ten thousand men whom I felt God had called me to reach with the gospel. At that time you didn't put ten thousand people in one place the way they can nowadays. You preached to your hoped-for converts in ones and twos and once in a while in the twenties. There were a thousand square miles of steaming jungle to be trekked through to reach them."

"Time, the seeming waste of time, used to rile me a lot then. Talk of frustration, I spent my whole first year's allowance on three pairs of boots that the jungle wore out in three months. After that I went barefoot," he chuckled throatily. "I figured it was no harder for God to answer my prayer for protection for my feet without boots. I found out afterward that it was only when I started going barefoot that the natives considered me a human being. They had some secret idea among themselves that because my feet had never touched the ground that I was some kind of spirit." Again he chuckled. "Anyway, it saved time."

"Talk of lack of accomplishment and discouragement, I trekked that jungle for five years before I had one convert to Christ."

"There were no other Christians there to help me, so I just took this 'time' question to God. As I studied and prayed about it, I found there were two things that set me up on my ear about time—the I-might-as-well-have-stayed-in-bed feeling—lack of accomplishment; and the I'm-tired-before-the-day-is-over feeling — discouragement."

Brother Bell seemed to continue his thoughts to himself, then he said, "Often when I walk along the street, I wonder if when God looks on us here, does His heart ache as it did for Israel of old. The Old Testament prophets cried out to the tribes of Israel to cut out their unnecessary weariness so that they would have time and energy to seek God. Civilized humans have a knowledge of God; yet we are so busy being civilized and churchized that we have little time to walk with God, fellowship with Him."

"Jeremiah said, *They weary themselves to commit iniquity* (Jeremiah 9:5)."

"Iniquity includes everything from adultery, filthy communication and lies, right down to jealousy, malice, backbiting, guile, hypocrisies, anger, wrath, and covetousness. The Christian should have no part of any of these."

The bushy, gray head was half bowed.

SUSAN THOUGHT, *Covetousness, jealousy*. She closed her lids over smarting eyes. Did Patty need this new dress for any other reason than because Margie Craig, Joe's Boss's daughter, always had a new play dress for the Sunday School picnic?

"Habakkuk said, *They weary themselves for vanity* (Habakkuk 2:13). Vanity of face, vanity of position, vanity of possessions." He turned to Joe. "Is it any wonder the civilized world is filled with a frustrated weariness that's crying for more time? They are frustrated in what they want because they want too much!"

He sighed and looked from Joe back to his own gnarled hands. "Every time I see a station wagon full of chattering kids on their way to Sunday School, I have a

longing for the money to buy one, and a straight enough back to drive it." He shrugged. "But then every time I see a high and mighty mannered female whizzing around in one with a beribboned poodle with its nose stuck in the air, I'm glad I haven't the money. I'm rather glad I'm just a poor, ugly old man, because I got that way through long, faithful years of service. And faithfulness is pretty easy to live with and have to share your old age."

"Nope. A pretty face, an exalted position, and fine possessions, *if worked for only for vanity's sake*, are an unnecessary weariness unto yourself." He slowly turned his knobby walking stick over and over in his stubby fingers.

"But how can we get away from this 'time' cry?" Joe asked. "We work with the world. The spirit of the world is so close."

Susan laughed. "Especially in suburbia in summertime, where you can hear your neighbor's telephone conversation without lifting the receiver."

"Young folk," Brother Bell said almost sadly, "*it isn't more time in a day that we need; it is more grace for the time we have got*."

"As I found out, those jungle years, if I wanted to reap any accomplishment, I had to cut away anything undesirable or unnecessary in God's eyes."

"Commit the unspoiled treasures of each new day to Him. I don't mean family devotions. This is a little private something between each soul and God, for He gives each of us a twenty-four-hour treasure box to open and use as we alone are capable."

"I've done it in a river punt with the little beady eyes of crocodiles staring at me—on elephant back with monkeys jabbering shrilly around my head. Come to think of it, rarely has my morning moment with God been on my knees in quietude."

"O.K. After you commit your day and yourself to Him, start to work. As you work, *consider him, . . . lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds* (Hebrews 12:3). Consider Him who endured the cross, Him who despised the shame, Him who endured contradiction of sinners against Himself."

Brother Bell reversed the turning motion of his stick in his hands. "Psalm 83 has this whole thing down in black and white. The man who is blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee."

"The man who isn't howling for more time is not the human dynamo of energy. He is the man who knows he is human and does not have the strength in himself. He goes *from strength to strength*, taking strength for each succeeding task from the everlasting arms of God."

"At the end of the day there is a weariness of body that is the sum total of a day's labors. It is the necessary and untroubled weariness, for we have not yet attained our rest. The Christian's rest that is eternal and complete is yet to come."

"In the meantime, *let us not be weary in well doing. The Lord will give grace*. And unto His grace, ask of Him, and *He will give glory*. And with a taste of glory in your day you can sing as David did, *no good thing will He withhold to them that walk uprightly*."

"Take what God gives you and use it and enjoy it, and don't let the greedy spirit of the world touch you, young parents. If you find yourself wanting more time in your day, stop and ask God for more grace."

"With grace, glory, and good in your day, as God intended, you will neither want nor need more than the one minute at a time that is faithfully rolled out to us from the omnipotent hands of God."

SUSAN AND JOE sat thinking of Brother Bell and his words. The sky, now black, twinkled with countless pin-points of light. Brother Bell looked skyward and murmured, "He telleth the number of the stars. He calleth them all by their name."

Joe and Susan exchanged glances. With a married understanding, each knew the other was guilty of weariness from small iniquities and vanities. Each sensed in the other a holy determination to taste more of the daily grace and glory and goodness waiting for those who walk in a daily uprightness before Him.



# A Case History

## In the Branch Sunday School Program



The "Mother" Church, East 4th Street, Dayton, Ohio



Merrydale Street Branch Sunday School, Dayton, Ohio



Eagle and Richard Streets Branch Sunday School, Dayton, Ohio



Southwestern Avenue Branch Sunday School, Dayton, Ohio

WITHOUT DOUBT, the Branch Sunday School Project has been one of the most fruitful programs launched in recent years. This plan is based on the procedure used by Paul as set forth in 2 Corinthians 10. In verse 14 he says, "... we are come as far as to you also in preaching the gospel of Christ." He continues in verses 15 and 16 by giving the very heart of this evangelistic formula. He says, "... but having hope, when your faith is increased, that we shall be enlarged by you ... to preach the gospel in the regions beyond you." Thus, we have the picture of the Branch Sunday School Program set forth clearly—the Mother Church extending herself to "the regions beyond," our outlying communities.

The State of Ohio has become a choice example in this program. Since the project began, 52 branch Sunday Schools have been organized. A summary, by Ohio's hard-working youth director, Ralph E. Day, gives us the following picture: He says "Fifteen of these are now operating as established churches. Eighteen of our branch Sunday Schools are now inactive. Nineteen are operating today as branch Sunday Schools." Thus, we have a history of the fifty-two branches organized. Obviously this is an impressive report.

Typical of the work done by the Branch Sunday School Project is the following note from Mrs. Anna Mae Brashear, District Youth Director, Hamilton, Ohio. Speaking of the Paducah Avenue Branch in Hamilton, she says: "This was our first branch Sunday School. It is now a church which was set in order May 23, 1954. The average Sunday School attendance is 50. The property now belongs to the Church of God and will be free of debt in December, 1956."

The pictures on this page tell the graphic story of the tremendous Branch Sunday School Project in Dayton, Ohio.



Primary Class in a Branch Sunday School



# *The Story of Joseph and His*

## **COAT**

### *of Many*

## **COLORS**

By ESTHER MILLER PAYLER

**T**HANK YOU, FATHER Jacob," cried Joseph, his dark eyes glowing. "I never hoped to have so fine a coat! It's like king's sons wear with sleeves and colors!"

"It's the finest cloth, but not good enough for you. The red is the color of heart's blood; the blue is as the deep sea; the green like new grass; and the yellow clear as sunlight," his father said.

"My half brothers will not like it," Joseph looked scared, and started to slip its brightness from his shoulders. "I better wear it only sometimes."

"You wear it all the time," said Jacob. "Never fear. God is always with you. Let each color remind you of that always."

When his brothers came in from taking care of their flocks, Joseph strode about in his coat. He heard their mutterings as they scowled at their own dark coats of coarse cloth. Joseph cuddled into the fleeciness of his coat and slept. He smiled in his dreams. When he awoke the cooking fires were bright against the dawn sky. "The colors are not as pretty as my coat," thought Joseph.

His brothers stopped dipping their hands into the cooking pot as Joseph came near. "What have you to say, Prince?" mocked his brother Judah.

"I dreamed we were binding sheaves in the field. My sheaf stood up, and your sheaves bowed down to the ground to it," said Joseph.

"Ha, ha! The colors of your coat have gone to your head!" giggled his brothers. "We bow to you? Never! You're younger and scared of your shadow!"

"Not now," answered Joseph. "Every color of this coat reminds me God is always with me, so how can I be afraid?"

"You would be if you knew—" began one of his brothers. He did not finish but shook his fist.

**T**HAT MORNING AS HE worked in the fields, Joseph remembered his dream and wondered. What was it his brother meant he would be afraid of? At noon when the sun was hot and all were resting, Joseph again dreamed. "I shall not tell my half brothers," he thought. Then looking at the colors of his coat he said, "It is a message. I shall not be afraid to tell them."



When Joseph came in from the field, he could smell the supper stew. His brothers were around the fire. Seeing him they stopped talking. Reuben called, "Any more dreams?"

Joseph acted as if he did not hear.

Then his half brothers laughed, "He's afraid to tell us!"

Joseph said quickly, "I dreamed the sun and moon and eleven stars bowed down to me."

His father heard and smiled, "Shall I and thy mother and brothers bow down to thee?"

Joseph said, "That's what I dreamed."

Judah thrust a crippled black lamb into Joseph's hand. "Throw it out! You're still taking orders from me. I'm not bowing yet! That lamb's mother was killed. The runt's like you, more trouble than you're worth. Tomorrow we go to Shechem, so we shall not have to look at you."

The brothers shouted and jeered. Joseph cuddled the lamb in his coat while he ate supper. Then he took a cup of goat's milk dripping it into the lamb's mouth. "I shall take care of you."

Suddenly Judah stood over him, "I said throw that lamb out! You dare disobey and feed it!"

Joseph got up; then he remembered, "I'm taking care of him. He's my pet."

Judah grabbed at the lamb, but Joseph ran into the darkness. He heard Judah crashing after him; then all was still. Trembling, Joseph crept back to his tent, the lamb cuddled into his coat. He woke several times thinking he heard Judah coming to take the lamb. When Joseph woke in the morning, his brothers were gone. "How nice not to have them around," Joseph said to the lamb.

Every day Joseph fed the lamb and kept it with him. "You're wobbly but you can stand," he said. "Soon you'll eat grass. Judah shan't take you. I'm not afraid of him, for God is with me."

**O**NE MORNING JACOB called, "Joseph, go see how your brothers and the flocks are. Go to Shechem and bring me word."

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# ALASKAN DIARY



Niagara Falls



Joan Ashby



Grand Canyon

## Episode I

**I** RUSHED BY THE mailbox on the way to my one o'clock class and grabbed the letter from home. After roll call, I took it from my book where I had hidden it, and tore it open. A bus ticket fell out and a note that said, "Come home immediately." I knew that my parents had received my letter telling them that I was going to Alaska.

For as long as I can remember, it has been my ambition to be a missionary. I came to Lee College in 1955 to study toward this end and there I met Joan Ashby, an evangelist, who is also intensely interested in missions. Between the two of us, we decided that we would go to Alaska the summer after we graduated and do mission work among the people there. For almost two years we prayed and planned, and it seemed like one big dream that was too far away to touch. We wrote for maps and information, and for weeks we got more mail than anyone else on campus. There were many things we had to consider: the condition of the highways, food, clothing, and some small sense of security after we got there. Joan was the proud possessor of a 1950 Ford named after the prophet Hezekiah and called "Hezie" for short. We found that "Hezie" was too old to make the trip, and so at Easter vacation he was traded in on a beautiful new green and white 1956 model. We decided the new car needed more dignity so we named him "Micah," and "Micah" certainly played one of the most important roles in our trip.

As graduation day drew closer our preparations became more feverish. We bought cases of canned food, camping equipment and spare tires. We spent hours sorting and packing our clothes; we checked and double-checked our maps and drove miles to interview persons who had been to Alaska.

Baccalaureate came and was over, then the senior play, the candlelight service, and finally Commencement morning. As I marched down the aisle of the auditorium with the classmates I loved, I felt a tinge of sadness when I remembered it would be my last time. After the service there were congratulations mingled with good-byes and one by one, footsteps echoed down the hall and died away; we seniors took off our caps and gowns and became today's citizens.

The day after graduation, Saturday, May 26, we began the first lap of our journey to Alaska. By this time our party had grown to six and "Micah" was sprouting luggage all over. At seven o'clock we climbed into the car and started on our tour across the United States. Our first day led us up through Tennessee and Virginia with her Blue Ridge Mountains and Shenandoah Valley. By night we were in the capital city of our nation, Washington, D. C. Before we left we had made a schedule and allowed ourselves only certain amounts of time at each stop; our time for Washington was four hours.

We got up early the next morning and in the misty rain that showered the city, we began our tour. First was

Washington Monument and I, feeling especially energetic, decided I would walk up. The stairs curved around and around and I walked and walked and walked. When I was sure the top was only one flight away, I sat down to rest. Two little boys, puffing and blowing, passed on their way down. I asked them how far I was from the top, and one of them grinned at me and said, "Why, you're only halfway up." When I did reach the top, I was only too glad to take the elevator down the 555-foot shaft, and I learned one lesson—never climb 898 stairs, especially before breakfast.

From the Monument we went to the stately Lincoln Memorial. We entered with a group of other tourists and when my eyes became accustomed to the shadows, I saw the figure of a man sitting in a marble chair. His feet were shod in rough brogans, his waistcoat was wrinkled, and his tie was slightly crooked. His hands, resting on the arms of the chair, were big with knotty wrists and long bony fingers. I knew these were hands that had held a plow in the rain and a book late at night; they were hands that had carefully balanced the books of a failing business, hands that had molded and saved a failing Union, and hands that had made him one of the greatest Americans that ever lived. I raised my eyes to the firm set of the jaw, the gentle, staring eyes and on to the words written above him: "In this temple as in the hearts of the people for whom he saved the Union, the memory of Abraham Lincoln is enshrined forever."



By  
DUBY  
BOYD



Duby Boyd



Mount Rushmore

WE LEFT Washington and traveled on to historic old Philadelphia, the city of narrow buildings and cobblestone streets. Our only stop there was at Independence Hall, and to our disappointment it was closed. We were determined to see the Liberty Bell, so we peeked through the windows. When we came to the room that housed the bell, we peered right into the face of a guard. He stared at us and we stared at him; then he laughed good-naturedly, opened the door and allowed us to see the famous bell.

That night we drove on to New York City. We crossed the bay on the Staten Island Ferry, and the Statue of Liberty gleamed from the harbor. The shore line stretched away in a maze of lights as we drank in our first view of the mighty metropolis. We were going to spend two days in the city with some friends. Our first task was to find them, which was easier said than done. We got into a stream of traffic and drove for almost an hour before we could get out. It was almost midnight before we found our friends. Tired and weary, we tumbled into bed to awake with the first rays of the sun and begin our adventure in the big, big city of New York.

We took our first ride on a squeaky, dirty subway train from Brooklyn to the heart of the city. We emerged from the tunnel, blinking in the bright sunlight, and got our first real look at the city. To the native New Yorkers, rushing past on their way to work, we must have looked like typical tour-

ists as we stood on the curb and gazed in amazement.

Our first visit was to the Empire State Building. We took one of the 60 elevators up to the observatory on the 102d floor and looked down on the city where one-tenth of the nation's population lives. It looked like a sprawling giant that had stretched and stretched until there was no more room, and then had begun to reach upward. The people on the streets looked like bugs, and the cars were tiny blotches of color. We could see hundreds of buildings. The harbor moved away like a piece of blue ribbon with a dark spot here and there where a barge plowed through its choppy waters.

After the Empire State Building, we saw sight after sight. One of the most interesting was the United Nations Building, a giant of modern architecture located near the blue waters of Lake Success. It was our privilege to sit for a few minutes in the meeting of a group of U. N. delegates discussing a current world problem.

No trip to New York would be complete without a visit to the Statue of Liberty, and we made ours on a sunny afternoon. We climbed the narrow, winding stairs to her crown and looked out over the Atlantic Ocean. I thought of all the people who must have thrilled to her majesty as they saw her for the first time, standing there with her flaming torch, pointing the way to home, happiness and freedom.

THE TWO DAYS flew by, and it was time to leave the city. We

piled into "Micah" and looked back until the sky line was out of sight. We drove through the green, rolling hills of upper New York State toward our next stop, Niagara Falls. We reached the falls early in the morning, and the millions of gallons of water that roared over them sent up a mist that caused us to shiver and draw our jackets closer about us. The falls were magnificent in the early light, and as we stood and watched, we all seemed to feel the closeness of the Creator in this power of nature.

From Niagara we drove through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and into South Dakota, through the flat prairie lands with long waving grass and squares of rich, black farm land dotted here and there with a neat farmhouse. We passed through the weird, grotesque bad lands and up into the black hills and the memorial at Mount Rushmore. We had a picnic under the pine trees and climbed to the top of a rock where we could plainly view the heads carved in stone. After a short rest we were on our way again to Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming.

It was early morning when we drove into the last entrance of the park, and twice we had to stop while wild deer crossed the road. We drove around lovely, clear blue Yellowstone Lake, and as we were going slowly we saw a big brown bear lazily waddling along beside the highway. We stopped the car and I threw a cookie to him. He picked it up and sat on his haunches to eat it, and I leaned out the

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# DON'T BREAK

By LaVERNE SELMAN

**A**NOTHER WONDERFUL camp meeting service had just ended and the usual hand-shaking and friendly greetings were in progress. I was being introduced by a minister's wife to a lady from their church where I had been a visiting speaker a few months before. After the introduction was made, to my surprise, the first words that the lady said to me were, "Oh, you're the one who broke the light!"

With great embarrassment I remembered that broken light. Clearly every detail flashed before me. I had just begun to tell the Christmas story, using several flannelboards and easels on which I had the complete story of the birth of Christ in oil-painted felt scenes and figures. To make the pictures more effective, I had the church lights turned out, and only my spotlight—my old stand-by—was shining brilliantly on the felts as I began the story. I was just moving the light to the second board when I found that the long electric cord had become tangled. Thinking that a slight tug would straighten it out, I gave it a pull rather than waiting for someone to untangle it at the source of the trouble. As I did so, however, the spotlight turned over; there was a loud crash, and then, the church was in total darkness! Though the lights of the church were quickly turned on, my pictures of Jesus were greatly dimmed because I had broken my light!

When Jesus was on earth, He said these words: "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." Each true Christian of the Church is a light unto the world. Singly, they may not seem to shine very brightly, but together, they make a great light even as "a city that is set on a hill."

Young person, do you know that your light, no matter how small it may seem to you, is important to someone? That someone is looking to Jesus through the light which you are shining for Him? Don't break that light, for if you break it, even though the lights of others in the Church keep shining on, someone's vision of Jesus will be greatly dimmed because your light went out.

Sometimes the "cord" of our lives leading to the true source of light, Christ Jesus, may become tangled just as my electric cord did. Often we get in a hurry and try to pull out the tangle ourselves rather than waiting for His hand to straighten it out for us. It may be that He is reaching down to untangle that "knot" in your life cord at the very moment you lose patience in that trial or test and give that fatal pull that causes your light to go out.

Of course, the devil wants you to break your light. He does not want you to help others find Jesus by dispelling their darkness. The Bible tells us that "... the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." Sometimes the devil will tell you that there is no harm in just dimming your light a little by doing some of the things that "everybody else is doing." Don't listen to him, for someone very close to you may be trying at that very moment to see Jesus through the light which you are shining for Him.

Remember, you cannot break your light without leaving darkness in its place! Once you have broken your light and done the things to cause someone to lose confidence in your salvation, it is a very hard thing to



# YOUR LIGHT

*for if you do, someone's vision  
of Jesus Christ will be dimmed.*

regain that trust. It is a tragedy, but so often true, that you may keep your light shining brightly for years, seemingly, without anyone particularly noticing it. Once you break that light, however, there will be a great crash and you will have everyone noticing it—and talking about it. So, don't take the chance. Keep your light shining brightly as He has commanded.

Yes, I know some will laugh at the stand which you take as you hold your light steady, and they may talk about you. But did you know that the Bible states in Psalm 31:20: "*Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man: thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.*"

AS I WRITE this I am reminded of an incident that once happened to a Church of God girl with whom I am personally acquainted. For now, I'll call her Mary.

Mary was employed in an office with several other girls of her age. She was holding her light steady, letting others see Jesus in her for there were many who did not know the Christ of Calvary. One day after lunch Mary was asked very bluntly by one of the girls why she did not do certain things which the rest of them did. Mary explained that as a Christian, she did not feel that she would be loyal to her Lord if she were to do them. And then the girl talking with her asked sharply as she touched her lipstick to her lips, "What church do you belong to, anyway?" After Mary told her the Church of God, her reply was, "Why don't you join the \_\_\_\_\_ church? We have our church, but we have our fun, too!" Then she added, looking Mary over with a scrutinizing eye before she walked away, "I hate to see you miss out on so much—you're too young."

Naturally, the devil used every word she had said to get Mary to wonder if she were really making unneces-

sary sacrifices. Was she really missing out? Was she taking this matter of belonging to the Church of God too seriously? Did the Lord really expect her to leave off all the things that seemed so very important to the other girl? All through the day questions kept running through Mary's mind. When her seemingly unusually long day finally ended, she hurried to her room, to her Bible, and to prayer. As she prayed and read God's Word she realized anew that the blessings which she had received from the Lord during the time she had been a Christian were priceless. Nothing, no, nothing could take the place of the joy and peace which she felt in her heart as she talked to her Saviour. She realized anew that the pleasures of sin are only for a season. The harvest of a sinful life, always bigger than the planting, brings only heartaches, sorrow and pain. No, she would not dim her light, for Christ was depending upon her to help win girls like those in her office.

In the days which followed she prayed earnestly for the girl who had spoken to her in that way. One day, not seeing her at her usual place in the office, she inquired for her. This is what she was told by the head office girl in that department, "She just wasn't the person we needed in this office. We caught her at too many falsehoods, and she was letting her personal life get too involved to be of service here any more. She just isn't the type of person we want here."

Sadly and thoughtfully Mary returned to her own desk, thanking the Lord that she had been given grace to keep her light burning when the dismissed girl had tempted her with an easier way.

When Mary reached her desk, she noticed that her pay envelope was there. As she opened it, a little note fell out which read, "Mary, here is a

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# HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON



## TRANQUIL BREAKFASTS

By Lillian Brand

MAMA, WHERE'S MY arithmetic?"

"Auntie, what dress d'you want me to wear?"

"I can't find my socks—and say, please sew on a button for me," begged my older son.

"Is the coffee ready?" came from my husband in the kitchen. "I've got to leave in a minute."

My hair still tousled, my dress half on, I dashed to the kitchen. The coffee wasn't even in the percolator yet! But the water had boiled out of the lower part of the double boiler so that the cereal was slightly burned. As for the toast, it was uneatable!

Fortunately my husband ate from behind his newspaper, so he didn't taste what he was eating—much.

From the kitchen I dashed to the children's rooms trying to straighten out their problems and get them ready for breakfast. Ted was late as usual, and had to run off to school munching a piece of cold toast as he went. But I managed to get my niece and older boy to the table. They stopped long enough for us to bow our heads for grace. But just as we started to ask the blessing, the chocolate boiled over! I dashed to wipe it up.

Dorothy and Bob resumed their quarreling; their sharp, nasty phrases sprayed the air like shrapnel.

This sort of thing made my mornings seem as if I were living in a nest of biting ants. I was glad when each

child was gone, and I could enjoy the sunny solitary coziness of my home.

What sort of start for the day were my children getting? And my husband? Such thoughts worried me, and I tried to push them into the back of my mind until the particular morning described above. It was even worse than usual, for I didn't tell half of it! It was so bad that it was destined to make breakfast history in our home. I determined then that that sort of thing simply could not go on!

THAT NIGHT after dinner I said to the children, "Tomorrow we'll have waffles for breakfast if you'll help me."

"Sure! What c'n we do?"

"Dorothy, will you set the table, and make the coffee? Ted, will you put fresh flowers on the table? Bob can set the waffle iron to heat, and make the chocolate."

"We'll all have to eat at the same time, like we do on Sunday, won't we, Auntie?"

"Yes, and we'll get up a bit earlier and eat with Daddy. And we'll all sit down together and say grace, instead of our old hit-or-miss fashion, sometimes forgetting it completely."

"Ted'll have to do his lessons at night, instead of waiting until morning, won't he?" Dorothy asked.

"Yes, it's best to finish at night. But if he likes, I'll call him a half hour earlier, so he can go over them again. And right now we'll plan on clothes to wear. We'll do any mending that needs doing. We'll lay everything out for morning."

That night I set the alarm clock a half hour earlier than usual, and I went to bed as soon as the children did. To me morning had always seemed ahead of time, as I was always so tired and sleepy when the jangling bells went off. So I determined to go to bed earlier, so that I could get up in the morning fresh and rested. Then I could send my family to work and school in a tranquil state of mind, instead of with the irritated expressions I'd been seeing on their faces recently.

The next morning as I presided over the breakfast table in a clean pink dress, my hair neatly combed, Ted said, "We've got something to be thankful for this morning. I don't think much of saying grace for burned toast and lukewarm chocolate."

"Well, if the family will help me, we'll have a pleasant breakfast every morning. Not waffles always, of course, as that would not be good for us."

"I like toast, if it hasn't been burned," Dorothy put in.

"All right, you can be toast mistress, and see that we all get hot, delicious, buttered toast."

"With jam," Bob added.

BY DEGREES WE eliminated more and more of the morning rush. Finally, my husband suggested that as we had so much time in the mornings, we really should discuss some worth-while topic at the table. He hoped this would stop the children from quarreling, as they sometimes did in spite of a pleasant, unhurried meal.

So we selected Bob to be our host the next morning, and to direct our conversation for us. Bob is interested in economic problems, so the next morning we found ourselves discussing labor unions and the part they had played in the history of our nation. Bob seemed very well-informed, and we discovered he had spent much of his play time in the school library looking up material.

Dorothy was selected for hostess the next day. She insisted that we serve corn-meal mush, and during breakfast we found out the part corn played in the human diet.

It was Ted's turn next, and as he hopes to be an astronomer, we discussed giant and dwarf stars in the galaxy.

Now we always have a host or hostess for our breakfasts. Each child tries to do better than the others, and we are all so interested in the topic of the morning that we forget to quarrel or worry. Also, we're so happy out of bed that we don't mind nearly so much crawling out on cold mornings, as we used to when our mornings were so hectic.

Our breakfasts are becoming increasingly delightful.

—*The Baby's Mother*



# Helps for the Tempted and Tried

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON

## DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE

By Alda B. Harrison

A FEW DAYS ago when I was working in the kitchen, praying and meditating about my message to you, I began to see the boys and girls on the field who are struggling against the tide of sin and worldliness, and I was impressed to write along that line. The subject will be "Drifting With the Tide." The Scripture as a base for the message will be Daniel 3:8-30.

*"'Tis easy to drift with the current swift,*

*Just lie in your boat and dream;  
But in nature's plan it takes a real man,*

*To paddle the boat upstream."*

I am sure you know what this subject means because all of us are traveling. We have our little boat to steer through this world. If you have ever gone out on the river in a row-boat and had the rowing to do, you will understand. Some of the time you had to row upstream to reach your destination. Didn't you get tired? Yes, you wished you could just lay down the oars and drift. Your arms ached and you felt that you could not go any farther, but you thought of the place you were going and decided you must press on. Perhaps your little boat is being tossed and turned and you are wondering just how you are going to make it to the end of the way. Your eyes are riveted on the waves below. Our aim in this message is to try to get your eyes off the waves and on the prize just ahead.

If the Hebrew children spoken of in our Scripture lesson had drifted with the tide, they would have failed to show the wonder-working power of God to those about them. Great things can be done only by those who are willing to step out against the current of worldliness, infidelity and unbelief we find among professed Christians today. This is why we are seeing so few persons saved. God's way is a narrow way and often the way of suffering and opposition, and He is looking for young men and women who will stand the test. There is music

and sweetness in these words of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." They just meant live or die, sink or swim, they would be true to God; and their firm stand caused the king to acknowledge that there was no other god except their God.

IN THESE last days when the way of truth shall be evil spoken of (2 Peter 2:1, 2), we shall find it is going to be hard to stand and fight the good fight of faith, and we must be able to say as did Moses, "I had rather suffer afflictions and be misunderstood and cast off, if needs be, than to loiter around down

## SAIL ON

Charles H. Gabriel

*Upon a wide and stormy sea,  
Thou'rt sailing to eternity,  
And thy great Admiral orders thee:  
"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"*

*Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon  
be past,  
The darkness will not always last;  
Sail on! sail on! God lives, and He  
commands:  
"Sail on! sail on!"*

*Art far from shore, and weary-worn—  
The sky o'ercast, the canvas torn?  
Hark ye! a voice to thee is borne;  
"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"*

*Do comrades tremble and refuse  
To further dare the taunting hues?  
No other course is thine to choose,  
Sail on! sail on! sail on!*

*Do snarling waves thy craft assail?  
Art powerless, drifting with the gale?  
Take heart! God's Word shall never  
fail!  
Sail on! sail on! sail on!*

in Egypt (which is a type of sin) and have all the applause of the world." Moses had all the opportunity possible to be great. Obviously, temptation was strong, for he had a chance to make a fortune and also to be of service to Israel, with his interest at court. He was greatly obligated to Pharaoh's daughter; yet, he obtained a glorious victory by overcoming his temptation. He reckoned it much more to his honor and advantage to be a son of Abraham than to be the son of Pharaoh's daughter. He was greatly concerned for his poor brothers in bondage, with whom he chose to suffer affliction. He looked on their burdens as one that not only pitied them, but was resolved to venture with them. Oh, what a strong tie between Moses and his people. Should there not be as strong a tie between God's children who are walking the narrow way? Let us be determined to stand in the hard places and fight the good fight of faith.

We hear much talk these days about higher criticism, modernism, and infidelity existing in our midst, and it is alarming, but I believe the professed Christian church members are much to blame. I mean those who profess and do not possess. If Christians would be willing to row a little upstream and stand out for what the Bible teaches and live it, we should soon see the power of God manifested in our midst in such a way so that the Nebuchadnezzars of our day would have to acknowledge that our God is real, and our Bible is the inspired Word of God. I hear some say, "Well, I know that I am not standing out as I should for the whole truth, but the way is hard and my friends would forsake me. It is too much for me. Just let my little boat float along. The way of least resistance is the best way for me." All right, we shall allow you to do so, but your little boat will finally reach the precipice and it will be too late for you to change your course.

You may think that your taking a stand will separate you from your friends, but if it does God will give

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### SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING

Margaret D. Green

This life is a many-layered cake.  
I cut a slice which I must take.  
Since it is passed but once, the slice  
I cut I eat. I can't cut twice.

Today a bite tastes like angel food;  
Tomorrow dark, if that's my mood.  
Mostly a cake is baked for a guest  
But when it's eaten that is its test.

Good cakes all need flavor of heaven,  
Some salt from earth, spice, and leaven.

Deep seven-minute frosting's grand  
If spread by spatula by the MASTER  
hand.

### UNDERSTANDING

Vivian Hackney

Let me always look upon  
The words and acts of others  
With love and understanding,  
For all my many brothers  
Have heartaches and temptations  
And longings that may cause them  
To speak or act in error.  
So then I must not condemn,  
But rather, with compassion  
And daily consecration,  
Show the joy of kindly words,  
Faith, and appreciation.

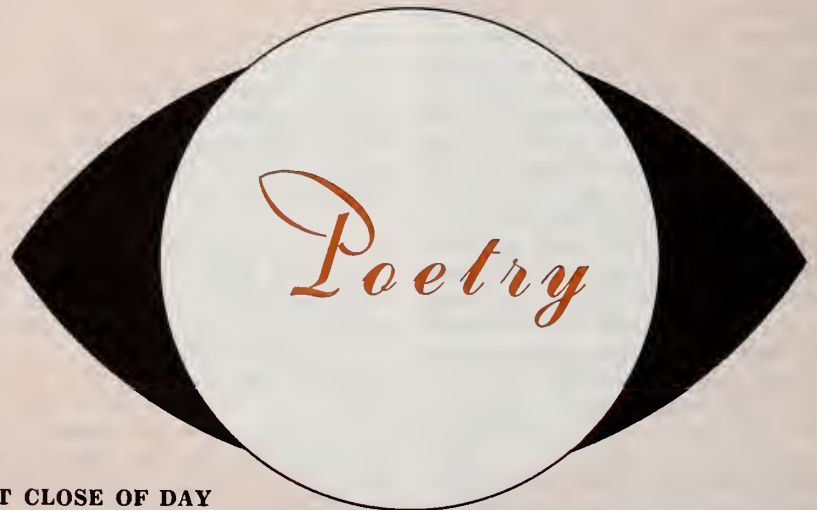


### THE TEST

Grace Cash

There was no middle ground,  
No place to spend a "guess";  
All answers must be marked as "no"  
Or, if positive, as "yes."  
The test was truly frank and fair,  
All rules so clearly stated,  
That none could blame his leader  
For the final mark he rated.

There is no middle ground  
In the Christian's daily test—  
He answers "yes" when Jesus calls,  
And gives to Him his best;  
Or he says "no" and turns away  
To pleasure paths or strife:  
It's for each to choose the full,  
Or the empty, wanton life.



### AT CLOSE OF DAY

Edna Hamilton

We don't know why we suffer;  
It isn't clear to man.  
But we can understand  
It's part of God's great plan.  
We plan and toil, try always  
To do the things we must,  
And then we pray at close of day  
To God . . . in whom we trust.



Sue Phillips



*Lighted Pathway's  
eighth artist .  
to be featured*



8

## Sue Phillips

The artist featured this month is Sue Phillips of Canton, Georgia. She was born December 12, 1937. Sue has had a keen interest in art for several years and has won fifty dollars toward an art course. She is now studying advanced art in Atlanta. On the weekend she is active in Y.P.E. services a her home church in Canton.

?

Q. How many artists do you employ in the Church of God Art Department?—Maurice Smith, Gadsden, Alabama.

A. Three—Marie Coleman, Walter Ambrose, and Chloe Stewart. — Art Director.





# A Pilot Salute to

By O. W. POLEN, Assistant National Sunday School and Youth Director

South Carolina  
Indiana  
Washington  
Colorado  
Central Canada  
Minnesota

**T**HE *PILOT*—the official Y.P.E. program manual—though only having been published for the past three years, is now experiencing its greatest circulation, approximately 3,300 copies per quarter. Much of the success of this gratifying circulation is traceable to the untiring efforts of the state Sunday School and youth directors.

Soon after the *Pilot* was published, the National Youth Department, feeling that all Y.P.E.'s within a state should benefit from this new manual, set a national goal which was prorated to each state on the basis of two *Pilots* per Y.P.E. within the state.

For any state, large or small, to reach its goal is not an easy task in view of the fact that the *Pilot* is a manual designed specifically for youth officials and youth leaders and not for the general laity. One must also remember the fact that it is a relatively new publication.

At the present time, five states have reached their state goals. These states, their goals, and present circulation are as follows:

## Pilot Promoter



James Shealy, South Carolina  
State Sunday School and Youth Director

State	Goal Circulation	
South Carolina	316	316
Indiana	90	90
Washington	26	28
Colorado	14	15
Central Canada	8	10
Minnesota	4	4

The directors of the above states are deserving of no little amount of credit. Their promotional efforts have been outstanding, and they are due special recognition.

South Carolina is the first "AA" state to reach its *Pilot* goal. A short time ago, Brother James Shealy, the state youth director of South Carolina, visited the National Youth Department and learned he was only 58 short of his state *Pilot* goal of 316. This news was accepted as a challenge by Brother Shealy, who, within a very short time, sent in 58 more *Pilot* orders to reach his state goal.

It is a pleasure to give special recognition to these five states and their directors. To those states which are near their goal, may we state that we trust you will soon join the rank of these five states which have accomplished the task.



## Knoxville, Iowa, Junior Band

PICTURED to the left is the Junior Band of the Knoxville, Iowa, Church of God. From left to right are Bobbie Gee, Rodney Brown, DeWane Pitt, Mrs. Frances McDonald, Mary Andrews, Rozella Busic, Martha Andrews, Sandra Cooper and Shelba Pitt. This group has proved to be a real inspiration in the local church services. Our congratulations to Pastor J. H. Freeman and his capable church workers for their commendable work among the youth in Knoxville.





Deborah Class of North Cleveland, Tennessee



Dorcas Class of North Cleveland, Tennessee

## Alda B. Harrison Day

**A** FEW WEEKS ago the Dorcas Sunday School Class of the North Cleveland, Tennessee, Church of God decided to have a "Sister Alda B. Harrison Day" in recognition of her many accomplishments. Not that we thought she had gone unrecognized or unappreciated, but we just wanted to make our little contribution, also.

When the Sunday School was in the old auditorium, many years ago, Sister Harrison noticed for several Sunday mornings that a group of young mothers were sitting off to themselves. After the service was over she asked the Sunday School superintendent about them, and he told her that he did not have a teacher for them and asked her if she would like to teach the class. She replied that she would like to if they would accept her for their teacher, which they gladly did.

The first Sunday she invited them to her home and organized the class. She suggested the Biblical name "Dorcas," which they all liked and agreed to adopt. This was the beginning of the Dorcas Class. It was a very ordinary beginning, but there are some very outstanding features about this class. (1) It has never ceased to exist; in other words, it has never been discontinued and reorganized. (2) It has been a Willing Worker Band within itself. I do not have the record of the class activities to give you, but if I did you would probably be astonished at the money raised and other benefits brought about in just the past few years. (3) The class has grown and matured until it now has become a mother. Yes, we have a daughter class named Deborah. We are very

proud of Deborah and love her very much. Deborah is a good girl following closely in the footsteps of her mother.

Being the first teacher and helping to start the Dorcas Sunday School Class on its way is only one of the many accomplishments of Sister Harrison. As you know the **LIGHTED PATHWAY**, which is one of the best-known and most widely circulated young people's magazines of today, had its origin in her heart and mind. The first printing was 500 copies, paid for by her father in 1929. For eight years she edited and managed the circulation of the paper, many times receiving only enough money to cover the cost of printing. In 1935 she moved to Cleveland and continued with the printing for which she received \$75 a month salary. In 1937 the Church took the responsibility of the publishing and mailing. She then received \$100 a month salary. Before her retirement in 1948 she finally got up to \$200 a month.

**AT THIS TIME** I should like to add my personal testimony. When I was just a young mother with four little children, Sister Harrison's messages were such a blessing to me. I looked forward to them each month and read them not just once, but many times. She helped me appreciate my children. Not that I did not love them dearly, but she helped me to see my true position as a chosen one to train and mold four little lives into true Christian character, not just a slave to routine household chores such as washing, ironing, cooking, mending and cleaning. With each message I read, it seemed that I had had a heart-to-heart, informal talk with

(Continued on page 25)



Mrs. George Keppler, Dorcas Class President, pins corsage on Mrs. Alda B. Harrison.

By MRS. R. O. SYMES



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### PILLARS OF PENTECOST by Charles W. Conn

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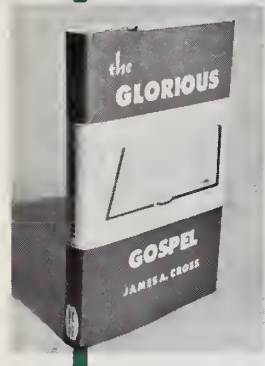
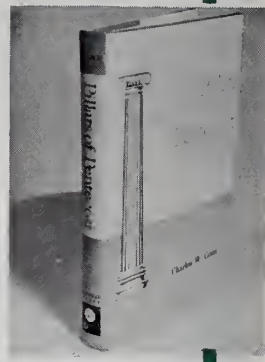
This 142-page book is of equal value to those who are Pentecostal and those who only wish to know more about the movement. This book is available in an attractive, two-color jacket, clothbound edition at a regular price of \$2.50. Special August introductory price is only \$2.00.

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Religion On Fire contains ten outstanding camp meeting sermons by the Reverend Ray H. Hughes, whom many consider the greatest preacher of the Pentecostal faith. One cannot read these sermons without realizing, at least in part, the tremendous impact they must have had upon the author's congregation. This 159-page book is now available in a full color, jacket clothbound edition. Regular price is \$2.50. Special August introductory price is \$2.00.

### TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE AUGUST SPECIALS

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### COAT OF MANY COLORS

(Continued from page 11)

Joseph did not want to go, but he bowed his head, "I go at once."

His father watched him walk along the path, like a flag in his striped coat. Joseph carried the black lamb. "God is like a shepherd," he sang to the lamb. "He takes care of me, as I take care of you."

Joseph had to sit and rest several times, for the sun was hot. He stopped at a spring near a palm. He and the lamb had a long drink of cool water. When he came to Shechem, he did not find his brothers. Joseph met a man who said, "Who are you looking for?"

"My brothers and their flocks," answered Joseph.

"I heard them say they go to Dothan."

"Thank you," answered Joseph. He felt like going home, for he dreaded seeing his brothers. "I could tell Father they weren't in Shechem where he sent me." Joseph started home. Then he turned back. "I must go to Dothan. I must obey Father. I'll hide the lamb from Judah."

He walked until his feet felt heavy. Over a little hill he saw his brothers and the flocks. One of them yelled, "Here comes the dreamer."

"It's too late to hide you, lamb," whispered Joseph, "I'm not afraid." Joseph strode toward his brothers.

"Father wants to know how you and the flocks are?"

Joseph saw his brothers whispering. He wanted to run and hide. He felt himself trembling as if something terrible was about to happen. His brothers grabbed Joseph. He clutched the lamb. They tore his coat off him. "Into the pit you go," cried Judah.

"Don't kill him," shouted Reuben.

"Still got the lamb," screeched Judah, trying to grab it from Joseph, but he would not let it go.

"Give me my coat!" pleaded Joseph from the pit.

Shivering, Joseph could hardly hold back the tears. "I'm not afraid," he repeated. "God is with me."

Joseph smelled smoke and cooking meat. He was hungry, thirsty, and tired. Reuben had said, "Don't kill him." Surely his brothers were only trying to teach him a lesson because of his dreams. "They won't hurt me," Joseph kept telling himself. "Give me water and supper!" he called. No one answered.

JOSEPH heard the tramp of many feet and camel bells. "A caravan. I'll call loudly for them to lift me out," thought Joseph.

He heard Judah call and the strangers answered. He heard them talking. Joseph could smell the perfumes and spices the caravan was carrying. "Twenty pieces of silver," he heard Judah cry. "You shall take him to Egypt."

"Slave, your brothers sold you,"

Joseph heard a strange voice saying. Roughly he was hauled out of the pit and tied on a camel.

"Brothers, save me," pleaded Joseph. "What will Father say?"

"Your coat will be dipped in blood. He'll think you are dead!" shouted Judah.

Still clutching the lamb, Joseph jogged on. He could not understand the camel drivers, and they could not understand him. "I shall not be afraid," Joseph kept saying. "God is with me."

At last the caravan arrived in Egypt. When Joseph was herded into the slave market with the others, he stood proudly, holding the lamb, saying to himself, "God takes care of me. I'm not afraid."

People, jabbering in a tongue strange to Joseph, came around looking at the slaves. No one took Joseph. Then he saw tall Potiphar, captain of Pharaoh's guard. The soldier looked at Joseph. Then he talked to him in his own tongue. Joseph liked the kind look in his eyes. "I'll take this boy," he said and paid silver to the traders.

"I shall serve you well," said Joseph. "Pray, sir, let me keep my pet."

Potiphar smiled, "I like your boldness. Keep your pet."

Joseph knew he had a kind master. "I'm not afraid," he repeated to himself. "God is with me." He walked toward the palace sure the future was full of promise for him, and it was.



## THE RESCUE

(Continued from page 5)

and after a time Jim paused where we'd hoped he would—to examine a collection of live leaches. He asked what they were and what they were for.

I heard Fat let out a sigh of relief, as Doc explained: "I keep them for experimental purposes, mostly. They are very sensitive to poisons in a person's blood. I've actually seen them fall dead after sucking just a small amount of blood from a man's arm."

As we had hoped and prayed, Jim's interest was kindled and he asked questions, until the doctor deftly captured a fat leach and said, "Roll up your sleeve, Jim, and we'll try an experiment. Of course, this is a healthy-looking leach, and I don't suppose he will get sick—oops! whatever has happened to him . . . ?" All interest, Jim had permitted the leach to fasten itself to his arm, and watched as its tiny body began to inflate. Then suddenly, it curled, loosed its hold and dropped to the floor—dead.

Jim stared at it. All of us kept silent. "Say," he almost gasped, "can it be that my blood is so poisonous, Doctor? Do you—do you suppose it's these things?" He pulled out a pack of cigarettes.

Gravely the doctor nodded. "If you smoke many of them, James, it is possible. Nicotine is very poisonous to man and it certainly will kill a leach. If you'll notice, James, my boy," the doctor went on in the kindest tone, "those leaches on your friends' arms are really having a banquet. If they die, it will be from bursting," he chuckled.

None of us said anything further. We shook off our leaches, and the doctor went on explaining other interesting things he had there. But Jim's face was pale and he had little to say. Before we left, he asked very earnestly, "Doctor Morris, do you really think I could stop smoking if I tried—hard?"

"No doubt about it, my boy! It will be a battle—a very hard one. I think Harry, here, can tell you just how hard it will be. But it can be done—and you will never regret the effort. If you expect to become a doctor, those hands of yours will need to be steady, and your brain clear. You will need endless stamina for night calls and strenuous days. But," he added earnestly, "don't attempt to stop smoking in your own strength. You will need the help and power of One who will help us do all things—that One, as I believe you know, James, is the Lord Jesus Christ. You used to come to our Sunday School with these lads in the old days. Why not come again—and to Him, if you don't already know Him as your Saviour and Helper?"

Jim looked at the floor for a long time. Then he said, "Thanks, Doctor—thanks a lot. I'll sure try to stop—with His help." He turned to us then, and grinned a little. "You guys must help me, while I'm here. I know you can. You've helped me already—a big lot."

I am glad to add that when it came time for Jim to go back to the big city, he seemed to have conquered his bad habit. We all promised to pray for him, and he promised he'd never smoke again. I surely hope he keeps that promise, and I think he will, with the Lord's help.

## HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED . . .

(Continued from page 17)

you others to take their place—others who will march right on up the narrow way with you. That young man or that young woman with whom you are keeping company may not choose to go with you, but there are others who will. God always gives something better to those who are willing to make the sacrifice for Him. If your heart is hungry for a closer walk with God, be in a hurry to move up. In this day when the enemy and his forces are working overtime to overthrow our little boat, it is a dangerous thing to put off until tomorrow when the call comes. Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.

In taking your stand for God in this world of unbelief, you need to carry that spirit of humility and sweetness instead of bigotry and a determination to make everybody see as you do. The world must see the Christian spirit in you. They are tired of professing Christians instead of possessing Christians. Our "better than thou" attitude will not win. In other words, if Christ is in you there will be none of that, but rather a feeling of humility and unworthiness.

May I ask the question, "For what are you rowing?" It would not be hard for a man to row upstream if he knew at the end of the journey there would be a pot of gold waiting for him. His hands could be calloused and his strength almost gone, but he would row on, on, on. The perspiration could pour from his body, but that would not matter; he is after the pot of gold. Is it possible that man would value a pot of gold more than a home in that beautiful city? Let us see to what kind of a place we are going. We are going to a place where there is no sickness, no sorrow, no dying; there will be no more pain; there our tears will all be wiped away. If your hands are tired and the rowing is hard, turn to Revelation 21 and 22 and get a glimpse of where you are going.

Come on, boys and girls, and let us take new courage; and let the sailing be rough or smooth, we shall sail on, and on, and on.

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# BIBLE



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## THE BLESSINGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

By Betty Tennyson

### Leader:

1 Timothy 4:8, "For bodily exercises profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

This passage of Scripture teaches us that there are present advantages, as well as future blessings, in being a Christian. None of these blessings are possessed by the sinner, even though many sinners may say that they do possess them. We believe the Word of God, however, rather than the word of man, and we believe that the sinner is destitute of these blessings. Deep down in the heart of every sinner is a desire for the blessings of God, and he may possess them as soon as he accepts Christ as his Saviour.

### First Speaker: Knowledge of Sins Forgiven

Acts 10:43, "To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins."

Undoubtedly, everyone would like to have the assurance that his sins are forgiven, blotted out, pardoned. He would be glad to know that there is no barrier between God and him. This blessing can be possessed by anyone willing to accept Christ and ask forgiveness of his sins.

1 John 1:9, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

The Christian has already acquired this blessing, and he is able to live in close contact with the Saviour. If you who are sinners would like to have this blessing of knowing that your sins are forgiven, you have only to confess your sins and accept Christ as your Saviour, and the blessing will be yours.

### Second Speaker: Peace

Isaiah 57:20, 21, "But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

In addition to the blessing of the knowledge of sins forgiven, the Christian also has the blessing of peace. This blessing, likewise, is not possessed by the sinner.

Dr. William Evans, author of *Personal Soul-Winning* said that he once dealt with a man who was living in sin and yet claimed to have peace of soul. Dr. Evans quoted to him the Scripture, "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked," but the sinner still persisted in saying that he had peace. Dr. Evans then said, "My friend, it is merely a question of believing you or God; whom shall I believe?" After a few moments the sinner said, "Believe God's Word, for the fact of the matter is, I am the most restless man on the face of the earth."

The sinner does not have to be without peace.

John 14:27, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Isaiah 26:3, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee."

### Third Speaker: Fellowship with God

1 John 1:3, "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the father, and with his Son Jesus Christ."

Almost everyone of us desires fellowship with other persons. We like to have someone to share both our joy and sorrow. How much more should we desire fellowship with God. When we have fellowship with Him, we can talk and walk with Him, and He will guide our footsteps. He will bear our burdens and encourage us when we become discouraged. Any true friend will be loyal in times of sorrow as well as in times of joy, and Jesus is no exception. He is the greatest Friend anyone can have, and every Christian has fellowship with this great Friend.

### Leader:

We have learned that only Christians have the blessings of the knowledge of sins forgiven, peace, and fellowship with God. The acceptance of Christ brings many blessings with it. These are not only for those who possess them now, but anyone who desires these blessings and is willing to accept Christ as his Saviour will receive these blessings and many others.

## GIVING FOR MISSIONS

By Eloise Martin

### Introduction:

There are three ways of being a missionary: going, giving and praying. We want to discuss with you the phase of giving to missions. Each of you can share in the mission work by giving of your money to the cause of missions.

### First Speaker: Why Should We Give?

In the first place, it is our duty to give because the world, with all it contains, belongs to God. The Scripture tells us in Psalm 24:1, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof," and He has never given us claim upon any part of it. In reality man *owns* nothing; everything he has God gave to him. The average Israelite gave not merely one-tenth but more nearly three-tenths of his money to God. Did not God give us the very best that He possessed when He sent Jesus, His Son, into this world that we might have life eternal? Money is not sinful in itself; it is how we use it that makes the difference. A thoughtful observer once made this statement: "The tragedy of money is that it becomes an end in itself instead of a means to an end; when a man begins to amass wealth, it is a question as to whether God is going to gain a fortune or lose a man." 1 Timothy 6:17, Romans 8:32, and John 3:16 are passages of Scripture that should stir our souls to giving and explain why we should give.

### Second Speaker: How Should We Give?

God's real law of giving under grace is, "Freely ye have received, freely give," Matthew 10:8. In 1 Corinthians 16:2, we see giving regarded as part of the worship of the Lord's day, along with praise and prayer. We see also that it is to be *voluntary* and *deliberate* ("let everyone of you lay by him in store"), *systematic* ("upon the first day of the week"), and *proportionate* ("as God hath prospered him"). Yes, giving is a vital part of worship. Also remember to give in an attitude of reverence and worship. Another very important thing we should know is that we should give *liberally*. "The liberal soul shall be made fat," Proverbs 11:25. Lastly, and very necessary in giving is being cheerful about it and counting it a joy and privilege that God has given you strength to work and earn the money that you have.

### Third Speaker: When Should We Give?

The time to give is *any time that we see a need*. Paul puts giving on a high plane when he states that he asked for their gifts in order to "prove the sincerity of your love" (2 Corinthians 8:8). Would you be satisfied to have the sincerity of your love evaluated on the basis of your money gifts to His cause? A familiar slogan in World War 1 was: "If you can't go, then give; if you can't fight in person, make your dollars fight." This can also be applied for world-wide missions. Sometimes it may seem a sacrifice to give, but remember Jesus sacrificed His all for us. Sacrifice is the very heart of missions. When we



give, our offerings will be "an odor of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God." But after Calvary, what is worthy to be called sacrifice? Can anything be deemed too costly to give to Christ?

#### Conclusion:

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," Acts 20:35. First, we should seek to please the Lord, and He will give us everything that we need in life (Matthew 6:33). You will receive manifold blessings by giving to missions. The Word of God tells in Malachi 3:10 that He will pour us out blessings, so many that we just cannot receive them all. A wonderful promise is found in Luke 6:38, "Give and it shall be given unto you." If you will follow God's Word, then the richest blessings are in store for you.

### PRAYER

By Betty Alderman

#### Introduction:

Saying a prayer and praying a prayer are two different things; the first one goes to the ceiling and the other one goes to God. The prayer that reaches God is found in James 5:16, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." We know that prayer is the sincere desire of the heart made known to God. If we pray in this manner, we shall receive an answer. It may not come as we expect it, but it will come in one of these three distinct manners: "no," "wait a while," or "yes."

#### First Speaker: "No"

If you ask a favor of someone, do you appreciate the answer "no"? Not many persons do. Then, do you ever wonder why God says "no" to you? There are two very important reasons given in the Bible. In Matthew 13:58, we find that Jesus could not do many mighty works because of unbelief. In James 4:3, we see that we ask and receive not because we ask amiss. We should always leave an opening in our prayers—"Lord, Thy will be done" even if it does not suit us at that particular time. If God's will is done, then all will be light, for all things work together for good to them that love God and are called according to His purpose.

#### Second Speaker: "Wait a While"

Many times when we ask a favor of someone, does the "wait a while" answer suit us? No, because we think they are not listening to us or do not understand. When we ask God for something, believing He will answer, we shall not be disappointed. He may answer "wait a while," but is that not better than "no"? Elijah prayed several times for rain. He had to "wait a while" until the right time, but he received the promise. Lazarus was dead and in the grave before Jesus ministered to him, but Jesus raised him to life. This caused the glory of the Lord to be made manifest.

#### Third Speaker: "Yes"

Since we know that "no" and "wait a while" do not sound good to us when

we ask a favor of God, let us look at a favorable answer—"yes." When someone gives us the "go ahead" in something we want to do, we feel that person is interested in us and concerned about our welfare. Is that always the case? Maybe that person is not interested in the least about us, but caters to our desires only to "get rid of us." A good example of this is found in Luke 18:2, as the widow came to the unjust judge; he granted her petition only because of her persistence.

In Matthew 21:22, the Bible says that whatsoever we ask in prayer, believing, we shall receive. Of course, it also says we receive not because we ask amiss. We must ask for the will of God; He knows best. The servant of the centurion in Luke 7:2-10 was raised up because of the faith of his master. In Luke 8:43-47, the woman with the issue of blood had so much faith that she was healed by touching the hem of Christ's garment. Prayer must be backed by faith, and we must be sure we are not asking amiss. Remember, He said our needs would be supplied. Let us always keep this in mind when we pray.

### ALDA B. HARRISON DAY

(Continued from page 21)

someone very understanding who was close to God and to me.

She did not quit with the LIGHTED PATHWAY. Sister Harrison also

1. Organized the first Y.P.E. in the State of Tennessee at Knoxville.
2. Organized the first Y.P.E. at the North Cleveland, Tennessee, Church (headquarters church).
3. Organized the first Y.P.E. in Chattanooga, Tennessee and Greenville, South Carolina, also many others. (I am just mentioning a few which have grown to be the larger ones).
4. Conducted the first D.V.B.S. held in the Church of God, which was at Cramerton, North Carolina.
5. Conducted the first D.V.B.S. in the North Cleveland, Tennessee, Church.
6. Originated the Happy Home Circle, and the first meeting was held in her home.
7. Has edited several booklets, and the book *Youth at the Crossroads*.

All this was done with no thought of honor, high esteem or recognition for herself (though now she is known around the world).

I have said nothing about the sacrifices Sister Harrison has made, mainly because she seems to want to keep them in the background. She said, "All Christians make sacrifices, but my hardest work was when I traveled over the United States in interest of young people's work." She met with much opposition while helping our people see the need of Y.P.E., but *she won*.

We often hear the expression that, in time of a crisis or need, "God supplied a man"; but in our case I think we can say, "God supplied a woman."

I believe you will agree with me that Sister Harrison can rightly be called a "Mother of Mothers."

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### ALASKAN DIARY

(Continued from page 13)

window to get a picture of him. Evidently, he thought my camera was another cookie, and he made a lunge for it. I pulled it into the car just in time. After that we viewed the bears with the windows rolled up.

We were eager, most of all, to see the geyser, "Old Faithful." We read in a park pamphlet that it erupted every sixty-four minutes and, as usual, we were late. We were out of breath as we ran up to the basin just as it started spouting; for our convenience it was twelve minutes late. I think that I have never seen such a beautiful sight in my life. Tons of water gushed straight upward into the blue morning sky and descended in a shower of sparkling jewels. We were all so enthralled with the sight that we waited an hour for the next eruption.

From beautiful Yellowstone, we crossed Montana, Idaho, and Washington, and then drove through the Columbia River gorge along the old Oregon trail where we saw the legendary Bridge of the Gods and lovely Multnomah Falls and then on to Portland for a short rest. We had the car serviced, studied our maps again and then—Alaska Ahoy!



## DON'T BREAK YOUR LIGHT

(Continued from page 15)

raise in pay for you for doing such a wonderful job. You have proved yourself to be the type person we want working for us."

Silently she thanked the Lord not only for the much-needed raise but for the words written to her. Thinking back, she realized that at the very time her raise in salary started, she was being tempted to let down her standards. Again it was proved that Christians can let their lights shine no matter where they are. Though it may seem at times that the cord of life is all tangled, if the Christian person will just be patient and stand true to the Lord, he will see how simply God can undo the knot and work out all things for his good. God always honors the young person who stands true to Him through trials and tests.

If you keep your light shining brightly, feeding it richly with the oil of gladness which comes directly from the main power line, Christ Jesus, who is the true Light, the very ones who may be trying to cause you to break your light will get a better view of Jesus through the light which will be made brighter by the very persecution which they give you. Secretly, they may be longing to have the will power and courage to live for the Lord as you do.

Hold your light steady—you will win them. Remember God's grace is sufficient for every need, so don't break your light! Let it shine brightly until the dawning of that new day when there will be no need for light, for the "Lamb is the light thereof."

## THE LAMPLIGHTER

(Continued from page 3)

which these unchurched communities receive the efforts of the parent church. This program also helps to foster a deeper appreciation toward the parent church both by members and friends. It is with a degree of pride that some members say, "We started that church through our branch program."

North Carolina ranks first in the number of branches that have been developed into churches. According to the report of the state Sunday School and youth director, twenty-five branches have become organized churches. The director also reports, "We have several branch schools that within the next few weeks will be-

come organized churches. Much credit is due the state overseer and district pastors for their interest and untiring efforts in this program."

The State of Georgia has begun eighteen new churches from branch Sunday Schools. Through the efforts of one district overseer and district youth director, six branches have been developed into churches, and two more are now ready to be organized. Because of the branch program this district is to be divided into two districts.

Many other states have done a splendid job in the promotion of this program which space will not permit us to enumerate; nevertheless, we commend you for your untiring efforts to extend the kingdom of God. This program has been made possible through the cooperation of state overseers, state Sunday School and youth directors, district pastors, and district Sunday School and youth directors working with faithful pastors as a unit. "Enlarge the place of thy tent . . . lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes" through the branch Sunday School program.

## HALLMARKED MISSIONARIES

(Continued from page 7)

pounded unto (Apollos) the way of God more perfectly," Acts 18:26. To be a hallmarked missionary, it is imperative to stand true to the message of Pentecost. There can be no moderation of tone or content to the message, nor any compromise with any group toward non-Pentecostal or anti-Pentecostal goals. There must be an insistence on the teaching and practice of the upper-room experience in every local church around the world, as well as the doctrines of holiness that normally accompany Pentecost.

Our sincere hope is that these qualities of the hallmarked missionary can be taken as goals to be attained, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, . . . reaching forth unto those things which are before," Philipians 3:12, 13. Remember, too, that "faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it," 1 Thessalonians 5:24. He calls; He sends. It is His kind eye that examines, and His true hand that hallmarks. Therefore, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel . . . and, lo, I am with you always," Mark 16:15; Matthew 28:20.



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# Should I Force My Child to Go to Sunday School and Church?

RAY H. HUGHES, National Sunday School and Youth Director

SHALL I MAKE MY child go to Sunday School and church? Yes, and with no further discussion about the matter. Startled? Why? How do you answer Junior when he comes to breakfast on Monday morning and announces to you that he is not going to school anymore? You know. Junior goes. How do you answer when Junior comes in very much besmudged and says, "I'm not going to take a bath"? Junior bathes, doesn't he?

Why all this timidity then in the realm of his spiritual guidance and growth? Going to let him wait and decide what church he'll go to when he's old enough?

Quit your kidding. You didn't wait until you were old enough! You don't wait until he's old enough to decide whether or not he wants to go to school, to start his education. You don't wait until he's old enough to decide

whether he wishes to be clean or dirty, do you? Do you wait until he's old enough to decide if he wants to take the medicine when he is sick? Do you?

What shall we say when Junior announces he doesn't like to go to Sunday School and church? That's an easy one to answer. Just be consistent. Tell him, "Junior, in our house we all go to church and Sunday School and that includes you." Your firmness and example will furnish a bridge over which youthful rebellion may travel into rich and satisfying experience in personal religious living.

The parents of America can strike a telling blow against the forces which contribute to our juvenile delinquency, if our mothers and fathers will take their children to Sunday School and church regularly.—J. Edgar Hoover of the F.B.I.

## LEADERS IN ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for May, 1956

### SUNDAY SCHOOL

#### Group AA

North Carolina	21,799
Tennessee	17,751
Georgia	17,445
South Carolina	16,323
Florida	16,193

#### Group A

Kentucky	6,730
Virginia	6,607
Mississippi	5,188
Texas	5,060

#### Group B

California	5,249
Michigan	4,998
Illinois	3,736
Pennsylvania	3,444
Missouri	3,006

#### Group C

Indiana	2,857
Maryland	2,814
Oklahoma	2,481
Louisiana	1,948
Arizona	1,294

#### Group D

Kansas	1,037
New Mexico	669
Western Canada	624

#### Group E

Washington	768
North Dakota	505
Oregon	475
Montana	404
Delaware	365

#### Group F

No report

#### Group G

Central Canada	112
Alaska	70
Minnesota	57

## Y.P.E.

### Group AA

North Carolina	11,002
Georgia	10,059
Tennessee	9,573
Florida	8,240
West Virginia	7,114

### Group A

Kentucky	4,423
Virginia	3,797
Mississippi	3,558
Texas	2,998

## Group B

California	3,072
Illinois	2,435
Pennsylvania	2,038
Michigan	1,994
Arkansas	1,823

## Group C

Indiana	1,980
Oklahoma	1,713
Maryland	1,562
Louisiana	1,208
Arizona	614

## Group D

Kansas	557
New Mexico	446
Western Canada	309

## Group E

Washington	351
Delaware	264
Maine	248
Montana	228
Colorado	226

## Group F

No report

## Group G

Central Canada	82
Minnesota	43

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for May

Greenville (Tremont Avenue), S. C.	835
Kannapolis, N. C.	514
Detroit (Tabernacle), Mich.	509
Atlanta (Riverside), Ga.	417
North Chattanooga, Tenn.	415
Jacksonville, Fla.	390
North Cleveland, Tenn.	369
Anderson (McDuffie Street), S. C.	368
Pulaski, Va.	365
South Gastonia, N. C.	357

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN Y.P.E. ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for May

Nicholls, Ga.	315
Home for Children, Tenn.	282
Dressen, Ky.	252
Calhoun, Ga.	250
Lumberton, N.C.	244
Detroit (Tabernacle), Mich.	229
Harlan, Ky.	208
Whitwell, Tenn.	203
Fresno (Temple), Calif.	202
Augusta, Ga.	199

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENTS ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for May

Louisville (Faith Temple), Ky.	1,686
Greenville (Tremont Avenue), S. C.	872
Abingdon, Va.	594
East Nashville, Tenn.	278
Bedford, Va.	266
Eldorado, Ill.	195
East Alton, Ill.	143
Memphis (Park Avenue), Tenn.	126
Mullens, W. Va.	123
West Durham, N. C.	105

## TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

South Carolina	45
West Virginia	43
Tennessee	32
Florida	30
Virginia	24
Georgia	23
California	22
Missouri	18
Mississippi	16
North Carolina	16
Illinois	15

## YOUTH STATISTICS

This Month

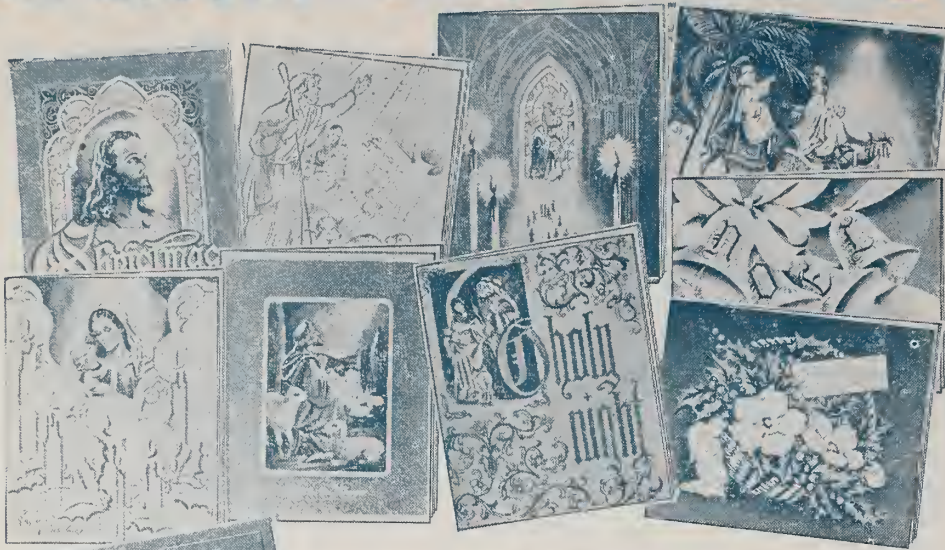
Saved	2,177
Sanctified	918
Filled with Holy Ghost	711
Added to the Church of God	724

Since June 30, 1955

Saved	32,703
Sanctified	14,446
Filled with Holy Ghost	10,948
Added to the Church of God	9,679

Branch Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1955	104
Branch Sunday Schools reported as of May 31, 1956	400
New Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1955	101
Total Sunday Schools (Branch and New) organized since June 30, 1955	205
New Y.P.E.'s organized since June 30, 1955	128





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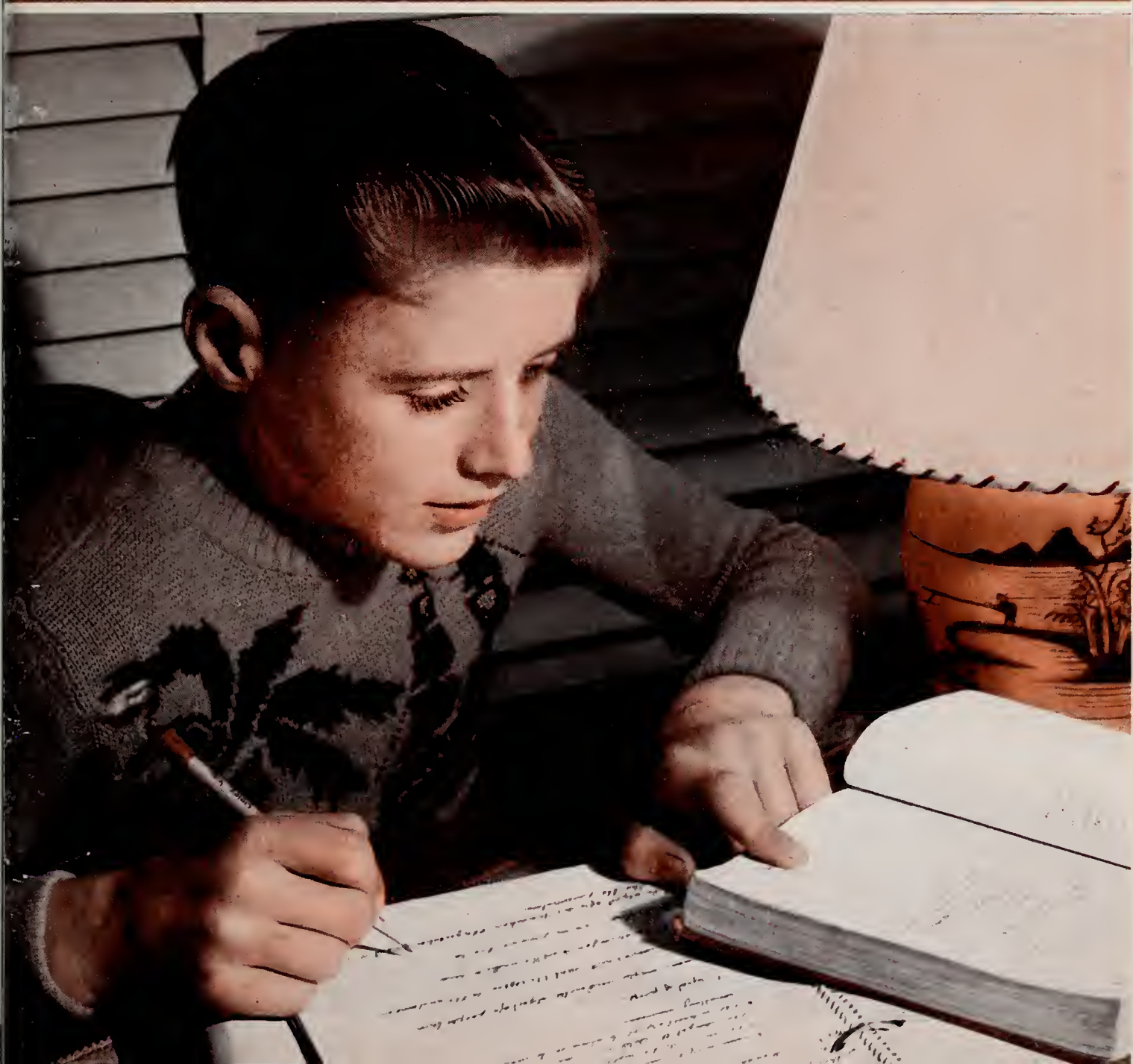


SEPTEMBER, 1956

# The LIGHTED

# Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR





# Back to School

By LEWIS J. WILLIS

A TINGE OF AUTUMN is in the air! The dancing leaves with their cheeks brightened by the cool air whisper an enchanting song as the mocking-bird lends harmony. An industrious squirrel scampers agilely along in quest of nuts to fill his pantry in yonder hollow oak. The little girl with her carefully combed curls framing a pert little face moves primly along. The quaint little purse in her one hand is matched with the bright new notebook in the other one. Following after uncomfortably in the stiff shirt and creased knee pants is the masculine counterpart. The "cowlick," in stubborn defiance to persistent combing, waves ridiculously in the breeze. He kicks at a rock and gazes wistfully toward the sparkling lake. Reluctantly, he shifts the pencil to the other ear and enters the school building.

It is back to school all over the nation. I certainly trust that every boy and girl will avail themselves of the educational opportunities this great country affords. There are few reasons sufficient to keep you from school this year. Life today demands that you get an education. True, occasionally there is the trivial desire to be freed from the discipline of "learning," but the cost of that luxury is far too high. Potentially you are a success; yet, if you waste your opportunities to develop your implements of success, *you* have defeated *you*! Never before has there been such great need for trained Christian men and women. You are needed if you will qualify.



## The Price

"They say my boy is bad," she said to me,  
A tired old woman, thin and very frail;  
"They caught him robbing railroad cars an' he  
Must spend from five to seven years in jail.  
His Pa an' I had hoped so much for him;  
He was so pretty as a little boy."  
Her eyes with tears grew very wet and dim;  
"Now nothing that we've got can give us joy!"

"What is it that you own?" I questioned them.  
"The house we live in," slowly she replied.  
"Two other houses worked and slaved for, when  
The boy was but a youngster at my side;  
Some bonds we took the time he went to war;  
I've spent my strength against the want of age—  
We've always had some end to struggle for;  
Now shame an' ruin smear the final page.

"His Pa has been a steady-goin' man,  
Worked day an' night, an' overtime, as well;  
He's lived an' dreamed an' sweated to his plan  
To own the house an' profit should we sell.  
He never drank nor played cards at night;  
He's been a worker since our wedding day;  
He's lived his life to what he knows is right,  
An' why should a son of his now go astray?

"I've rubbed my years away on scrubbing boards,  
Washed floors for women that owned less than we;  
An' while they played, the ladies an' the lords,  
We smiled an' dreamed of happiness to be."  
"And all this time where was the boy?" said I.  
"Out somewhere playing!" Like a rifle shot  
The thought went home—"My God!" she gave a cry,  
"We paid too big a price for what we've got!"

—Author Unknown.

# The LIGHTED Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

LEWIS J. WILLIS, Editor

CHARLES W. CONN  
Editor-in-Chief  
Church of God Publications

ALDA B. HARRISON  
Editor Emeritus  
The LIGHTED PATHWAY

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## "Thy Word Is a Light Unto My Path"

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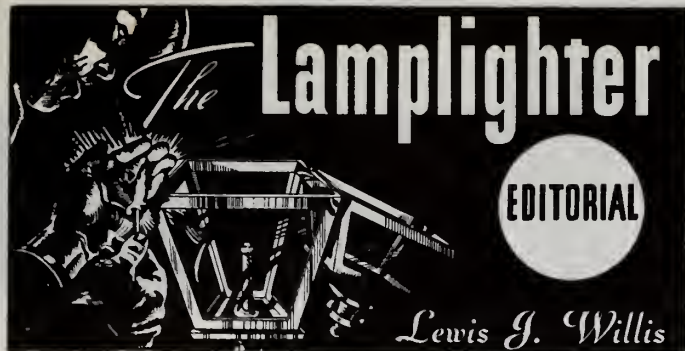
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# The Ambassador of Cheer

**A**BOARD A STRICKEN VESSEL caught in the throes of a monstrous storm, a little man faced the hysterical seamen and in a voice vibrant with courage said, "Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God," Acts 27:25. Such was the characteristic and constant ministry of Paul the apostle. He was a Christian optimist who had received his cheeriness from God and found genuine joy in sharing it with others. Perhaps he had found what Fuller later described in the words, "An ounce of cheeriness is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with."

Let us determine quickly that the characteristics of wholesome cheer and frivolous mirth are at once distinguishable. Perhaps it could not be said better than did Addison in the words, "I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The former is an act, the latter a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient; cheerfulness, fixed and permanent. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment. Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity."

We must conclude that cheerfulness is an essential element of Christian experience. The Christian spirit is one of triumph. This spirit will manifest itself in tones that are joyous and invigorating. While we frown upon trivial nonsense or shallow optimism, we do believe that a Christian will radiate faith, hope and charity. As Watson so aptly phrased it, "Cheerfulness is a friend to grace; it puts the heart in tune to praise God, and so honors religion by proclaiming to the world that we serve a good Master."

Carlyle's inspiring and even profound words on the beautiful qualities of cheerfulness should challenge all to seek for this prized virtue. He said, "There is no greater everyday virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because right."

THE AMBASSADOR OF CHEER is always needed and surely never more than today. Life has become complicated, swift and intense. Many caught in its maze of problems are often faint and sometimes despairing. Aside from the feverish competition of life there are the innate and inherited depressions common to man. It may be a melancholy due to temperament, or it might arise from adverse and unusual circumstances. But whether the need is created by a natural despondency or by accidental circumstances, there is a real need for men who will prove by action the philosophy of G. MacDonald, who said, "If I can put one touch of rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God."

Among those who need a cheery word from their fellow men are those who lack confidence in themselves. They are shy, reserved and reticent. Always they are depicting themselves as "nobodys" who are incapable of making any worth-while contribution to the common good. These persons should come under the quickening ministry of cheer where they may be discovered to themselves. Often the cheery confidence of another is powerful enough to convey impetus sufficient to move the hapless individual in performing a worthy task of which he has always been competent but never believed himself capable of doing.

Then there are those who never share in the limelight. They are the little, but absolutely necessary persons in the complex pattern of life. Actually, they form the background for the more imposing actors. The background contributes vitally to success, but only the actors receive the applause. These persons are often dispirited and despairing because of the unending obscurity of their existence. The ambassadors of cheer, however, introduce them to the infinite ministry of fidelity in small matters. Cheer gives them insight to the inspiring fact that sincere endeavor rather than pompous accomplishment is the measurement of true worth.

For those who are in the very thick of the battle, a timely word of cordial cheer is as refreshing as a taste of water upon parched lips. Those who have only recently joined Christendom's ranks and are finding the way a bit rough will be mightily cheered by the voice of sympathetic understanding. Man's worst hours are often changed to triumph through the proper word from an understanding friend who has traveled the road before. The young sailor experienced this in his first battle. When he suddenly realized he was under enemy fire, he felt a paralyzing horror which drained his strength and left him with a pale face and a trembling hand. His officer, noting his agitation, touched his shoulder with a firm hand and said, "Steady, boy, you'll be all right soon. My first experience under fire affected me similarly, only much worse." The sailor became a valued and gallant crewman. A sneer instead of a word of cheer might have broken him.

The following verse portrays this powerful ministry of encouragement. I do not know who wrote it, but he was undoubtedly one who had grown wise in the healing art of cheer.

*"It takes so little to make us glad!  
Just a cheering clasp of some friendly hand.  
Just a word from one who can understand—  
And we finish the task we long had planned!  
And we lose the fear and doubt we had,  
So little it takes to make us glad!"*





illustrated by w. ellip ambrose

THE CHANGE IN TEACHERS DID NOT PLEASE DAN.  
HE WAS ETHEL KANE'S BOY. COULD HE HELP IT  
IF HE RESENTED MISS SANDERS?

**By L.L. Wightman**



# SEEDTIME and HARVEST

**W**HO WAS THAT woman, Pap?" Dan Martin asked as he motioned to the woman walking the trail.

The mountaineer stretched his lanky form to full height, strolled across the room, and dropped lazily into a chair.

"The new schoolmarm," he supplied the information in a slow drawl. "You'll meet her tomorrow."

Dan stepped to the open doorway, a scowl on his face. He watched her

until she disappeared around a bend in the trail.

"Well?" Bill Martin sought to elicit further comment from his son.

"Huh!" Dan grunted, his eyes narrow with resentment. Knowing he would not get anywhere arguing with his father, he left the cabin and sauntered down to the creek. Throwing himself on the ground beneath his favorite sweet gum tree, he filled his mouth with sweet gum wax, and gave himself over to meditation.

The change in teachers did not please him. With Ethel Kane as teacher, school had been a place of enjoyment. He surely did like her, and thought his bliss would last forever. Then the blow fell like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky. She resigned and went far away. Dan's blue sky turned to leaden gray.

Now this new teacher, this intruder, would teach in Ethel Kane's place! Dan's heart burned with resentment, his mind full of vows as to the revenge he would take. And make no mistake about it, he would tell her what he thought about it! Dusk had gathered when he arose from the ground and sauntered slowly to the cabin.

Next morning he picked up his books and followed the trail to the rough-log schoolhouse, but the day held no joy for him. The bright sun and singing birds failed to cheer his bitter heart. From a clump of bushes on the edge of the woods, he watched the teacher enter the schoolhouse. Walking softly, his bare feet making no noise, he slipped to the doorway and peeped in. The teacher saw him as he peered around the casing.

"Good morning," she said, a smile wreathing her face. "Are you one of my boys for this year?"

"Not by a long sight!" his answer came in a snap that erased the smile from her face. A hurt look took its place. Dan stood still for an instant, then hastened to the depths of the sheltering woods.

There! Let her take that! He had struck the first blow straight from the shoulder. Whatever satisfaction he expected to find from his hot-tempered action was dimmed by the expression of pained surprise on the teacher's face. He wanted her to fight back, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Sitting for several minutes in deep thought, his anger and resentment subsided. He lost the assur-

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Finally, with a somewhat sheepish attitude he trilled into the schoolhouse, ready for whatever might come his way.





# MARGINS

*"Margins" are important, whether on a research paper, a business letter, or more important, your life.*

By CHESTER SHULER

IT WAS THE closing day of the college term. Amid the flutter of excitement which permeated the class, the old professor paused in his teaching, shook a long finger at the group and said, "Young people, remember always to keep a margin on your life!"

On our first day in a business school, the idea of "ample margins" was impressed. One of our first office jobs, with the headmaster of a great school, brought *margins* again to our notice—and kept it there. He demanded ample margins on his letters—and refused to sign one which was not centered on the page.

We learned to appreciate margins. They add beauty, grace, and character to letters sent forth by a business firm or individual. They are very important in displaying pictures. And there are other kinds of margins, too, even more important, as we were to learn later in life—the kind the old professor had in mind.

A life must be properly margined if it is to be attractive, useful, winsome, and beautiful. Examine the habits of someone you know well and admire. You will probably discover that he has learned the secret of margins on every avenue of activity, thought, and speech.

The Bible makes numerous references to wisdom, and wisdom and margins seem to be closely connected. (Proverbs 4:7; 9:10; etc.) A wise person will see well to his margins.

Margins make us cautious, but not unnecessarily timid or fearful. A careful driver is not afraid to drive in dangerous places if he must; but he never tries to see how close he can drive to a dangerous spot if it can be avoided. A cautious explorer does not see how near he can go to a dangerous precipice just to show off. A wise skater keeps a generous margin of safety between his feet and the hole in the ice. Everyone lives longer and more happily if he observes life's margins.

Financial margins may not be ignored, either. Even though our income may be small, the need for a safe margin is the same. No wise person spends all he earns. He saves a portion for the rainy day which is sure to come some time in the form of illness, idleness, or other calamity. A margin in the form of savings will ease the jolt.

A margin on one's health is very important. Young people usually enjoy good health, and it is difficult for them to think that it may not always remain. The experience of others, however, is ample proof that such margin is highly essential. If we use all of our energy each day, we shall have no margin to serve us when undue strain or emergency comes. Health and hardihood with generous margins all around will serve well later in life. Youth is the best time to save up this vitality because it is more abundant at that time of life than later.

ONE'S SPIRITUAL LIFE needs margins most of all. The Bible may not use the term "margin" to designate margins, but it does refer to the same idea, as for example, in 1 Thessalonians 5:18, 22.

"In every thing give thanks" (v. 18) will keep our thanks-giving liberal. Such a margin of generosity and gratitude will enlarge our spiritual outlook and result in increased happiness. "Abstain from all appearance of evil" (v. 22) provides a margin of safety for any Christian. We may be careful to abstain from certain forms of actual evil, but this verse cautions against even the *appearance* of evil—an excellent spiritual margin indeed.

We find also the margin of self-examination (2 Corinthians 13:5), whereby we shall doubtless discover potential weaknesses before they do much actual harm, and before others see and judge them.

Henry had heard about this idea. He considered it a good one, but he was not succeeding too well in putting it into practice. One day two of his chums, Theodore and Harold, fell to discussing him.

Said Theodore, "Henry is a queer fellow in some ways, isn't he? He wouldn't gamble a cent for the world; yet he will attend some very questionable shows and I've seen on his reading table some magazines I'd be ashamed to have my mother know I was reading."

"By which you mean that Henry is actually gambling with his moral and spiritual welfare, even though he won't gamble for money?" queried Harold.

"I don't mean to judge Henry, of course; but I do think he ought to be consistent."

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*School has begun again*

*and so has the—*

# Battle of the Books

By EILEEN M. HASSE

**O**F ALL BOOKS, I hate the algebra book most!" How often this remark or a similar one is uttered! This autumn, being little different from other autumns, will bring forth many a dawdling high-schooler. Most of the high-schoolers that find themselves deliberately dawdling simply cannot force themselves to attack THAT awful book.

Whether the battle is baseball versus algebra, tennis versus American history, or English versus art, it is nonetheless a battle. There is always a desire to linger with the most appealing books and slight the ones that seem to be bugaboos.

Each student can readily recognize his "worst" subjects, not only by the grades he receives, but by his inability to concentrate on them and the lack of enthusiasm with which he approaches those particular books. It may well be that lack of enthusiasm has actually caused certain subjects to be the least enjoyable.

Once the worst subject is recognized, it is the subject that should receive the most attention. It is the book that should be opened at a period during which the student is not weary and worn from other classwork. If at all possible, the book should be opened and preparation made for the following day's class immediately after the assignment is made. It is then that the instructions and motivation from class are fresh in the memory. It is then that the best work can be done. Sometimes it takes only a few good grades and a little more effort and the poorest class readily becomes the best and most interesting of subjects.

**THE BATTLE OF** the book is eternal. As long as there are students, teachers, and schools there will be favorite subjects and unfavorable ones. The unfavorable ones often require a better understanding of the material. All textbook writers are people. People express themselves in different manners. Perhaps by reading a different author's version of the same subject matter, your eyes may be opened to new concepts. Using supplementary texts may well be the winning of the battle of the books.

The librarian will be happy to help you to become a better student. Often his information on supplementary reading material spells the end to certain woes. Your teacher, too, will have endless suggestions as to where you may obtain additional help.

Parents are always willing to help their young people to become shining students. Often their information,



though dated, is more easily understood than the textbook's language. Ask and search, read and pry until the battle of the books is won, and you find your interest not waning because you hate a certain book the most.

Methods of study are too often a cause of poor grades and waning interest. Note-taking, outlining and re-reading the topic sentences of each paragraph are only some of the study aids. Sometimes questions are stated at the end of a chapter. They are placed there as a check for the student to use. If the student can answer the questions after reading the chapter, he has read well and will probably retain the knowledge gained.

Some students may read a chapter once and fully retain the information. Others need to read and re-read. Many remember best if they scan the material a third time to gather the important points. Analyze your study habits and choose the methods that suit your personality.

**THERE ARE MANY** benefits derived from battling the textbook. Often the subject that requires the most pushing, the most study and time is the one you will remember most. The old adage "Come easy, go easy" is quite true of knowledge as well as material wealth. Knowledge that is gained too quickly often has a way of slipping away and refusing to be recalled when it is most needed.

The subjects that are the hardest and the "worst" are usually the "required" subjects. It is important to have these subjects as a background for college work. If you are not equipped with the required subjects, you will need preparatory work before going ahead with college.

A required subject that is skimmed over is sometimes caught rearing its ugly head as a stumbling block in college. So take that book, the one you detest most, and battle it. With proper aids you will win out in the end. With a right attitude it may become your "best" subject some day.





Riley's grade  
school education was  
obtained in a one  
room schoolhouse

By DOROTHY  
C.  
HASKIN

Illustrated by Chloe Stewart

THE SUNLIGHT filtered into the bedroom, touching the gaunt face of the tall, thin man in the bed. W. B. Riley was eighty-six years of age. Born thirty days prior to the beginning of the Civil War, he had lived a long, fruitful life for His Master. The church he had pastored in Minneapolis for forty-five years had already called another minister. But the joy of his heart, the Northwestern Schools, still needed the right man to succeed him as president.

He turned his brown eyes upward, a strong light in them, and stared at the equally tall young man who had just entered the room. This was the man Riley wanted to head Northwestern! He nodded his head toward the night table, where his Bible lay open, and directed, "Read this."

Billy Graham picked up the Bible and read the passage, "Thou art the man" (2 Samuel 12:7).

Slowly Riley took his bony hand from under the coverlet and, pointing his emaciated finger at Graham, said, "Billy, God has made it plain to me. I entrust you with the leadership of the three schools."

Graham didn't answer. He couldn't. The thought of becoming president of the Northwestern Schools was too great for him. He couldn't fill the position of a man like Dr. Riley.

Riley was adamant. He had known Billy Graham since he was nineteen, when Graham was a student at Temple Terrace Bible College in Florida. With great interest, Riley had watched the young man as Western

Springs pastor and Youth for Christ evangelist. He believed Graham to be the man to head up Northwestern because he believed in the inerrancy of the Scriptures and preached it. Furthermore, he would attract young people to the school, and would also appeal to the general public to support the faith work. Riley knew Graham was only twenty-eight years old and not known nationally, but he recognized Graham as a man of God. He insisted, "You will accept the responsibility?"

Graham's face blanched at the thought; his tall frame trembled, but he agreed, "I promise."

Riley relaxed, and a contented smile spread over his thin face.

DR. WILLIAM B. Riley was one of the renowned fundamental Baptists of his day. During his forty-five years as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Minneapolis he baptized over three thousand converts. In 1902 he founded the Northwestern Bible School with seven pupils. It has grown into three schools, the Bible College, College of Liberal Arts, and Theological Seminary, with an average enrollment of over eight hundred students. It owns radio station KTIS in Minneapolis, KNWS in Iowa, and KVNW in North Dakota.

In 1919 Riley brought together the leaders of evangelical Christianity and founded the World's Christian Fundamentalist Association, becoming its first president. He wrote sixty-five books and over eighty pamphlets. His ability as pastor, evangelist, author, educator and debater on the subject



of the Bible versus evolution made him a world figure in Christian circles.

At his prime he was described as "tall, straight of figure, strong-featured, with curly black hair, heavy dark eyebrows, deep-set eyes, nose of the rather prominent New England cast, vigorous, fearless."\*

Of his preaching it was said, "He seems subservient to nothing but to the Word of God; and only when he speaks of 'the Incomparable Christ' . . . does he unreservedly acknowledge his bondage. He is a rapid-fire talker, and it would be difficult for the most

useful education from which I would not part for cash" (*Scroll*—1931).

He accepted work as an important part of life. Education, too, was essential. Both his parents urged him to seek an education. His mother had stopped school when fifteen in order to marry, which made her determine that her children should complete their schooling. Riley's father had been converted at thirty-two and felt called to preach. However, he was without scholastic training and already the father of five children, so all the rest of his days he lived with an undercurrent of discontent. Because he couldn't preach, he was de-

# With

# a VISION

expert stenographer to report his sermons with precision" (*Minneapolis Tribune*).

As the years went on, the respect commanded by the man mounted. Near the end of Riley's pilgrimage here on earth, Harry J. Albus wrote, "Today when you go into a church to hear him preach and you see the large huskily-built preacher with a thick bushy stock of snow-white hair, you almost relax in your seat. But before long you are surprised to hear a sermon so forcefully delivered and so crystal-clear in its purpose as to make you think you are listening to a thirty-five-year-old preacher in the prime of his ministry" (*Christian Digest*).

Riley, one of seven children, was born in Green County, Indiana, March 22, 1861. Shortly afterwards, the family moved back to Kentucky, where Riley Senior was a farmer. When William was nine years old his father told him he could "make a hand." That meant he could follow a plow from the blue light of dawn until the shadows merged into the darkness. He followed a plow until, still a college student, he was ordained pastor of the First Baptist Church, Carrollton, Kentucky.

He appreciated the fact that "it is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth" (Lamentations 3:27). Of these early days of hard work, Riley wrote, "I insist that though I hoed beans, hoed cabbage, hoed corn and hoed tobacco in summer, together with every green thing that a garden grew or a farm could produce, and with the same hoe cut stalks on frosty winter mornings, it was a section of

\*Many of the incidents recorded in this chapter are taken from *The Dynamic of a Dream*, the life story of Wm. Riley, written by his wife, Marie Acorn Riley. (Now out of print.)

termined that his son should at least have the education requisite for a minister.

Riley's grade school education was obtained in a one-room schoolhouse, with fifty students ranging in ages from six to twenty-two. During those days he decided to be a lawyer. The big event of the month was to go to the Owenton County Seat, slip into the courthouse and listen to the arguments, pro and con. What he absorbed, he practiced in the schoolhouse debates.

While he was still confident that he wanted to be a lawyer, he attended a church service at a village two and one-half miles from his father's farm. He listened when the claims of Christ were presented. In those days, that included the renouncing of horse-trading as a form of gambling! Did young Riley believe in the Lord Jesus sufficiently to forgo these? The death of Christ on the cross touched his soul and one Sunday, in a meeting attended by between seventy-five and one hundred of his friends, he walked forward alone and "witnessed a good confession" in the autumn of 1878. He was baptized in Cephas Van Daren's pond.

**RILEY'S NEXT** important step was to attend Normal School for eight months, securing a teacher's certificate. That was to be a means of earning money so he could continue school.

Instead, a friend offered to lend him the money, so he went to Hanover College, Indiana (a Presbyterian institution), a strange choice in those days for a Baptist! At the State University a friend had lost his faith. Riley certainly would have none of that. He would attend a college noted for belief in the fundamentals of the faith.

During his first year at college, the inward struggle began. The Holy Spirit began speaking to him about entering the ministry, but Riley felt the urge to debate. He had special



... he attended a church service at a village two and one-half miles from his father's farm.



talents for it. The insistent tap of the Holy Spirit continued. One day he knelt in the black loam of the Kentucky farm and cried aloud, "I will preach! I will! I can do nothing else!"

When he told his father of his decision, the older man was delighted. Here was the fruition of his own desire to serve God! Shortly afterwards, Riley Senior went to be with the Lord. The blessing of God on young Riley's decision was soon evident. He became supply pastor for two churches and continued preaching while he finished college and theological seminary.

During his school days he purposed in his heart not to marry. He had too many obligations. But while serving at the Tabernacle Baptist Church in New Albany, Indiana, one of his duties was to perform the marriage ceremony of a deacon's daughter. In the wedding party was Lillian Howard. One wedding led to another. On December 31, 1890, the Presbyterian, Lillian Howard, and the Baptist, William Riley, were joined in marriage in a Methodist church. During their thirty years together, they were blessed with five sons and a daughter.

Riley's first two pastorates, that in Bloomington, Indiana, and in Chicago, Illinois, gave no promise of his brilliant future. They were mostly routine. Dissatisfied with conditions in Chicago, he was pleased when he was asked to give a trial sermon at the First Baptist Church in Minneapolis. When he arrived in Minneapolis he found he had forgotten the suitcase which contained his Prince Albert coat! He had to preach in an ordinary business suit, which did not set well with the aristocracy of the church. For over a year, the members continued hearing supply preachers. No one satisfied but William Riley, so he was called.

He spent his first five years raising the standards of the First Baptist Church. When he became pastor, he found a number of abuses being practiced. Pew rent was paid. Riley felt that rich or poor had an equal right to any seat in the church. Those who paid for the pews, however, were determined to keep it that way. They wanted their favorite seats regardless of where anyone else sat. Only Riley's persistent effort made the pews free to all.

Too, some of the ladies of the church devoted long hours to baking and making things to sell. Riley felt that selling a man a ticket to a concert one week, to an oyster supper the next, and to a fair the third only served to irritate him. After buying a couple of dollars worth of tickets, a man was in no mood to make the pledge of support the church really needed. Riley suggested that the women of the church devote their time to the needy and to soul-winning. The minority objected. They enjoyed the social aspect of their dinners. There was much talk, some arguments, but the buying and selling in the church stopped. Those were not easy years. Odd, though the difficulties temporarily reduced the number of members, the church giving increased!

WHEN AT LAST he had his church members solidly behind him, Riley went on to the great controversy of his life, the debates against evolution, modernism and Communism. God singly blessed his ability as a debater. One Monday morning Riley attended a Baptist ministers' meeting held in the Central Baptist Church. Professor Sigerfoos of the University of Minnesota gave an address on evolution. Riley was shocked that Sigerfoos was teaching this unproved theory to young minds and requested an opportunity to speak to his class. Sigerfoos refused Riley's request, so Riley preached against evolution from his pulpit. A number of University students attended his church, heard the sermon, and soon the campus was buzzing.

This led to nation-wide debates on the subject. Riley's addresses were published in a book entitled *The Finality of Higher Criticism*. When the five thousand copies were sold, the corrected addresses were printed under the title *Inspiration or Evolution?* which went through three editions. During this controversy, he became a close friend of William Jennings Bryan. When Bryan died, Riley was the logical man to succeed him as champion against the teaching of evolution in the public schools.

His debates and sermons against



the teaching of evolution in the tax-supported schools led to his fight against modernism in the churches. Too many ministers found it easier to drift with the crowd, teaching only those parts of the Bible which were palatable. These ministers were sprinkled in different denominations. It was no longer possible to say that because a man served in the church of a certain denomination that his theology was straight. Modernism had crossed the denominational lines, and so should fundamentalism. Those who believed in the complete inerrancy of the Scriptures should stand together!

On this ground, the World's Christian Fundamentalist Association was formed. The leading fundamentalists of the day joined it. Riley was the first president and its organization encouraged those who previously had felt alone in their stand for the faith. Often in his service as speaker for W.C.F.A., Riley was away from his Minneapolis church as long as six months at a time. When Riley felt he could no longer carry on as leader, Dr. Paul W. Rood became president.

Those were glowing, thrilling days as Riley saw much of the Christian Church influenced by his stand. Yet the stand had been taken because of his love for Christ and his interest in young people. He knew they were

the promise of tomorrow. Because of his love for them, he founded his schools. The seminaries had become tainted with liberal teaching. When he arrived in Minneapolis in 1897, he found among the city pastors only one who shared his pre-millennial faith. One by one in the pews, he found laymen who shared his views. Riley felt the dire need of the Northwest for Bible indoctrination; and the State Secretary of Iowa wrote him of one hundred and fifty-two pastorless churches!

IN OCTOBER 2, 1902, a group of laymen met with Dr. Riley to form the Bible School. Seven persons, four of them women, all well advanced in years, comprised the first student body. Riley formulated a two-year course. Classes met in his study and later in the church basement. The student body soon increased to thirty-five and Dr. A. J. Frost, a nationally famous Bible teacher over sixty, was called to be Dean of the school.

Growth was slow but steady. Riley had to fight opposition to every important step, such as the acquiring of school property. While trying to persuade others that the school should buy, the price of the property went from \$10,000 to \$15,000. However, in 1904 the school moved into its own building. In 1934, the school expanded sufficiently to offer a liberal arts course, and in 1935, the Northwestern Evangelical Seminary was opened with forty-seven students.

Each student who became a staunch Christian was a joy to Riley, but he found still another blessing through the school. His wife, Lillian, went to be with the Lord in 1931, leaving Riley a lonesome man. Marie Acomb had been one of his co-workers for seven years, teaching at the school. She was a gracious Christian, combining the strictness of a Plymouth Brethren home with a French background—her mother was a member of the French publishing house, Loizeaux. Riley loved Marie and she loved him with an adoration that could see not even the slightest fault in him. As his wife for fifteen years, she showered her love upon him.

The years, however, were coming to a close; the beloved schools needed leadership. Riley felt that the Holy Spirit had called Billy Graham as president. When Riley first asked him to consider the presidency, Graham pointed out that he felt his call was to evangelism. Riley prayed. When Graham visited the sick man, Riley encouraged him to accept. Graham could not agree. Dr. Riley went to be with the Lord December 5, 1947. Ruth and Billy Graham came to Minneapolis immediately, with Graham taking charge of the funeral service. Then in accordance with former board action, Mr. Graham became the immediate president of the Northwestern Schools.

However, because of his campaigns, he was forced to do a large percentage of his administrative work by long distance telephone. He could not have carried on if it had not been

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# ZOO

## TICKETS

By ESTHER MILLER PAYLER



OUR SCHOOL'S going to the zoo!" shouted Louise, as she ran into the kitchen and put her books on the table.

"Can sisters and brothers go, too?" asked Patsy and Bill, Louise's sister and brother.

"Sure! And mothers and relatives and teachers and anyone who buys a ticket from the school," grinned Louise, jerking her head so her pigtails bounced.

Patsy's brown eyes were large. "We've never been to a real zoo. We've seen wild animals at the circus and birds in the park, but never a real zoo."

Bill pushed back his red hair. "The zoo's far away! Would we ride in a bus?"

"Yes, special buses. No one else can get on, just the ones from our school," said Louise. "Mother, may we go?"

"All of us will go, God willing, and we'll ask Grandmother, too," smiled Mother.

"Goody, goody," sang the children and held hands as they skipped around the kitchen table.

"Grownup's tickets are twenty-five cents each, and children's are ten cents each. That's special just for schools," explained Louise.

"How much will I have to give you for tickets?" asked Mother.

Pat and Bill watched Louise as she wrote some figures on a paper. Then she said, "Eighty cents."

"Fine," answered Mother. "We shall put a half dollar and three dimes in an envelope for you to take to school tomorrow."

"I'm careful," said Louise, standing up straight. "You can trust me to bring home the tickets."

"Of course," said Mother soberly, "but I remember a verse in the Bible which says that the one putting on his armour should not boast, but the one who takes it off."

Louise's face got red. "What does that mean?" piped Patsy.

"It means you shouldn't brag before you do something," snapped Louise. "You should wait until you've done it, and then you won't have to brag."

Mother gave them all cookies and milk and they chattered about the zoo. "We'll see all the different kinds of animals like Noah took into the ark when God told him about the flood."

"I can hardly wait until Thursday," said Pat.

"This is only Monday," frowned Bill.

LOUISE TOOK THE envelope with the money to school on Tuesday. When it was time to go home the teacher wrapped three pink and two orange tickets in a square of paper, wrapping it in a larger sheet of blue-lined paper with Louise's name on it.

"Let's go home the short cut!" said Tim and Dick, who lived on the same street as Louise.

"Mother wants me to go home on the street and not cut through the woods," answered Louise.

"Aw, come on," said Tim and Dick.

Louise thought of the verse her mother said so often: "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right."

"Come on, you can get home faster with the tickets," said Tim.

"You don't need to tell your mother you disobeyed," coaxed Dick.

Louise did not want to walk home alone down the street when she could play with the boys, so she went with them. They laughed and ran after each other, playing tag. Louise did not have as good a time as usual, though. When she got home and handed her mother the paper, Mother said, "Where are the tickets? You've only a lined paper."

Louise looked. "I must have dropped them." She could hardly hold back the tears.

"Won't we go now?" asked Bill and Patsy, close to tears.

"Rest a minute, and then we'll go back and look. Maybe we'll find the tickets," said Mother.

"I went through the woods," said Louise, hanging her head.

Mother looked sad and said, "It takes only a moment of carelessness and disobedience for others to suffer, also."

SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY they walked over the path, but they did not see the paper. Louise ran into the school. The teacher looked around and said, "I remember giving you the tickets."

As they walked home, still looking, Louise said, "May I take the money out of my bank to buy more tickets?"

"No," Mother answered. "We can't go. I could pay another eighty cents, but then you'd forget your disobeying and it would be easy to disobey again."

After the light was out that night, Louise cried softly. Bill and Patsy were sorry, too. The next day Louise took a note around to the other teachers asking the children to look for the tickets, but no one found them.

Louise couldn't do her schoolwork well that day, thinking, "Tomorrow's zoo day. Patsy, Bill, Mother and Grandmother are missing it because of my disobedience."

After school Louise said, "Mother, I'm going over the path again, and look."

"We'll go, too," said Mother, Patsy and Bill.

They went as far as the school and were almost home, when Louise poked into a pile of leaves at the side of the path, where some bits of paper stuck out. "Look," she cried, "the paper with my name on it and the tickets

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# Alaskan

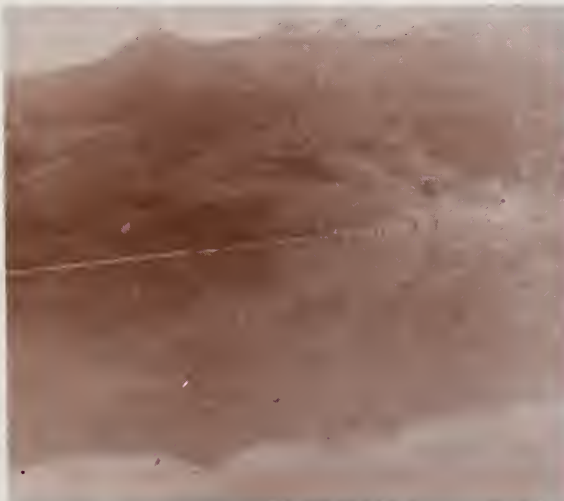
## EPISODE II



Alaska's Grizzley Country



"Milepost Zero" at Dawson Creek



Muncho Lake at Milepost 456

IT WAS SEVEN O'CLOCK Friday morning, June 8, when we turned the nose of "Micah" (our Ford) due north and left the city of Portland behind us. The weather was turning gray and ugly, and small splatterings of rain threatened the windshield. We were eager to be on our way again, and this was the last lap of our journey to Alaska. After two weeks of sight-seeing and many blisters, we were rather tired of our native United States, so we breezed past the towns and cities with an air of professional travelers.

Our first day really started with a bang. We were waiting for a light in Seattle when suddenly there was a rending crash that jarred our teeth and bumped our heads against the windshield. We waited and when nothing else happened we got out to find, sitting on "Micah's" back bumper, a 1954 Chevrolet with a very frightened soldier at the wheel. The damage was slight, and after a few hours in a garage "Micah" emerged with an almost new-looking bumper. There were, however, still a few tiny scratches, and although we didn't know it, they were the forerunners of many more to come.

It was nearing six o'clock when we reached the Canadian border and the customs office. We had expected to go through quite a bit of red tape before we could pass, but it took only a few minutes. When the customs officers learned we were bound for Alaska, they let us pass with only a few questions.

At first, Canada was beautiful and fascinating, but that feeling lasted only a few miles. By nightfall our highway had narrowed to a small road. This small road had been cut through mountains, and it was a long drop to the bottom. At the bottom, incidentally, was a raging, turbulent river in the height of flood stage. I amused myself by wondering what would happen if we should chance to meet a car on some of the curves.

We stopped about midnight at a run-down old service station to buy some gas. We were waited on by an old, grey-haired, leathery-skinned man. He cranked the ancient hand pump and started filling our tank with the smelly, imperial gallons. He regarded each of us silently and finally, resting his eyes on me, said in his cracked British accent, "Well, what are you afraid of?"

I tried to smile as I said, "Oh, the roads and this wild country. Aren't you afraid of it?"

"Oh, no. Miss," he said, "I'm not afraid of anything."

I asked him then to sell me a quarter's worth of his courage. He laughed and said everybody needed all the courage he could find in this country. I agreed with him wholeheartedly.

We were traveling on Highway No. 2 toward Prince George and Dawson Creek. At Dawson Creek we would pick up the Alaska Highway or as it is called by some, the Alcan. Our most useful possession was a little book called *The Milepost, Guide to the Land of the Midnight*



# Diary

By DUBY BOYD



*Sun.* This book had a list of all the service stations, restaurants, tourist accommodations and points of interest. The farther we progressed the higher the prices became, but we had considered this in advance and were prepared. We had two cases of assorted canned foods, a little charcoal grill and a bag of charcoal.

THE FIRST NIGHTMARISH night was not ended before we got onto the wrong road and ended up in the middle of a forest. It was daylight before we found the right road again, and we were so out of sorts we decided we would stop for breakfast. We pulled off to the side of the road and began to set up our cooking equipment. Immediately we were set upon by a fleet of the biggest mosquitoes I have ever beheld. We had been warned of this in advance, too, so we ran back to the car and dug out our mosquito repellent. It was a greasy oil with a foul smell that dampened the vigor of the bravest mosquito. We were just ready to eat when great drops of rain began to spot our clothing. By the time we had eaten and packed our equipment, we were a cold, wet, bedraggled group.

By this time we were about fifty miles from Prince George and our highway had become scarcely more than a cow trail. It was unpaved and for the most part ungraveled. Every tenth inch there was a chuckhole that a badger could have gotten lost in easily. We were able to maintain a steady twenty miles per hour, and by mid-afternoon we came in sight of sleepy little Prince George, southern gateway to the John Hart Highway. We took an hour off to clean up, and then we went to the modern little post office and wrote letters home. I felt very much as if I were abroad when I wrote U.S.A. at the bottom of each letter.

From Prince George we followed the Hart Highway 259 miles to Dawson Creek. The Hart Highway was opened to the public on July 1, 1952. It serves as an artery of commerce between the Peace River country and the railroad center of Prince George; it also forms a connecting link between the Alaska Highway and the Pacific Coast. It brings Seattle 535 miles closer to the starting point of the Alaska Highway and opens a magnificent wilderness country to travel and development. The highway is of hard-packed gravel construction and has two short sections of "black-top" surfacing comprising about fifteen miles out of Prince George, and about eight miles near Dawson Creek. The highway crosses a region of rugged timbered mountains, tumbling streams, swift, clear rivers and placid blue-green lakes. The rivers and lakes are noted for big, fighting rainbow trout and grayling, and the shadowy forest affords great hunting opportunities with its moose, mule deer, and bear.

Dawson Creek, British Columbia, is the starting point of the Alaska Highway. It has grown from a population of 300 in 1942 to over 5,000 at the present and is still growing. Tapping the great wheat belt of the Peace River

and centered in an area rich in natural resources, Dawson Creek has a bright future. In the center of town is the famous "Milepost Zero" and all around it are modern hotels, restaurants, well-stocked stores, and garages where all makes of cars are repaired and serviced. We took "Micah" to one of these to be refueled while we looked around town. It was Saturday night, and it reminded me of any number of small towns at home. The people grinned at us; I suppose they could tell we were tourists by the way we took pictures of everything.

We stopped a few miles outside Dawson Creek to cook supper. Although it was then eight o'clock, the sun was still shining brightly. For the next fifty miles we drove through some of the most beautiful and fertile farmland in the whole of Canada. This area, in the valley of the Peace River, is called the Peace River "Block." The Peace River derived its name from once having been a boundary of truce between the warring tribes of the Cree and Beaver Indians. An old northern legend claims, "Drink once of the waters of the mighty Peace, and they will ever call you back to drink again." We decided, that being the case, we should not drink.

IT WAS NEARLY nine-thirty that night before the sun went down. The sunset was fascinating. The sky changed from red to orange to rose to deep pink and finally to a soft glowing gold that deepened into purple twilight. That was the longest day I had ever spent in my life. It never became dark, and the sun was up again at 3:00 a.m. It seemed to me that all the days and nights after that merged into one long day.

At Milepost 456 is Muncho Lake, one of the most beautiful mountain lakes in the world. The clear, cold water is hundreds of feet deep in spots, and varies in color from deep turquoise to aquamarine. It is compassed on three sides by towering, snow-capped peaks which are reflected in its mirror-like surface. I could see from the number of camping outfits that this must be a great spot for fishing.

The most interesting spot on the highway to me was Contact Creek. The roadbuilding crews working from the North and from the South first made "contact" here on September 23, 1942. There is a sign by the bridge that tells the story. Compared to our highways in the United States this Alaska Highway does not seem to be much, but when you consider that it was cut through some of the most rugged country in the world, it becomes a miracle of modern engineering.

We had been traveling for three days and two nights when we came into White Horse, capital of the storied Yukon, late Sunday night. The town was not so modern as Prince George or Dawson Creek. The streets were unpaved and the buildings were rough and unpainted. It was after midnight, but it was light enough to read a newspaper on the streets. We stopped only long enough for gas at one of the all-night service stations.

We felt that the end of our journey was in sight when we reached the Alaskan border and customs office that afternoon. Again we passed with no trouble, and for the first time in three days we traveled on paved roads. It seemed (possibly our imagination) that the whole country took on a new appearance. The lakes became more numerous and the mountains larger with more snow; for the first time in our lives, we saw a glacier. At first, we traveled on a plain and then we began to

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# Fleeing From

and

# Following After

By The Reverend J. D. BRIGHT

**Y**OU HAVE HEARD it said that young people must sow their wild oats, and you have also heard that old philosophy that they must have their fling at life. No one should believe in a philosophy such as that. That is encouraging youth to live after Satan's will. The Scripture states, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The word *man* refers to human beings regardless of what their age or sex may be. "Sow a thought and reap an act; sow an act and reap a deed; sow a deed and reap a destiny."

You can see many boys and girls already reaping, and you can see the marks of the sowing of wild oats in the distorted lives of many stooped with age. Yet, some say, "In years to come they will settle down. They will adjust themselves to the responsibilities of life. They will get religion." It is the attitude of many that religion is for old men and women, but that is a false theory. The devil is the author of teachings such as these. God needs young people as well as adults. There is no better time to start serving God than in childhood.

One man was asked when parents should begin training a child; the answer was, "One hundred years before it is born." He meant that the way of truth and right in a child's life must have background to it. The father, mother, grandfather, grandmother, and great-grandparents should be godly if the child is to have the chance God intended it to have. Every child should be received as a divine trust. It is a trust that must not be betrayed; it is one of the greatest of all human responsibilities. In fact, when you look into the face of a little boy or girl, there is a responsibility as big as the world! No doubt, thousands of persons will stand before God condemned to hell because of the way they received and responded to responsibility of infants.

Paul in writing to Timothy said, "When I call to remembrance the unfeigned *faith* that is in thee." Notice, it stayed there! The *faith* had an abiding place. It "dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that in thee also." From where did it come? From a praying grandmother and

*Text: 2 Timothy 2:22, Flee also youthful lusts: but follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart.*

mother whose hearts were filled with faith, it came into the life of the son. It was carried over from one to another by faith, prayer, reading God's Word and teaching. You need not tell me that a godly life will not have a righteous influence over a child. Wherever a child is brought up to fear and respect God, His Word and His Church, it has a better chance in this life and for the life to come.

Maybe it was not that way with some of you. God has been especially good to many persons in finding them even though they come from lost homes. We have some outstanding preachers that came from homes that did not know God, but it is touching to hear them tell about it. They say, "If my home had been a godly home, a home where we prayed, read God's Word and attended church, how different my life would have been." Love for God in the hearts of parents begets and maintains proper love for their children. In turn, that love gets hold of the sons and daughters and helps them to overcome the evil as they settle down in loving homes to that tranquility known only to those who love God. When fathers and mothers warn their children of the evils that confront them and tell them that sin will not only break down their morals but will destroy their character and usefulness, it will help them to stand for God.

**YOUNG PEOPLE**, you must be careful in selecting your company; choose your companions well, and run from the individuals or the crowds that love the world and hate Christian living. It is not the multitudes that are going to heaven. Do not look for big crowds going toward the Celestial City. If you do, you will be looking for that and soon going in the wrong direction. The way is narrow, but it is wide enough. You do not have to live or walk in a strait jacket. Nobody has truer freedom than those set free by and who live by the Word of God. Nobody has greater liberty than those whom the truth has liberated.

The devil would like to get you to believe that sinful habits of life are all right, but if you listen to him you will find yourselves with that group that does not love God and His Church. This world is filled with every kind of evil imaginable. I drove down Florida's Daytona Beach in 1926, and the mosquitoes were so thick they dimmed the lights of the car. The evils of the world are as multitudinous and thick as those mosquitoes were and will dim your Christian life if you are not prayerful and careful.

Things that one time would have made them blush are common to many even professed Christians today. The things that used to embarrass them do not bring the blush to their faces now. There is wrecklessness today! What is it? It is a tendency to follow after the "lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life." As long as people, young or old, live like that, God cannot do anything for them. If you want to be a great man, you will have to get a vision of the great Christ. You will have to die to the world. There was a difference in Saul and Paul. While Saul wanted that which appealed to the flesh, Christ smote him to the ground, but when he came to himself, he actually fell in love with Jesus. It is better to have Jesus stop you than for someone to pat you on the back and hurry you on to eternal punishment.

The person who loves you is the one who will remind you that God's Word says, "Shun the very appearance of evil." Shun it as you *run from a snake*. My dad had a farm, and one day when we were coming in for dinner, a big rattlesnake slid down into the road at his feet. Did we stand and admire it and count its rattlers? No! It was beautiful, but it scared us. There was poison that could kill us. We jumped to one side as Dad cut its head off with an ax. Some persons strike at the wrong end of the things that are dangerous. Smashing the snake's tail would not have killed it. Some folk treat sin as the man that wanted to cut off his dog's tail without hurting him, so he just cut off an inch a day. If you cannot kill or conquer whatever is after you, flee from it. Put distance between you and it! I have heard that a brave run is better than a bad stand.





Once I was hit so hard by another boy that I saw stars and sparks at midday, all because I undertook to defend a pal who ran to his mother's arms. He fled and was safe. I stayed and suffered the consequences. One of the worst things you can do is try to be brave with sin. We have dare-devils that do stunts with planes. They get a lot of money out of it, but the money does them no good when they get killed. The persons who have got in trouble with the devil have been those that have been too brave with him. Eve decided she would listen to the devil and got herself, her husband and all humanity into trouble. Jesus would not even try reasoning with the devil. He only gave him the Bible! He quoted Scripture, "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone. . . . It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." We are safe when using God's Word.

There are new rules of etiquette as to the conduct of youth with youth, but you should flee from anything that would paralyze your conscience toward the highest standard of Christian ethics. Anyone that would cause you to do wrong is dangerous; break away from their pretended friendship. Remember, if you obey the devil, he will condemn you for doing what he told you to do.

**YOU BOYS AND** girls have your troubles and temptations, and we do not expect you to have heads like ours. You can, however, have the same keeping, establishing grace of God that we have. I heard a person testify, "Praise the Lord for salvation. I know I am up and down, but I am going to keep it up and one of these days I may slide into glory." I thought, "What if you go into reverse when you reach the gate?" Young people are not in the same bracket as older people, but sin is sin.

The thing that is sinful for you is sinful for me. The grace of God is just as sufficient for the young people as it is for the older people. God's grace is sufficient.

Some say, "You have to sin more or less every day. You won't quit sinning till you get to heaven." That is what the devil wants you to do. You do not have to let the devil put that off on you. Sin is of the devil. Jesus said, "Sin no more." There is such a thing as being overtaken by faults, but some persons overtake the fault. Some run toward sinful things more than they run from them. There can be a lot of difference in the direction you are going.

When I was fourteen I remember telling Mother, with tears in my eyes, that I wanted to live for the Lord, but my temper made it hard for me. She said, "The Lord will sanctify you when you yield yourself to Him, and it will be easier for you to live right." I received wonderful victory a few weeks later when I complied with Romans 12:1, 2, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God."

This old-time religion is an experience from head to heel. Until that is a fact, sinful habits and customs will be enticing to you. However, when you reach that place that you are transformed mind, heart, soul and body, becoming a new creature in Christ, you will be living in a new world! You are living in a world to yourself. You will see people doing wrong, going wrong and hear them talking wrong, but you will be following Christ Jesus, "who did no sin; neither was guile found in his mouth." Follow after righteousness; righteousness is right-doing. The reason Joseph proved to be a worthy young man when his manhood was tested by Potiphar's wife in Egypt was his stand and pursuit of clean, virtuous living. He remembered the God of Israel, and although a slave in a strange land he determined to follow the godly example set for him by his people. Because he was true, he saved the people of Israel. I hope you young men and women will keep your trust in God.

This is a day of infidelity, but you must follow the path of loyalty to God and His Church. This is a day of unbelief, but he that "doubteth is damned"; therefore, you must follow after faith. Have faith in God, Jesus, the Holy Spirit, the Bible, yourselves, your pals, your mothers, fathers, pastors, teachers, and the Church of God. May it ever be said of us, young and old alike, "We are of those who believe to the saving of the soul." You cannot follow something that is behind you. Faith leads the way. Faith says, "Come on; I'll fill your heart with righteousness, peace and love! Take me and use me. Put me in action." *By faith, through faith, in the*

*faith* are prepositional phrases that made the faith heroes and heroines listed in Hebrews 11. If people would use faith instead of following after everything else, God would have a better chance at saving this lost world.

**THIS WORLD IS** love-sick. Not sick because it has too much love, but because it has so little of real love. We have heard much about the atom, hydrogen and cobalt bombs, but we need the love bomb dropped in our hearts, homes, churches, and on this lost world. God help us parents to feel as Judah felt. He said, "How can I go up to my father if the lad, Benjamin, be not with me?" Oh, that God will help us to have so much love that we will bring our children, our neighbor's children to church and eventually to heaven. How can we face God if we do not? Moses said to Pharaoh, "Our young and our old are going with us." Should we not say to the devil the same thing? Think of Moody who built a Sunday School class from a small number to a thousand. I am convinced that when the pastors, superintendents and teachers really want more in Sunday School, they will do what it takes to get them.

We have our problems in the Sunday School. I have heard teachers say that some children are so disrespectful they cannot manage them and they wish they would stay at home. Brother Zeno C. Tharp asked me to take a class of seventy boys, ages eight through twelve, when he was pastor at Tremont Avenue, Greenville, South Carolina. Boys that age can think of everything. The teacher before me carried a board with a nail in it to the first class. They almost carried him, board and nail out, and he soon quit. There was a twelve-year-old bully in the class; after much effort to change his behavior, but without success, I caught him up in my arms, and while he tried to get loose I took him to the door. He asked, "What are you going to do to me?"

I answered, "Take you to your daddy."

He said, "He will beat the life out of me. Please don't take me to Daddy."

I asked, as I stood him in the hall, "What will you do if I don't take you to him?"

"I will be a good boy."

We went back and I introduced him as a new boy. He became a model pupil. From then on we had a wonderful time together.

I moved from Greenville and when I would go back, even years later, some of those boys would come around and say, "Brother Bright, do you remember me? I was in your class." That always brought joy to my heart. I hope something I said or did will help those seventy boys get to heaven.

Follow charity. The very nature of charity is giving. It moves young and old alike to give offerings and pay tithes. God loved and gave Jesus; Jesus loved and gave Himself. The prophets loved God and paid their tithe long before any law was written

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# HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON



Dear Happy Home Circle:

**I**N GOING THROUGH our 1944 LIGHTED PATHWAY Yearbook, I found this message, and since it is just as needful today as it was twelve years ago, we are publishing it again this month. In this message we are trying to answer this question: "Why do so many Christian parents have unsaved children?" This is a big question and I need God, and must have His help, if I am able to help you.

We know of many good Christians who are having their lives almost crushed out of them because of the behavior of their children. Many of them wonder why, when they have tried so hard.

We have had many letters come to us in answer to this question. We appreciate every one more than you may know, because you have had interest enough in parenthood and childtraining to respond to a need of this kind. God will bless you for your effort to solve this mystery. However, I have weighed all of your thoughts and now I will add my own, and perhaps we can at least come to some understanding that will be helpful to our parents who have failed; and those who are right now in that critical time with their children, and are really seeking to know how to bring the little ones up to know and love God and be a blessing to their homes and in the services of the Lord.

One day I asked an evangelist to give me her idea on this question. She said, "I was holding a meeting at a certain place and a woman came to me and said, 'I wish you could tell me why my children are not Christians. They do not seem to have any interest in spiritual things. We go to church and try to do our best, but

they seem so unconcerned.' " Of course, she could not help her then for she was unacquainted with the home. In a few days she went home with them to dinner. As they sat at the table the father and mother discussed everybody in the church and picked them to pieces. Why should children be drawn to the Church if all of its members were hypocrites such as they had described?

We see that in this case it was lack of love among the Church members and the habit of airing their faults to the children that disgusted them and made them indifferent to the Church. I wonder if this article will reach others who are guilty.

**ONE WOMAN** writes, "So many fail to use discipline from infancy. When you say no, be sure you mean no. Take time to explain why. When the child understands why, then he may feel differently about it. Take time to pray with them. Deal with them in love."

This is the secret of success. Love will win. I do not mean that weak love which will give in to the desires of a child, just for sympathy's sake, but the kind that holds on to the right in love.

I remember many times of telling my children I would punish them if they did a certain thing. I knew I had to do it, but before I punished them, I got down by the side of the bed and explained that I was doing it because I loved them, that I wanted them to grow up to be good men and women, and must teach them to do right while they were little. Then I would pray with them. In my talk to them I would say, "Would you like to think of your mother as a liar?" Oh no, they wouldn't like that, of course. I said, "Then I would be one if I didn't keep my word, wouldn't I?" Then I gave them their punishment. Now, of course, that is hard, but it pays. My girls could usually be managed better by a good heart-to-heart talk. A whipping was often necessary for my son, but in five minutes after I had punished him he would be back with his arms around my neck asking me to forgive him.

One letter spoke of the way mothers were leading their children to be

proud and extravagant in sending them to the beauty parlor when only a few years old, and teaching them to be immodest by allowing them to dress almost nude in early childhood and then, later on, being brought to grief because they want to keep it up.

One young man in service wrote of the family altar being a thing of the past and urged the parents to return to the old paths. It is too late for some, since the birdlings have flown from the nest, but not too late for those whose little darlings are toddling around their feet and looking to them for guidance now.

**NOW THESE** are all good answers to this question, but the one answer that has been going through my mind and weighing heavily on my heart is "Ignorance." Now please do not resent this, for I do not mean ignorance in the way you might interpret it. If you are a father, you may be a very successful businessman or a minister who can sway audiences and bring souls to the foot of the Cross. As a mother you may be a wonderful homemaker; your house may be kept perfect and your meals prepared daintily with much thought of calories and vitamins, and still you may be ignorant in child training. In fact, while you are engaged in all of these duties, your child may be forgotten. He or she may come in dozens of times through the day and ask you questions about very important things that are puzzling him and you may say, "Run away, Johnnie, I haven't time to talk to you now." You are ignorant of the fact that you are sending him away to ask somebody else. Soon he decides that it is no use to go to his mother and daddy for they are too busy. Someone else will answer his questions. What kind of answers will they be?

Little boys and girls are born with a social nature, and God expects that social side of the child to be developed. Too often parents are ignorant of the fact that it is their job to study their children and help in the guidance of the social life. Too often this is looked upon as a nonessential in the child's life, all because of ignorance along this line. The religious teachings are many times given in too large a dose. Too strong meat is not easily digested, when if there had been a variety of digestible foods given it would have made a thriving, healthy Christian.

Many times parents are ignorant

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# Helps for the Tempted and Tried

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON

## PRAYER

O God, our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the clouds and for the sunshine that comes after the clouds are gone. Give us understanding and help us to meet the clouds with joy, knowing that they are steppingstones to greater victory and to a larger field of service for Thee. Keep us steadfast and unmovable during the time of testing and make us more than conquerors through Him who loved us. Amen.

## BE STILL AND KNOW

By Alda B. Harrison

WE ARE JUST NOW looking out of our window admiring and thanking God for the sunshine coming out so beautifully after several days of dark, cloudy weather. It just reminds us of the lives of God's little ones. We wonder how many who may, as you read these pages, be in the midst of a cloud. You are wondering just what it means. May I tell you what it means? It means a blessing for you and perhaps hundreds of others if you make your clouds steppingstones to greater heights in God. These clouds are just among the "all things" that God will work together for good to you if you love Him. "*Be still and know that I am God.*"

It may be that your cloud is that of disappointment. Perhaps you have great ambitions along the line of education and preparation for your life-work. You see the need of it. Misfortune has come and swept away your savings, and you are seemingly defeated. Or it may be you were almost ready to go away to school, and along came the hand of death and took away the father of the home. Now you must shoulder the responsibility of the family's support. Perhaps your mother has been called away and you must take charge of the home duties, and so the cloud has settled down upon you. I wonder what we might say to comfort and help you in this hour of sorrow. Our words will not suffice, but the still, small voice is saying, "*Be still and know that I am God.*"

It may be you have prayed incessantly for years for some other ambition and your hopes have been crushed. You are beginning to wonder if God answers prayer. This brings to my mind an experience of my own with my son and older daughter when they were small. They wanted a pony. I had taught them to ask Jesus for what they wanted, and they told me they were going to do so. They prayed for a number of years but with no success. One day one of them came to me and said, "Well, Mother, I guess we're not going to get our pony. Perhaps if we had, it would have kicked us and killed us." They gave up with perfect submission. Oh, that we could always keep childlike in our faith and always be submissive to His will.

Your cloud may be the giving up of worldly associates whom you have loved so long. You previously walked hand in hand in the ways of the world; now you have chosen to walk with Jesus along the beautiful Highway of Holiness, and you had to lay them, together with all worldly ambition, on the altar for God. You came to the parting of the ways; you chose the way of life and they chose to remain in the way that leads to death. Just wait patiently and keep your eyes on Jesus. They know you are on the right path and your steadfastness may lead them to Jesus. In the midst of the cloud, the gentle voice of Jesus is whispering, "*Be still and know that I am God.*"

THERE IS something so sweet in the words of the Psalmist, "*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help,*" Psalm 121:1. As we turn from our thoughts of clouds, we want to bring to you this message of hope through this little poem:

*There's a wonderful Light to be seen  
in the sky,*

*If we stand on the hills of God;  
There's a radiant glory to ravish the  
eye,*

*On the hills where the saints have  
trod.*

*Then mount to the hills in a new  
life sublime;*

*It is worth the struggle to strive and  
climb*

*To the beautiful hills of God.*

*There's a vision of peace to be seen  
far away,*

*As we stand on the hills above;  
For the sky is aglow with the city  
of day,*

*As it shines in the kingdom of love.  
Mount up to the hills for a vision of  
light;*

*It is worth the struggle to view the  
sight*

*From the heaven-lit hills of God.*

—Sel.

The clouds and disappointments through which you are now passing are only steppingstones to the top of these beautiful "hills of God." Are you using them as such? Read the lives of our great patriarchs and prophets and see their hardships before they reached the hilltop. Moses, after leaving the king's palace, spent forty years herding sheep; but he did it faithfully, and one day he came to a mountain called Horeb, where he heard the voice of God from the burning bush. Yes, God is waiting to give you a call if you will, like Moses, wade through all difficulties and disappointments and climb your way up to the mountaintop.

It was later on when Moses had gone through all kinds of trouble in the wanderings through the wilderness that God led him to the top of Mount Sinai to give him a message to hand down to the coming generations. He could not do this until he had climbed his way up the mountainside. It was not an easy climb for Moses; neither will it be for you. When Moses returned from this mountaintop his face shone until those around him were dazzled with the light. If you want your face to shine so that you may be a soul winner for Jesus, then climb, climb, climb, in spite of everything, to the top of the beautiful hills of God.

You will never get to these beautiful hills through murmuring and complaining, but like the children of Israel you will have to be turned back again

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# Poetry Page

## CHOICE

By Kathleen Haley

The devil is strong,  
But the Lord is stronger;  
The devil works long,  
But the Lord works longer.  
The devil has ways,  
But the Lord has better,  
And the Lord sets free  
All the devil can fetter.  
The devil turns tail  
As the going gets tougher,  
But the Lord sticks close,  
Even closer, the rougher.  
Going to heaven's one trip  
Devil just can't afford—  
So if you want to make it,  
Better ride with the Lord!

## SUPPLICATION

By A. M. Barr

Let me, today, with sincere heart  
Meet happiness or sorrow,  
And let me through some kindly deed  
Contribute to my neighbor's need  
In spite of color, race or creed,  
Lest I be dust—tomorrow.

## GOD SPEAKS

By Grace Cash

"Thou shalt have no other gods,"  
No strange gods before Me;  
Thou shalt love with all thy might  
The God who careth for thee.

Thou shalt keep the laws I made,  
That Moses wrote on stone;  
The Ten Commandments I have given  
To lead my people on.

Thou shalt ever keep in mind  
My statutes and my care,  
And know that with such mighty love  
Thy burdens I will bear.



## THE BABY

By RACHEL JOHNSON BARKER

*Little baby, so soft and sweet,  
Stumbling about on chubby feet,  
Clinging with hands we love to hold,  
Worth many times your weight in  
gold*

*Just to look at, cuddle and love  
Gift of our Father dear, above.  
Each baby must to Him be dear;  
I think each cry He's sure to hear,  
Every tumble, and bump, and fall  
Of the baby, He sees it all.  
Where've you started, dear little feet?  
Here comes Daddy you want to meet!  
Oh! Now, jump up and run along  
To Daddy's arms loving and strong.  
Little baby, tender and sweet,  
Long is the road before your feet;  
Many times you'll stumble and fall  
Ere you reach the end of it all.  
In God's hand does the future lie  
Under His loving, watchful eye.*



# marie coleman kelley

This month's artist was born in Ways Station, Georgia, in 1936. Although she is yet quite young, Marie developed an interest in art at even an earlier age. She took private art lessons while living in Elkhart, Indiana. Marie is a past member of the Elkhart Art League, and is presently an officer in the Illustrators' Guild of Cleveland. She joined the staff of artists at our Publishing House in January, 1955. She is the wife of an Alabama minister, the Reverend James N. Kelley, and the daughter of the

artist  
illustrator



# art



Reverend and Mrs. E. E. Coleman of Indiana.

Q. Perspective is difficult for me to master. Since I am unable to attend art school, what would you recommend that I do to help overcome this weakness?—Elizabeth Stein, Zion, Maryland.

A. Enroll in a reputable home study course in art. If this is also impossible, get a good book on the subject; e. g., *How to Use Creative Perspective*, by Ernest Watson, Reinhold Publishing Corp., New York, 1955 (\$7.50). Order from Church of God Publishing House. —Art Director.





# Youth IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Chosen for the spotlight is Rose Marie Douglas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milo Douglas, who was born in Mack, Colorado, on September 19, 1936. At the age of nine years, she was saved, sanctified, and filled with the Holy Ghost.

Throughout her Christian life, Rose Marie has served the Church in many positions. She has served as Sunday School teacher, Y.P.E. president, and Children's Church worker. She has conducted Vacation Bible Schools in several states.

In 1951, she and her parents moved from Colorado to Cleveland, Tennessee, and Rose Marie enrolled as a sophomore in the high school division at Lee College. After graduation from the high school, she enrolled in the junior college division where she served in several important capacities. She graduated in June of 1956 and received the two-year scholarship to the University of Chattanooga.

Rose Marie feels that God has chosen her to teach in some mission field. When asked of her goal in life, she replied: "I want to give my best to Jesus who gave all for me, and I want to tell others of Christ's love for them." We predict a very bright future in God's service for this talented young woman.

The young man in the spotlight this month is Homer J. Boatman, Jr., State Youth Director of Florida. Homer was born in Cleveland, Tennessee, right across from the Church of God Publishing House, on May 20, 1925. During his boyhood and young manhood, he lived in Cleveland and Chattanooga and, finally, in Chickamauga, Georgia, until he entered the service of his country in December, 1942.

After his discharge from the navy in January, 1946, he enrolled in the Bible Training School and College in Sevierville, Tennessee. In 1947, while a student at Lee College, he married Rosemary Pauline Bunties, of Findlay, Ohio, who was also a student. He continued his studies at Lee and graduated in 1949.

After attending the University of Chattanooga for about two years, he entered the evangelistic field in Ohio. Later he accepted a pastorate in North Ridgeville, Ohio, and then one in Columbus, Ohio.

From Columbus, he and his family moved to Florida where he evangelized for a time before his appointment as the Youth Director of that state. Homer says that his greatest desire is to see our youth saved and kept in the Church of God.

Homer and Rosemary Boatman are fine Christian young people. May the Lord bless them and their three children and use them in His work.

## Lebanon, Pennsylvania, D. V. B. S.



THE LEBANON, PENNSYLVANIA, Church of God has just completed one of the most successful Daily Vacation Bible Schools in its history. Interest was keen from the beginning and was reflected in the enrollment of 210 children during the school. It is believed that every child received a tremendous blessing. Of course, it is impossible to know how far-reaching such a contact is.

Such a large school requires extensive planning and preparation. This can only be accomplished through good leadership and cooperation. The Lebanon school was blessed with both. Mrs. D. De Fino served ably as the director and was assisted faithfully by the fine staff.

It is impossible for a church to experience a D.V.B.S. of such proportions without being affected sharply. This was certainly true in Lebanon. First, there was a deepening of spirituality on the part of the workers as they began to feel the weight of their responsibility. Their devotion naturally affected others in the congregation. Second, the enthusiasm of the children was stimulating; it was also contagious. Third, the relationship between the church, children, and parents was strengthened greatly and brought gratifying results. The D.V.B.S. proved to be a real strength to the Lebanon Church.



## SEEDTIME AND HARVEST

(Continued from page 5)

ance that he had acted right. Finally, with a somewhat sheepish attitude, he trailed into the schoolhouse behind some other students, ready for whatever might come his way.

The trouble he anticipated failed to materialize. Myrtle Sanders said nothing to him about his rude manners. Several times when he looked up at her, he found her eyes focused on him. He quickly shifted his gaze. Would she report his action to his father? If so, he would hear from home! But the week ended with no rebuke from either teacher or home. Yet he sensed he had lost this first round.

SOME DAYS later Miss Sanders requested Dan to remain after school. His first reaction was to refuse; yet, he saw no reason for refusing to obey her quiet request. Perhaps it would be best to fight this thing out face to face.

After the other students had left the room, she walked slowly down the aisle toward him. He shifted uneasily in his seat, thrusting a ball of sweet gum wax into his mouth and bracing himself for the encounter.

"Dan," Myrtle said quietly, "for some reason you dislike me. I remember how you answered me the first time I spoke to you. Why did you speak that way?"

Dan faced the issue squarely, now that his chance had come. "I'm Ethel Kane's boy, so how could I be yours?" That should show her where his loyalty abided.

"Oh, I see," Myrtle said, the solution of the mystery appearing. "You liked your former teacher very much, and you don't like me because I took her place. Is that correct?"

Dan nodded his head.

"I'm glad you liked her," Myrtle continued, "but I'm sorry you dislike me. I had nothing to do with Miss Kane's resignation. When she left, it became necessary to hire another teacher. I had offers from other schools, but I chose this school because I saw a real need in these hills—not education alone, but the deeper spiritual things of life. I saw my pupils here and considered what they might become. Each one of them has potential possibilities. Nourished and cultivated as they should be, these possibilities could become realities. I came here to help each of you make the most out of life."

She paused to catch the reaction to her words. Dan fumbled with his pencil, tracing idly on a blank sheet of paper.

"I wish you would accept my help," she said as he maintained silence. "If the day ever comes when you must choose between serving self and others, you will appreciate my position here. For the present, please try to like me. I would be much happier if you did."

When she dismissed Dan, his outward appearance failed to reveal any inward change. Myrtle wondered just what he was thinking. When he failed to appear at school the next day, she learned of his accident which resulted in a broken leg. That meant he would be absent from school for some time.

Looking through his desk for books she would take to his home, she saw the papers upon which he had traced pictures. She looked in surprise at the clever drawings, for she was no mean artist herself. That afternoon when she went to his home, she took the drawings with her.

"Dan, we shall keep up your school work just the same," she unfolded her plan. "I'll come here each day to help you so you won't fall behind. I found these drawings in your desk. How would you like to study drawing?"

Dan shook his head. "Pap says drawing is foolish. He is very religious. Ever since he heard that evangelist last year, he wants me to study preaching and forget drawing."

"I'll talk to your father," she promised; "perhaps he will consent. I have a picture which I wish to hang in the schoolroom. I'll ask him to let you do it for me."

She obtained his father's consent, and was gratified at the look of pleasure in Dan's eyes. Perhaps the barrier had been broken. As for Dan, a new day dawned for him as his talent began to unfold.

"Pap likes this one," he told her one day. "He read the Bible story of the ten lepers who were healed, but only one came back to thank Jesus. I drew a picture of it. Here it is."

Myrtle's heart leaped as she saw the picture, and instantly she utilized the opportunity presented. "Have him read more stories to you, and then you tell the stories in pictures."

Thus Dan started to follow a new road which led to fields of which he had not dreamed. In none of his other drawings could he convey a message to others as in his Bible drawings. In

(Continued from page 22)

## "MARIA MONK"

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# National Sunday School Week

## September 30—October 7, 1956



**BUILDING WITH THE BIBLE THROUGH THE SUNDAY SCHOOL** is the theme for National Sunday School Week, September 30-October 7.

According to the National Sunday School Association this special observance is an opportunity for the church to make the surrounding community more Sunday School conscious.

Special parent-teacher meetings, worker's conferences, youth meetings, training sessions and the regular services of the church can all be challenged with a greater emphasis on the use of the Word of God in the Sunday School and its ministry.

A beautiful two color church bulletin has been prepared depicting them there, "Building With the Bible" (\$1.25 per C). The first Sunday of the week, September 30, is an excellent time to use this bulletin in the church.

The National Sunday School Association has a sample packet of materials, helpful for the observance of this special week. Write to them at 542 South Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois.

### SEEDTIME AND HARVEST

(Continued from page 21)

a short time his fame spread through the mountains and the demand for pictures grew. Myrtle rejoiced with him in his success.

**THE YEARS** passed. Dan left the hills to pursue his studies in higher schools of learning. He followed the road to fame as an artist, especially of Bible pictures. New doors opened; his sphere of life broadened.

Myrtle Sanders, having also left the hills, watched as he climbed the ladder of fame. She had well-fulfilled her mission by holding visions before; yet she became worried. She remembered her advice to him soon after her arrival in the hills. "If the day ever comes when you must choose between serving self and others—" For self? For others? That worried her. She wrote him a letter, a letter from the depths of her heart. Six weeks later she received a reply, the contents of which held her breathless.

"Dear Miss Sanders: I thank you very much for your continued interest in me. I remember the day when you talked so thoughtfully to me about your reason for coming to that mountain school. I have reached the place where I really appreciate your position at that time, for I have come to the forks of the road. One leads to

that for which I have studied and struggled, personal fame and fortune. About to follow that fork, I saw the other beckoning to me. Do you know where I found this second road? In the message behind the pictures I have been drawing. I saw a world, not in need of my pictures, but in need of the message from the Book which inspires the pictures.

"I hesitated long before reaching a definite decision to follow that second road. It takes me back to my mountains and my people, back where I shall spend my life for others. I'm going back there in the profession my Pap longed for me to follow, a preacher of the gospel. The road to self remains behind; the road to others lies before me. I'm going where the need is great, hoping to help others catch a vision of the really great things in life.

"Now you understand why I appreciate your choice in the hour of decision. Those decisions lie not within ourselves, but with our Lord and Master, who came not to be ministered unto but to minister unto others. I shall continue my artist's work, feeling I can make it a blessing to others, but it now becomes secondary in my life.

"I'm going back to become a servant to minister, rather than have

multitudes bowing at my feet, back to my hills, my people, my parish. I will let you know when I hit the homeward trail, and trust you will be one of the first to greet me.

"Yours in His service,  
Dan"

There were other things in the letter, but they were of minor interest compared to the great fact. Myrtle laid the letter aside, her heart overflowing with joy. Her mind went back to her days in that mountain school.

"Oh, the potential possibilities in the young lives about us," she whispered softly. "What a tragedy and a loss if we fail them! What a satisfaction when we see them become realities, especially if we have a little part in it."

### ZOO TICKETS

(Continued from page 11)

are in it!"

The children laughed, and Mother smiled as she said, "Children obey your parents."

"I'll never forget that," smiled Louise, holding the tickets tightly.

Patsy and Bill sang, "We're going to the zoo!"

Louise just held Mother's hand and smiled and it was like a promise to obey.



## FLEEING FROM AND FOLLOWING AFTER

(Continued from page 15)

on paying tithe. Yet, there are professed Christians today who do not love God enough to pay tithe. Jesus said, "You ought to pay tithe." Paul said, "Let no man despise thy youth." Be an example of the believer in *charity, giving*. Give of your life, time and means.

**THE WORLD IS** crying for peace! We have the difference the world needs. Secretary of State Dulles flies here and there over the world to help draft peace. Permanent peace, however, cannot be worked out with ink on paper. Peace was worked out on the Cross by the blood of Jesus. This old world will not have lasting peace until Christ comes back, but all who will may have individual peace.

While on the Cross Jesus said, "Woman, behold thy son"; then to John He said, "Behold thy mother," thus giving His mother to John and John to His mother. Just before that day He had bequeathed to all His followers something greater than that: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." You can have this glorious peace and not be disturbed about what is coming on the world. *Flee from* the things that will rob you of peace and Christian victory, and follow after those divine characteristics, the possessions and use of which will make great men and women of you for God, the Church, and the nation.

Think of the great men and women. They were once young people as you are. They were those who heard God speak and obeyed Him: Samuel, David, Joseph, Timothy, Deborah, Hannah, Mary the mother of Jesus, Dorcas, and Lydia. They blessed the Church and the world because they fled from the wrong and followed after the right. Let the world know whose side you are on! We are going to win! You want to be on the winning side, don't you? Let us fight the good fight of faith together as we follow our great Captain, Jesus Christ. He said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me." Come now, let us kneel at the Cross and give ourselves anew to Jesus in full consecration.

## ALASKAN DIARY

(Continued from page 13)

climb. In a matter of hours we were completely surrounded by towering mountains. They did not look like any of the mountains I had known; they were more like giant barricades, rough and ugly with dainty, lacy caps of snow. We stopped the car once, got out and stood and looked and wondered. I was frightened by the vastness and the emptiness, and I felt like a tiny insect lost in a wilderness of silence. We were eighty-eight miles from Anchorage, our destination, a city of 50,000; and I could not believe there could ever be a city in this wilderness,

but there was. We passed the sign that said "Welcome to Anchorage" at 6:45 p.m. and the sun was shining bright as noonday. We found the home of our missionaries and the little log church, and I was so happy to see it I kissed the door. After four days and three nights of steady travel we had reached our journey's end—Alaska, land of the midnight sun.

## MAN WITH A VISION

(Continued from page 10)

that the school was ably staffed. He did his best. His name and interest did attract students and donors. He located the office of his evangelistic association in Minneapolis. He wrote for the official school magazine *Pilot*. He spoke at commencement.

Then the 1949 evangelistic campaign in Los Angeles threw Graham into the national spotlight. It became increasingly difficult for him to discharge his duties at Northwestern. In the early part of 1951 he resigned. The school was loathe to give him up, but as the widow of Dr. Riley says, "God knew best. Mr. Graham has gone on from victory to victory. This couldn't be if he weren't in the place of God's appointment. I often appreciate Dr. Riley's wisdom in feeling Mr. Graham fit for the presidency of Northwestern Schools but realize, too, that the world is his field."

**GRAHAM HELPED** the schools and the schools helped to establish Graham as a man of position. He was a fitting successor to W. B. Riley. Dr. Riley's funeral service was conducted by Mr. Graham. Among the testimonies given was one by Richard V. Clearwaters, of the Fourth Baptist Church, Minneapolis, Minnesota, who said:

"Dr. Riley was administrator, author, educator, evangelist, orator, pastor, polemicist, teacher, and Christian statesman—truly a ten-talent man with a fine sense of humor. He indeed had the fearless fire of Luther, the organizing genius of Wesley, and the natural eloquence of Savonarola . . . William Bell Riley chose as his life slogan and text Romans 1:16. It is the verse marked in his open Bible that adorned his casket. Just a few days ago when he autographed for me one of his recent volumes, he subscribed this Bible reference—Romans 1:16: 'For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth; to the Jew first, and also the Greek' I remarked, 'And you have always lived up to that verse.' He raised his hoary head with all the humility that a large lump in his throat could manifest; with choked voice and tear-dimmed eyes he said, 'I hope so. I have lived for nothing else.'"

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## REJOICE TODAY!

By Lois Sims  
INTRODUCTION

"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it," Psalm 118:24. Do you remember when the Lord first saved you from your sins? How glad you were and how you did rejoice! Each of us has much for which to praise God. Every day God's blessings rest upon us, helping us with our problems and keeping us by His power. Today, (insert present date), is the day which the Lord hath made; do we accept it as one He made, rejoicing at the opportunities afforded us, or just as a day that came into being from an unknown power? Tonight, let us direct our thoughts back to Moses and Daniel of the Old Testament time and Peter and Paul in the New Testament, and see how they recognized the day of the Lord and rejoiced for their accomplishments made by honoring Him. Is the Originator of tonight your perpetual Saviour? (Give audience a minute to think before going into the program.)

### FIRST SPEAKER: Moses

We all know the story of how God called Moses, through a burning bush, to go and deliver the children of Israel from Pharaoh. Although the Lord sent many plagues on the land of Egypt, Pharaoh would not let the people of Israel go. Each time, his heart was hardened. Finally, after God slew all the firstborn in Egypt, Moses fled with the Israelites. When Pharaoh learned that they were gone, he and his men pursued them. As the Israelites were camping by the Red Sea, the Egyptians drew nigh. The Israelites became frightened and began to murmur against Moses, because they thought he had led them there only to die. Moses, however, told them that the Lord would fight for them. When the Lord commanded Moses to stretch out his hand over the sea, Moses obeyed, and the waters rolled back leaving dry ground on which the Israelites could cross. The Egyptians, continuing the pursuit, started through the sea as the Israelites had done. Moses, obeying God, stretched out his hand the second time and closed the water on the Egyptians, their chariots and horses. The Israelites were safe on the other side, but the Egyptians were tossed dead upon the seashore. Moses and the Is-

raelites were exceedingly glad because the Lord had directed them in crossing the Red Sea. They rejoiced and praised God; they sang praises unto Him, their strength and salvation. As the Lord directed Moses that day in leading the Israelites, He will also direct us if we honor and obey Him.

### SECOND SPEAKER: Daniel

The king had signed a decree that whoever would ask a petition of God or any man except the king within the next thirty days would be cast into the lions' den. Now Daniel knew that the king had made the decree, but, nevertheless, he prayed. He knelt in his chamber with the windows open toward Jerusalem, prayed and gave thanks three times a day. The king's men heard Daniel and told the king. The king was very sorrowful, not desiring to have Daniel thrown into the den of lions. He had signed the decree, however, and he had to keep his word. The king could not sleep that night, and early the next morning, he hurried to see about Daniel. He called to Daniel and asked him if his God had been able to deliver him. Then Daniel appeared; the Lord had delivered him. The king rejoiced with Daniel and gave him more power. The story of Daniel's deliverance shows us how we are protected and made overcomers by being persistent in our worship. We can rejoice as Daniel did after he was delivered from the lions' den that day.

### THIRD SPEAKER: Peter

Herod the king had placed Peter in prison, intending to put him to death after Easter. He was bound with two chains, sleeping between two soldiers, and watched by keepers at the door. The church was praying for him, however, and before Herod could kill Peter, he was delivered. An angel came into the prison, and a light shone within the prison. The angel smote Peter and told him to rise up quickly. The chains fell from Peter's hands. The angel told Peter to put on his garment and sandals and follow him. After they got outside the gate, the angel left Peter; then Peter realized that God had delivered him from the hands of his enemies, and began to rejoice and praise God for deliverance. Even today, if our trust is in Jesus, we can be delivered from the difficult situations with which we have to cope.

### FOURTH SPEAKER: Paul

Reviewing the life of Paul in our minds, we think of him first as a great persecutor of the Christians. One day as Paul was traveling on the road to Damascus, suddenly a light from heaven shone round about him. Falling to the earth, he heard a voice saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"

Paul asked, "Who art thou, Lord?" The Lord said, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest. . . ."

Trembling and astonished, he wanted to know what the Lord wanted him to do. The Lord told him to go into the city, and it would be told him what to do.

Paul, in recognizing God that day, found what had been absent in his life. Acknowledging this, he was later made to rejoice, just as we rejoiced when the Lord saved us.

### CONCLUSION

Have you been made to rejoice during this day by knowing the Creator of it? God is looking directly upon you now. We must remember He looks down on us all the time. Can you truly say, "Yes, Lord, I have accepted this as the day which you made for me, and I have rejoiced in it"?

### OPPORTUNITY

By Hope Powell  
INTRODUCTION

An opportunity is "a fit time" or "a good chance." How very often we all have wonderful chances to do things that are really worth-while! No matter how insignificant or how enormous they are, we all have unlimited opportunities before us. The sad part is, we are letting more opportunities slip through our fingers than we are taking advantage of, and a neglected opportunity can never be recaptured once it is lost.

I hope this lesson will help us realize the importance of taking advantage of every possible opportunity that comes our way. Many of us are dozing through life, but if we can get ourselves awakened to who we are, how flimsy are our excuses for our failures, and start seeking the answer to the question "What will you do with your life?" we shall be able to do big things for God by making the best of our opportunities.

### Look Who You Are!

Romans 2:11

My intentions are not to cause an egotistical air among you; neither do I wish to deflate any of you; however, I do want each of us to realize who we are. The world judges us first by our worldly possessions. But not so! We are all alike to God. Each of us is bought with a price—the life of His Son, Jesus. Read 1 Corinthians 6:20. We were all born in sin, but we all have the same opportunity to repent and become Christians.

Whether born of wealthy parents or paupers, we were all born with the same privileges. I have twenty-four hours a day, fifty-two weeks a year, a whole lifetime before me just as the richest person on earth; and so do you! We have one day at a time to live our lives until the last day arrives;



then we shall all have to depart this life similarly.

I like so much the idea that even if a man owned the whole world, just like the poorest of us, he could drive only one car at a time, he could eat only just so much at a time, and he could wear only one pair of shoes at a time. So look who you are!

Perhaps you can sing and I cannot. So what? Maybe I can preach and you cannot. So, though our talents are not the same, they are equal in importance, because they are all essential. You have talent if you are able to do easily what someone else finds difficult. If you are able to do something easily that those with talent find hard, then you have a mark of genius. Thoreau said, "There has been no man of pure genius; as there has been none wholly destitute of genius."

All of us have the promises of God at our finger tips. We all have unlimited opportunities. Life is ours to pursue . . . so, look who you are!

#### Excuses for Failure

Matthew 25:24, 25, 28

There are boundless excuses people offer for their failures in life. Some persons say, "If I could preach like some of our great preachers, I would really win souls to God"; yet you can hardly get them to take a part in the Y.P.E. programs. Others say, "If I had the money, I would pay off the indebtedness of the church"; nevertheless, they do not pay tithes. All of us cannot do big things, but we can do the little things we are able to do in a big way.

One major excuse some persons offer for their failures is personal incompetence, and in this category one of the main inabilities stressed is lack of education. To me this is one of the most inadequate apologies of all. Today we have the greatest opportunity of all times to become educated. In studying the lives of our forefathers, we find they worked for weeks and months in order to save enough money to buy just one book from which they studied by candlelight into the wee hours of the morning, after they had done their chores, because they did not have the public schools we have today. Not only do we have public schools and colleges where we can obtain an education, but we also have public libraries where we have access to books on almost any subject we wish to study.

Another common excuse for failure is lack of time. Folk say, "I just don't have time!" Our grandparents and even some of our parents worked at public jobs twelve to sixteen hours a day, did their farming and other home duties before and after working hours, and still found time to attend church regularly, administer to the sick, and be real neighbors. In our day of modern conveniences, who doesn't have time?

Let us not offer excuses for our failures; rather, let us say, "We have failed." Many a genius has come forth because of his ability to pull through failure. To become a failure is not the disgrace; the disgrace is to remain a failure.

#### What Will You Do With Your Life?

Ecclesiastes 9:10, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." We all have talent for something. In reading the parable of the talents in Matthew 25, we find that the men with more than one talent multiplied their talents, wherewith, as we have already read, the man with only one talent hid it. So it is in our day. It is common to find among persons we know personally that those who are able to do one thing well can usually do several things well, and oftentimes anything they wish to do. On the other hand, those who say they cannot do anything, quit in just that state of being, a people that merely exist, with their talents buried with lost opportunities.

Young people, what will you do with your life? "The harvest truly is plentiful, but the labourers are few" (Luke 10:2). Juniors, Intermediates, now is the time for you to find your place in life. Decide you will use your life for Christ, then learn what your talents are. Then while you are acquiring your education you can be working toward the goal in life you wish to attain. So many are *your* opportunities! So many are *our* opportunities! We cannot remake ourselves, but we can make the best of what God has made. Every opportunity we lose, bars from our lives some truth we should have known.

What will you do with your life? Ask yourself that question over and over. Regardless of your age, or what you have done with your life previously, what will you do with your life now? If you aren't a Christian, your first step is to give your heart and life to God. Then with your life fully consecrated to God, He will help you use your life to its greatest advantage.

Opportunity knocks at your door; what will you do with your life?

#### WRECKS

By Betty Jean Taylor

##### LEADER:

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity" is an old adage, but it still holds true today. Everywhere men are at their extremities. They are physically, mentally, and spiritually wrecked. Their lives are useless unless God intervenes.

##### FIRST SPEAKER: Physical and Mental Wrecks

The evil powers of Satan often bind the mind and body of man to a terrible state. He works on the mind by causing him to be fearful, frustrated, unbelieving, or depressed.

The man of Gadara who lived in the tombs, according to Luke 8:27-39, was possessed with a legion of devils. He was so violent that he neither wore clothes nor abode in any house. Often he had been captured and bound with chains, but he would break the bands and would be driven by the devil into the wilderness to dwell among the tombs.

Today there are hundreds of institutions for the mentally ill in our country. Satan has these persons bound by his evil power until they have lost all individual control and have given completely over to his destructive force.

As the result of automobile collisions or airplane crashes and such, the bodies of men are often maimed. Others are physically bound by disease or deformity.

People today have partaken of sin by fast living, drinking, smoking, and so forth, until their bodies are nothing but hulls—mere skin and bones. They have wasted away because of sin and now they are wrecks, physical wrecks!

It is the wise man who makes preparation for the hereafter while his body and mind are sound. Matthew 16:26 asks, "For what is man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

##### SECOND SPEAKER: Spiritual Wrecks

Worst of all the wrecks on life's journey are the spiritual wrecks—those men who have lost their contact with God and have no hope for life. These individuals grope in darkness, seeking permanent pleasures but finding that they are only temporary. They drift along on the sea of life dreading the inevitable end which is destruction, if they do not turn to God.

King Saul was disobedient to God, and he allowed jealousy toward David to well up in his heart. Several times he repented, but soon the devil caused him to forget his repentance and he was back at his evil doings. As a result of his constant rebellion, Saul became wretched and finally killed himself.

After experiencing the companionship of Jesus Christ, Judas Iscariot, driven by the evil forces of Satan, sold Christ to a murderous group. Realizing the terrible deed he had done, Judas returned the money, but this did not rid him of his guilt. In his shame he went out and hanged himself. Such a wrecked life!

##### THIRD SPEAKER: Spiritual Repair for Wrecks

Men are not lost without hope. If they will have faith in the redeeming blood of Christ, they can have deliverance of mind, body, and soul, and the promise of eternal life.

The man of Gadara was not left to suffer in his oppressed condition. He called on Christ who, seeing his condition, cast out the demons, and the man was set free. He was seen clothed and in his right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus.

Many are living among the tombs of sin today. They are possessed with the demoniac powers. Their will is not their own, but Satan's. They are wrecks! Christ can speak peace to their hearts if they will fall at His feet and confess their shameful state of sin. The acceptance of Christ is the only means of repair for a wrecked life. Acts 16:31 says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."



## HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

(Continued from page 16)

of the fact that they can be too lenient with their children and pamper and pet them until they are too weak to meet the problems of life. When Johnnie doesn't do well at school, they immediately blame the teacher and pat him on the back in sympathy. This is making a weak place in the chain of life for the boy, but it is all through ignorance. If the parents knew this was wrong, and was doing injury to their child, they wouldn't do it for the world.

We could go on and on and take up so many different defects in the child training of today, but our space is limited. We are trying to help you to overcome some of this ignorance by advocating the "Happy Home Circle" organization, which will bring fathers and mothers together to study child training and try to eliminate some of these defects. The material we have been advocating from time to time will at least make you think, and we believe that when good Christian parents see these defects, it will cause them to do their best for their children.

The parents who are pictured in the poem on page two were ignorant concerning the need of their child. They thought they were doing their best for him, but after it was too late they found that they had failed. These poor parents were broken-hearted as thousands of them are today. God bless them and bring the wayward children back to the foot of the Cross.

There is one class of mothers who need our sympathy—the little mothers who have married while they are yet children themselves. They were ignorant of the responsibility of married life. They need this child training that a "Happy Home Circle" could bring them. God is looking for women today with understanding sympathy, who will organize community circles and help open the eyes of the blind mothers over our country.

## MARGINS

(Continued from page 6)

A victorious Christian tries to keep his margins in good repair on every side of his life. Like Henry, it is possible to have very beautiful, safe margins on one or more sides and only a narrow margin or none at all on the fourth side. "We are only as strong to resist evil as our narrowest margin is wide," could be a way to paraphrase an old saying.

Jesus said something like this in different words when He urged folk to "watch and pray" lest they fall into temptation (Matthew 26:41). Watchfulness builds fine margins. If we watch enough we shall not need to pray (for forgiveness) so often.

When the spiritual life is well-margined and protected, the physical, mental, moral, even financial conditions usually are well-protected also, because wisdom is present in the life.

Then the life is made more beautiful, the personality more attractive, the influence more helpful.

"Keep a margin on your life; it will pay" is a good motto to keep handy.

(All rights reserved)

## HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

(Continued from page 17)

to wander on in the darkness of the valley below. It was here that Moses found them worshipping the golden calf. There are many things to worship these days, and if your eyes are not kept continually on the hilltop and your feet steadily climbing, you will one of these days find yourself worshipping some golden calf somewhere. There may be many thorns and briars to pierce and tear your feet as you climb the mountainside, but there is nothing to do but wade on and on and on, keeping your eyes lifted to these beautiful hills.

## "TO-DO-UM"

By Chester Shuler

A very wicked girl wandered into a rescue home in a large city. She wanted a bit of shelter and food, but she was very difficult to handle, ungracious, and vile. However, she returned again and again, and seemed interested in looking about the place.

The workers were especially kind to this girl. Little by little she seemed to take more interest in them and, after a bit, was persuaded to attend some of the gospel meetings.

Then, bit by bit, she seemed to change for the better. It required less persuasion to get her into the meetings. Sometimes she listened with seeming interest to the messages from God's Word. And then, one night, she accepted the precious Saviour as her own.

"It was the 'glory' that I saw shining in the faces of these people," she explained, "which made me come back here again. I couldn't understand it, yet I wanted it for myself. Now, I know what gave them that 'glory' look!"

When, some time later, the girl had become a valuable helper at the mission, she explained to others, "If you want to be happy, try to learn what Jesus wants you to do—and then sing His commands to the tune of 'To-Do-Um.'"

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# Ten Commandments for Sunday School Teachers

RAY H. HUGHES, National Sunday School and Youth Director

- I. Thou shalt have other interests besides thy Sunday School classroom.
- II. Thou shalt not try to make of thy children little images. For they are a live, little bunch visiting the wriggling of their captivity upon you, their teacher, unto the last weary moment of the day, but showing interest and co-operation unto you provided you can give them reasonable freedom in working.
- III. Thou shalt not scream the names of thy children in irritation, for they will not hold thee in respect that screamest their names in vain.
- IV. Thou shalt not kill one breath of stirring endeavor in the heart of a little child.
- V. Remember, the first day of the week to keep regular in attendance.
- VI. Thou shalt conduct thyself so that thy scholars

may speak well for thee in the little domain over which thou rulest.

- VII. Thou shalt not suffer any unkindness of speech or action to enter the door of thy classroom.
- VIII. Thou shalt not steal from thy time of preparation the precious hours that should be given to study that thy lesson and presentation may appear unto all that come unto thee very attractively.
- IX. Thou shalt not bear witness to a gospel that thou dost not live lest thou become a stumbling block to thy pupils.
- X. Thou shalt be pleasant at all times even in tense and trying moments. Again I say, be pleasant, for upon these commandments hang the power of teaching and the future of thy pupil.

Adapted by Ray H. Hughes from *Ten Commandments for Public School Teachers*.

## LEADERS IN ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for June, 1956

### SUNDAY SCHOOL

#### Group AA

North Carolina	21,611
South Carolina	21,154
Tennessee	17,152
Georgia	17,139
Alabama	14,047

#### Group A

Virginia	7,944
Ohio	7,925
Texas	5,876
Mississippi	4,995

#### Group B

California	5,711
Michigan	4,421
Illinois	3,512
Missouri	3,321
Pennsylvania	2,955

#### Group C

Maryland	3,090
Indiana	2,789
Oklahoma	2,144
Arizona	1,185

#### Group D

Kansas	804
Western Canada	775
New Mexico	530

#### Group E

Delaware	467
Montana	382
North Dakota	355
South Dakota	299
Idaho	277

#### Group F

No report	
-----------	--

#### Group G

Central Canada	156
Minnesota	55

### Y.P.E.

#### Group AA

South Carolina	7,668
Georgia	7,195
North Carolina	7,067
Tennessee	6,538
Alabama	5,399

#### Group A

Ohio	4,471
Virginia	3,967

Texas	3,717
Mississippi	2,417

#### Group B

California	3,680
Illinois	1,749
Missouri	1,710
Arkansas	1,414
Pennsylvania	1,305

#### Group C

Indiana	1,487
Maryland	1,293
Oklahoma	849
Arizona	545

#### Group D

Kansas	383
New Mexico	262
Western Canada	150

#### Group E

Delaware	167
Colorado	148
Idaho	134
Nebraska	132
Wisconsin	112

#### Group F

No report	
-----------	--

#### Group G

Central Canada	94
Minnesota	27

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for June

Greenville (Tremont Avenue), S. C.	764
Kannapolis, N. C.	496
Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	453
North Chattanooga, Tenn.	442
Atlanta (Riverside), Ga.	411
Detroit (Tabernacle), Mich.	405
Atlanta (Hemphill Avenue), Ga.	391
Jacksonville, Fla.	387
Cincinnati (12th & Elm), Ohio	374
Pulaski, Va.	347

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN Y.P.E. ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for June

Nicholls, Ga.	288
Home for Children, Tenn.	258
Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	230
Garden City, Fla.	198
Cincinnati (12th & Elm), Ohio	194
Atlanta (Hemphill Avenue), Ga.	173
Columbus (29th Street), Ga.	170

White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.	167
Whitwell, Tenn.	165
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	158

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENTS ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for June

East Nashville, Tenn.	1,186
Greenville (Tremont Avenue), S. C.	927
Abingdon, Va.	410
East Lumberton, N. C.	291
Rossville, Ga.	227
Columbus (29th Street), Ga.	225
Birmingham (Pike Avenue), Ala.	204
Birmingham (South Park), Ala.	175
Burlington, Tenn.	171
North Nashville, Tenn.	170

## TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

South Carolina	65
West Virginia	42
Ohio	33
Tennessee	29
Florida	25
Virginia	24
Alabama	21
California	21
Illinois	20
Missouri	17
Mississippi	16

## YOUTH STATISTICS

This Month

Saved	2,396
Sanctified	999
Filled with Holy Ghost	857
Added to the Church of God	622
Since June 30, 1955	
Saved	35,099
Sanctified	15,445
Filled with Holy Ghost	11,805
Added to the Church of God	10,301

Branch Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1955	117
Branch Sunday Schools reported as of June 30, 1956	413
New Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1955	106
Total Sunday Schools (Branch and New) organized since June 30, 1955	223
New Y.P.E.'s organized since June 30, 1955	141



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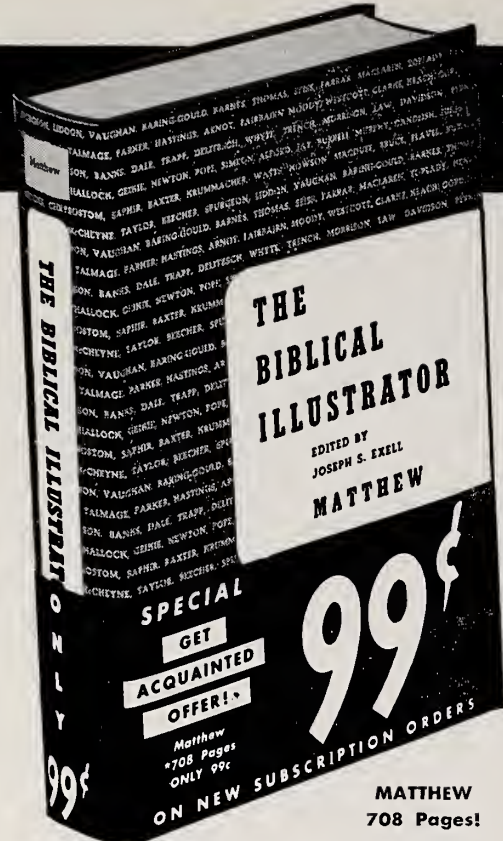
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OCTOBER, 1956

# *The* **LIGHTED** *Pathway*

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR





# The Curfew

By Margaret N. Freeman

**A**LAN WALKED along the brightly lit streets trying hard to forget this was the third night in succession he had been out with the fellows.

He essayed to shrug off the twinge of misgiving he had felt at his dad's level look as he left the house; the frown of worry crisscrossing his mother's brow as he'd pushed impatiently past her: "Not again tonight, Son. Where do you go every night 'til all hours?" and his sister's intent look as she said thoughtfully, "Sue says she sees you on the street."

Alan flushed. Sue was one of a company of giggling girls the boys were forever kidding.

"Aw! she's just a kid!" he said.

"Just my age!" Ann retorted. "Guess I could go out with her just one night. She's been asking me."

"Aw! she has to get off the street by nine o'clock. There's a curfew in this hick town!" he'd bolted.

Hick town! That's what the fellows called it. Alan didn't really think so deep in his heart.

Of course, the curfew was sorta silly, getting kids under sixteen off the streets by nine, but that didn't apply to him since his last birthday, and he knew plenty of kids who didn't let it apply to them.

Last night the boys had dared him to take his first smoke. He had swallowed his sputters and distaste, and the boys had patted him on the back.

Tonight, with the fellows again on the streets bright with the glare of street lights and neon signs, the bold, giggling girls arm in arm approaching, he tried to summon the old excitement. The boys paused outside the beer parlor.

"Ever had a beer, Alan?"

Suddenly the town clock bonged through the silent night. Each stroke fell like a blow on his heart. One — two — three — four — nine times.

"The curfew!" the fellows said scornfully. "Come on! That's strictly for babies!"

Alan stood in stricken silence, the hour condemning him—nine o'clock! Every night at this time, his dad took the Bible down from the mantle. He could almost see him settling his glasses on his nose and clearing his throat as he thumbed the well-worn pages. Then came the prayers. Alan shivered in the warm night.

"Come on!" the fellows nudged impatiently.

He turned with an air of decision. "I can't, fellows," he said with finality. If he hurried, he could still make it. He raced through the streets, burst in on his father's reading, and slipped into the empty chair there in the family circle that stood like a mark of condemnation.

He saw peace settle over his father's face as he resumed reading in a warm, steady voice; a great, glad glow overspread his mother's features; and something silver glittered on Ann's cheeks. A deep thankfulness spread through him like a cleaning wave.

# The **LIGHTED** Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

LEWIS J. WILLIS, Editor

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Church of God Publications

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The LIGHTED PATHWAY

Vol. 27

OCTOBER, 1956

No. 10

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## "Thy Word Is a Light Unto My Path"

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## GENERAL OVERSEER'S ADDRESS

**I**N HIS ADDRESS to the General Assembly, the Reverend Zeno C. Tharp, General Overseer, presented considerations he felt to be vital to the well-being of the Church. From his broad experience of thirty-six years as a minister in the Church, he placed in focus some observations which seem to be worthy of our serious thought.

Reviewing the progress of the Church during the past fifty years, he expressed the fear that we may not realize the tremendous price of that progress. He said, "Fifty years ago, serious, religious-minded men gathered together in our first General Assembly. Few of us know of the sufferings that those men encountered at that time. Not only did they endure persecutions, hunger and hardships themselves, but their families did without food and raiment and other necessities of life, while these holy men of God carried the gospel to new fields to establish the Church. . . . Few of us stop to think of the price that has been paid to bring the Church to the organization that we enjoy today."

Brother Tharp continued by making the following indictment: "Some men would like for us to forget the early sacrifice of the Church and work out a program which they claim is more fitting for the day in which we live: to modify some of its doctrines and teachings and long-established principles which have proved and established their importance in the Church for the past fifty years. To do so would tear down the whole structure that has cost many heartaches and much suffering. . . ."

**SPEAKING OF THOSE** principles which governed the Church leaders in the early days, Brother Tharp said: "Our history proves to us that from the beginning the early ministers of the Church felt the most important thing in establishing the Church was to be certain that everything be done according to the Bible. Any statement of doctrine or teaching that was presented in the General Assembly was carefully studied to see if it was taught in the Scripture.

"From the beginning it was declared that we accept the whole Bible, rightly divided. It was also agreed that we meet together once a year in the General Assembly to search the Scriptures and put them in practice.

"I have always been impressed with those words 'search' and 'practice.' I trust that we will never deviate from the pattern that has been handed down to us."

Commenting on the rules which govern the limitation of office, the retiring general overseer said: "Many have felt that the law of limitations has helped the Church, but I fear that there is a possibility that we can go too far in setting limitations and interfere with God's program. There can be no doubt that God has not only called but anointed men to certain positions. . . ."

"If God has nothing to do with the government or the appointments of the Church, then we had better discard our entire order of government. If God does direct and inspire the appointments, and they are according to His plan and will, we had better acknowledge them and be careful that we do not interfere with His established plan."

The foregoing statements, together with other observations of equal import included in his address, indicate that Brother Tharp feels we should re-examine the recent trends of the Church and rededicate ourselves to those tenets which have made us strong. We are

(Continued on page 21)

## NEW NATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL AND YOUTH OFFICERS

### NATIONAL DIRECTOR

O. W. Polen, who has served as assistant national director for the past two years, was elected national director at the recent General Assembly. He was born in Clinton, Illinois, attended the Findlay, Ohio, Senior High School and the Ohio State University at Columbus. He has been converted since he was twelve years of age and a member of the Church since 1940. Prior to becoming national director he served as a pastor at Shelby, Ohio, and as the state Sunday School and youth director of Ohio for eight consecutive years. His experience and knowledge of Sunday School and youth work is perhaps without parallel in our denomination. He will serve well and with honor



### ASSISTANT NATIONAL DIRECTOR

Cecil Knight has been selected as the assistant national Sunday School and youth director. He was converted and united with the Church of God in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, in 1940. Cecil received his education at Hattiesburg public schools, Lee College, and Mississippi Southern College. He has served as pastor at Laurel, Mississippi; Birmingham, Alabama; and Tampa, Florida. His work at each church has been highly successful, especially in Sunday School and youth work. He served on the youth boards in Mississippi, Alabama and Florida. He has also served in several Sunday School conventions and congresses. We feel he is an excellent choice for the assistant national director.





# candle under a bushel

By Va Donna Jean Leaf Hughes

*The choice between a dance and Y.P.E. shouldn't be difficult—to a Christian.*

BESS C A S W E L L WALKED slowly across the campus to Hottle Hall, books and notebooks tucked under one arm. Usually she went to classes in a last minute rush with a group of laughing girls; or perhaps by gulping breakfast, she could manage to meet Ralph for a little chat by the Friendship Tree outside Hottle Hall.

This morning she didn't go down for breakfast but ate some fruit in her room and left the dorm early. After last night she couldn't risk another meeting with her friends until she had this problem worked out. Somehow she'd done something or said something to make them wonder. She was sure they hadn't believed her when she denied that anything was wrong. They must not know.

Her thinking last night only resulted in a headache and restless sleep. How could she still the struggle within her that almost seemed to tear her apart? How could one's heart and mind be in such conflict?

A few nights ago, behind the locked door of her room, she'd rested her head upon the open Bible on her desk and prayed, "Lord, I believe."

It had been such sweet, heartfelt joy until some time the following day when the first nagging worry entered her mind.

She'd seen Dorothy Grooms and her brother Jed talking outside the glass dormitory doors.

Bess remembered her curiosity last year concerning the quiet, friendly

girl who bowed her head over her meals.

"Oh, her," some upperclassman had said with a queer smile. "We get one once in a while. You know, church rain or shine, prayer meetings, that Y.P.E. thing. Calls herself a Christian." The girl had shrugged.

Being a greenie and eager to fall in with the swing of things on the campus, Bess had followed the older girl's example and it had paid off. She'd been one of the most popular freshies on the campus last year. Now with the first weeks of the new term past and things running along in the familiar routine again, she'd taken up where she'd left off last year.

Oh, nothing must spoil it. These boys and girls who liked her, and wouldn't think of a party without her, must not look at her with queer, knowing smiles. They must not think of her as different, odd or funny and exclude her from their fun and friendships. They must not know that she was a Christian.

BESS REACHED Hottle Hall and climbed two flights of stairs to her classroom. She was frightfully early and Professor Marks was usually a nickle's worth late, but she could use the time for study. She had hardly taken a seat, however, when the door opened.

It was Jed Grooms, and for an instant he didn't notice her. They had the same class although he was preparing for high school teaching and in his last year, while she was taking a two-year course for grade school teaching.

"Why, hello, you're early!" Jed exclaimed.

"Yes," Bess smiled at his surprise, wondering why she could never be flippant and gay with Dorothy's brother as she was with her other friends. Suddenly a thought stabbed her—did Jed's friends think him odd and queer as most of the girls considered Dorothy? The thought made her cold and defensive toward Jed's friendly smile.

There was an awkward silence, and Jed looked a little hesitant and unsure of himself.

"I've been wanting to talk to you, Bess."

"What for?" she interrupted. "I'd like to ask you a question. I think I know the answer, but I'd like to hear you say so."

"What is it?" Bess asked stiffly, so unfriendly and unlike herself yet powerless to relax. Jed looked uncertain.

"You're a Christian, aren't you, Bess?"

"No! Yes! Well, of course, I believe in God. Most people do, don't they? Oh!" She was conscious of her vehement denial and how ugly it sounded. The conflict rose up in her, wanting to reveal, yet not wanting anyone to consider her "one of those."

Her loud words echoed and re-echoed in her ears. Then Jed spoke again, his voice soft and gentle.

"I mean a real Christian, Bess."

"What makes you think so?" Bess tried a bantering tone. She held her breath, knowing Jed's disappointment and puzzlement.

"You're different these last days."

"How am I different?"

"Don't you know?" Jed smiled.

The tears were dangerously close. Here this boy was saying the very thing she had dreaded—that she was different, changed. If he could recognize it and if her friends were wondering—oh, how could she hide it? Tears filled her eyes in spite of her effort to hold them back.

"Would you come to Y.P.E. tonight? Our little group is growing—say, I didn't mean—" he began, seeing her tears.

She turned away brusquely as the door opened again and Ralph came in.

"Hi yah, Bessie. Been looking for you." He looked suspiciously at the two, but Bess had hurriedly wiped all traces of the tears away. Ralph's bluff manner helped calm her.

"Dance tonight. Pick you up at eight."

"Fine and dandy." Bess answered impulsively, half aware of Jed's averted face as he left them.

IT WAS DURING class that Bess realized Ralph had unknowingly given her the answer to her problem. She'd been so eager lately to read her Bible that she'd turned down offers of parties and good times with her friends. That must have been her mistake. She could easily remedy that by laughing and joking and going about just as always. That would surely hide her Christianity.

During the lecture, Gloria who was seated behind her, slipped a folded





*"Take me back  
to the dorm, Ralph.*

*I'm a Christian.*

*I have no right to be here."*

illustrated by chloe stewart



paper to her. Opening it, she read the brief note, "Matthew 5:14-16," and knew it had been handed down the row from Jed Grooms.

It had all started with a Bible, Bess thought—the Bible and Dorothy Grooms.

During the summer vacation just past, with all the memories of college, Dorothy Grooms had somehow stood fine and true, uppermost in her thoughts. That alone was a curious thing since she seldom had even talked to her. This term, however, they had both been assigned to the same suite.

Passing Dorothy's open door sometimes, Bess saw her reading her Bible. The way her face looked—eager and peaceful and sometimes excited as she read—made an impression on Bess. Dorothy, reading a Bible, seemed far more eager and expectant than some of the other girls dressing for a date.

What was there in the Bible that made Dorothy look like that; act the way she did; be the kind of girl she was?

Bess had got out the Bible her mother had tucked in the suitcase when she left home. Locking her door, she'd opened it and read.

She saw how well Dorothy Grooms fitted in with what she read and how she stood outside it all. The more she read, the greater her hungry longing; until, accepting the Bible teachings, she believed.

Now she could hardly wait until classes were ended and homework and notebooks were finished so she could open the Book and discover more of its wonders and promises.

She would have to be careful, however, lest her friends should find out. They were friendly enough to Dorothy, but to Bess, who rejoiced in good times, Dorothy's affairs seemed hopelessly dull. No one asked her uptown or to the club or dancing. She dated occasionally, but her life seemed centered in church.

"It's possible to be a Christian and still have good times," Bess argued to herself throughout the day, thinking of the dance.

Yet she was filled with a vague uneasiness that evening. The dorm was in its after-class, after-supper confusion, with room doors open, calls back and forth, laughter and mild arguments.

BESS, DRESSED in a becoming party dress, gave a last-minute pat to her long brown hair and was

in the doorway when she remembered Jed's note.

She took her Bible from under the sweaters in her dresser drawer. Reading the passage, she knew suddenly that she hadn't fooled Jed Grooms at all with her denial. He was likening her to a lighted candle hidden under a bushel.

Curiously, she felt hurt instead of angry.

She began to reread the passage when she heard a knock on her open door. Too late she pushed the Bible into the drawer. Dorothy Grooms, who was standing there, had seen the Bible in her hand.

"I came to ask you to Y.P.E." Dorothy said.

"Sorry," Bess snapped. "Big brother beat you to it. But I'm going to the club with Ralph." She hurried

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Roy H. Hughes, retiring National Director



O. W. Palen, new National Director

# YOUTH ACTIVITIES

By BERNICE STOUT, Associate Editor of the *Pilot*

**T**HE DAY OF August 14 was drawing nearer; and as this day drew nearer, excitement increased. Why should this date cause all the excitement, the merry conversations, the packing of suitcases, and the preparing for journeys? August 14 marked the beginning of the 46th General Assembly of the Church of God.

When that day arrived, the city of Memphis, Tennessee, began to overflow with people from over the nation and many parts of the world. Among this number, reaching into the thousands, were a majority group of jubilant, energetic young people.

The air was filled with their happy conversations as friends greeted one another, old acquaintances were renewed, and new friendships were formed.

It was not an unusual sight to see groups of young men and women together catching up on the latest news, discussing their new pastorate or a continued one. Hearts joined together in praise for the goodness of God and accomplishments that had been made through Him. Others were there to meet the Missions Board to tell of their deep desire to go to a distant land to proclaim the glad tidings. To still others, the Assembly was a decisive factor in their lives. They were facing a new challenge in the work of the Lord. As the songs were sung and the messages were preached, the proper decisions were made; and they left the Assembly happy, knowing His grace was sufficient for every need.

Yes, the youth were there to fill their place in the 46th General Assembly. The Youth Service Thursday night began with the singing of a two-hundred-voice, teen-age choir. Surely the angels bent their heads low as the strains of song ascended heavenward. The entire service

was charged with the mighty power of the Holy Ghost. Everyone seemed at his best as the service progressed from the teen-age choir to the trumpet trio, Youth in the Spotlight (testimonies given by three young persons from different sections of the United States), and the *Lamplighters*. Six members of the *Lamplighters* Club quickly and efficiently informed the large congregation of the various activities of the club. To date, 299 *Lamplighters* Clubs have been organized in the United States and other parts of the world. You who as yet are not acquainted with the *Lamplighters* Club will be interested to know that this is a church-sponsored club aimed to lead youth to Christ, to develop leadership, and to provide wholesome recreational activity.

AN OUTSTANDING event at every Assembly on Youth Night is the awarding of the National Banners. This year beautiful Balfour cups were awarded instead of the banners. The awards were as follows:

## SUNDAY SCHOOL

<u>State</u>		<u>Director</u>
	"AA"	
South Carolina	"A"	James Shealy
Ohio	"B"	Ralph E. Day
Michigan	"C"	Donald S. Aultman
Maryland	"D"	Leon Ellis
New Mexico	"E"	William Dobben
Oregon		G. S. Tapley



# Teen-age choir sings new National Y.P.E. theme song



New Jersey	"F"	Lewis Daughenbaugh
Central Canada	"G"	Mrs. George Ayers
<hr/>		
<u>State</u>	<u>Y.P.E.</u>	<u>Director</u>
North Carolina	"AA"	S. A. Luke
Ohio	"A"	Ralph E. Day
California	"B"	Paul L. Walker
Indiana	"C"	E. M. Abbott
New Mexico	"D"	William Dobben
Colorado	"E"	E. W. Carden
New Jersey	"F"	Lewis Daughenbaugh
Central Canada	"G"	Mrs. George Ayers

The new National Y.P.E. theme song was introduced and was sung by the teen-age choir.

The message of the evening was so capably delivered by J. Frank Spivey. In order to live a consecrated Christian life, as the message declared, a young person must have faith, be a fruitful Christian, follow close to Christ, be completely separated from the world, be prepared for sacrifice, and be willing to surrender all for Christ and His cause. The message climaxed with a consecration

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Sunday School Balfour Cup Winners



Y.P.E. Balfour Cup Winners



# Youth of the Church

By DAVID LEMONS

Note: This message was tape recorded by T. D. Powell at the Florida Camp Meeting

I AM HAPPY for the privilege to talk to the young people of the Church today, and to the older people of the Church as well. I am not supposed to be preaching; therefore, I do not have to do what preachers ordinarily would do. I am supposed to be teaching, and in teaching, one person is talking and the others are listening, and not only listening, but applying themselves to that which is being taught.

There are two things that I definitely do not intend to do in this message today. First, I shall not quote a lot of statistics. I bought a new world encyclopedia when they told me to speak on this subject. I also bought a world almanac that had many figures and other things in it. I was really going to have some stem-winders to tell you about, but I decided that I cannot remember a statistical report of cold figures ever warming anybody's heart.

Second, I shall not bemoan the ills of the younger generation. I shall not tell you that the whole outfit has gone to the devil and is irrevocably lost without any hope. The wise Socrates bemoaned the fact that the younger generation was the most ill-mannered, disrespectful group in the world. In every generation since that time, the older generation, forgetting their own rascality, has blamed everything they could on the younger one.

There is something in the Bible about the younger people's teeth being on edge because the fathers ate sour grapes. Notice the first generation and the second one. Perhaps Adam and Eve had a conference and talked about the sad plight of the human family, when one of their boys was dead and the other was a murderer, and decided the second generation was worse than the first one. However, that is not the truth. It was the first one that missed God, sinned and brought sin into the world, and caused the next generation to get in trouble. If we recognize that as the pattern of all the generations down through time, we shall be getting closer to the truth than if we forget our own meanness and rascality and blame everything on the younger generation.

In this younger generation, there are as many fine, Christian, upstanding boys and girls with real integrity who are established upon the solid rock, as there have been in any generation that this world has known; even though no generation of all times has been so exposed to evil as has this generation. In the past, persons could keep the evil across the street, or even across the state, and did not have it so much in the home. Today, however, we are exposed to evils right in our own homes, Church of God homes, preachers' homes. You cannot keep it out of your house. It comes in newspapers, magazines, radio, and television and right in our conversation, and the young people are exposed to it. It is not what happens on the outside of them that counts, after all; it is what happens on the inside that counts. We cannot be with the younger generation all the time. What we have built on the inside of them, that they take with them constantly, is the thing that will count.

Sometimes the picture looks very dark. My first pastorate was in Cortez, Florida. When I went down to the bay for the first time, the water had shrunk up until there was just a little bit of it out in the middle, and all the boats were stuck in the mud. The fishing nets and everything were out there, and the fishermen couldn't get to the water at all. I thought, well, this is a fine place to fish and live! There is so much mud you can't even get to the water. After a while, however, the tide turned. There had been an exceedingly low tide. When there is an especially low tide, then there comes an especially high tide.

Even though there are times when things look very adverse and very low, as sure as there is a God in heaven, the tide will turn as we go along the way. I have faith in God that this generation is going to raise up a group that will evangelize the whole world in their generation.

In what generation does God want the world evangelized? Has He ever dealt with the period two or three hundred years from now? The Lord talks about now, present time, doing things now, getting down to business now, this is the time, today is the accepted hour. The Church today must recognize the fact that if the world is ever to be evangelized, it must be done in one generation. If this generation fails to do it, more generations will be raised up who have never heard of Jesus. The world must be evangelized in one generation. The Church must be seized with this burden.

WHEN I BEGAN to study about the Church and youth, I was struck with one very profound thing; that is, that the Church is a *youth movement*. God always calls His workers in their youth. The Wise Man said, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." It has always been God's objective to enlist boys and girls in their youth, so that they may make the necessary preparation and consecration to carry out His great objective.

The man who introduced the Head of the Church to the world was a young man. John the Baptist must have been around thirty years of age when he said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Jesus Himself, the Head of the Church, was about thirty years of age when He entered into His public ministry. The Lamb of God died to save us all while still a young man. When God needed to launch His great program of deliverance, He called upon a young man to do the job.

When Jesus needed apostles, He called upon young men. For instance, Paul had just got out of school. Timothy was a very young man. He was instructed to conduct himself in such a way that he would not be despised because of his youth. I am convinced that all the apostles were young men because in the record we have reference to their parents, but as far as I know there is not any reference to their children.

When there needed to be a reformation in the work





of God, the Lord found a young man and began to work on his heart. When the Roman Catholic Church had a stifling, death grip upon the religious world, God began to perform a work in the heart of a young man named Martin Luther. He began to study God's Word with all diligence. He was young, impetuous, enthusiastic, and God dealt with his heart. We read that once when he was studying, the devil kept bothering him; he just took up his inkwell and threw it at the devil. We don't know whether or not that bottle hit the devil, but he did hit him with a lot of ink as he wrote of the wonder-working grace of God on down through his life. He was only thirty-six years old when he made that great speech at Worms that set the world on fire, stirred up the church and caused the world to be keenly conscious of the Bible saying, "The just shall live by faith." So God used a young man, prepared him to work for Him, and entered him into the full sway of his great work.

When there needed to be a revival in the Church of England which was stifled to death with formality, some young men began to pray in the basement of a schoolhouse. They began to sing little choruses they wrote themselves. They would sing a chorus and pray some more until the fire from heaven fell, and they were moved in the unction of the Spirit of God. There they waited upon God. Others joined the group, and it became larger. They were called the Methodists. John Wesley was just thirty-three years of age when he stepped on the stage and the full level of his ministry. Charles was just twenty-one years of age as he went along with him to sing the gospel and many of the good songs that we sing today.

John Whitfield will be remembered as long as the gospel is preached in the world, as the orator that turned England and Scotland upside down and brought revival which stayed them from wreck and ruin. He came to this country after he was rejected there. The Conference said, "We won't hear him anymore preaching in the churches." He came to America and preached up and down the coasts of Georgia and South Carolina. He organized the church in Savannah, Georgia, and the church house is still standing. He was just twenty years old when he started that work for God. When God needed a reformer or somebody to launch a revival, He called on a young man.

God was distressed about the formal, dried-up condition of the Church of England, how the church had oppressed those who really wished to be firebrands for God, and how Christians were persecuted and many of them were in prison. Some men decided one day that if they could get to America, they would have a place where they could worship God as they pleased. They knew they might drown before they got there, the Indians might kill them before they could get on the shore, they might starve to death or freeze to death, but they took a chance so that they could worship God the way

they felt they should. We speak of them as the Pilgrim Fathers. I want to tell you how old they were. There were 120 persons on the *Mayflower*. Of those 120, thirty-nine of them were under twenty-one years of age, and only nine of them were over forty. Governor Bradford himself was thirty-one, Winslow was twenty-five, Miles Standish was thirty-six, and John Alden was twenty-one. Ninety percent of the Christians today were converted and added to the Church before they were twenty-five years old.

WHEN WE BEGIN to think about the young people and how they act, we cannot remember how we used to act. Not a one of you remembers how you used to act when you got moonstruck. You think you certainly were not as ridiculous as the present generation, don't you? The only thing some girls I have seen knew about keeping house was what somebody said about it one time. They had to be driven to do everything they did unless they were going to have company at a certain time. I have seen some boys that would never buckle down to staying on one job, flitting around here and there, and never getting down to real work. Some would look at them and say, "They will never amount to a thing in the world, not a thing." There was never a greater untruth. When those youngsters that some thought were not worth a thing in the world were harnessed with a responsibility, they assumed that responsibility and got under the load, and the younger generation has done a better job generally than the generation that preceded it.

When this generation, the younger generation, is harnessed with their responsibility, they will do a good job of it. You may think they do not know much, but I should like to give a suggestion to some of you dads and mothers. Some Sunday afternoon when there is not much to do, get your boy and girl in a quiet place somewhere and have a good, intimate conversation. You'll be surprised. You will surely learn a lot. There is much to be learned if you will keep your ears open. This generation, when they are harnessed with responsibility, will do the job; but it is an imperative thing that they get harnessed.

When they see an objective, they will accept responsibility. Take a youngster who is very interested in radio, but who will not learn mathematics in school. Let him start studying radio and he will learn mathematics. He will understand why he must know about mathematics, because he cannot learn radio until he knows mathematics. He sees an objective there and says, "I'll learn mathematics so I can learn radio." You can get another boy that cannot read the Sunday School lesson; he just stammers and coughs around, and you wonder if he has ever been in school. When he decides he wants to learn to fly an airplane, however, he will learn to read everything in that book of instructions. He will learn every word until he can recite it by heart so he can fly that airplane. He has an objective, something to do, and because there is something to do, he learns the necessary things to do the job he wants to do.

NOW THE CHURCH today proposes to make good, fine, upstanding Christians out of our young people. We have Sunday School literature, the *Pilot*, the LIGHTED PATHWAY, the Church of God *Evangel*, and many good Christian books for them to read; we have the Y.P.E., the Sunday School, and our Church of God schools; oh, we have so many things to help them. Why do they need to be helped? They need to see an objective, and if that objective can be impressed upon their minds so that it is necessary to know the Sunday School lesson and God's Word and be trained to fulfill that objective, then you can get them to do the things they need to do. When they see the task that is to be performed, they will equip themselves for the task and will perform it well.

The objective of the Church is to evangelize the world in this generation. People from Borneo, Java, Australia, India, Africa, China, New Zealand, and from various other places around the world are calling, "Come over and help us." The world is crying with outstretched hands, "Tell us the story; somebody come by this way; we want to hear the message."

The world is crying to learn of the One who can bring

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JIM RAN DOWN the block after his puppy calling "Boots, come here. Boots!" Boots seemed to be a little deaf at the moment, however, and kept on running. Jim had been trying to teach him to get the ball when he threw it and bring it back to him. But Boots had different ideas of fun and was now halfway down the block with the ball held tightly in his mouth.

As the dog turned the corner, Jim jumped the low hedge and cut across Mr. White's yard. Before he even saw the sign that said WET CEMENT, there were one, two, three footprints, just the size of Jim's shoes, in the fresh cement of Mr. White's new driveway.

*Now I've done it!* he thought. *What shall I do?* Jim turned and looked all around, but there was no one in sight. He started running for home. *Now this will cost Dad more money, just when he doesn't have it. Since he was sick last winter, the money has been running pretty low . . . But nobody saw me. I won't even have to tell that I did it. Lots of boys have shoes about the same size as mine . . . Mr. White has plenty of money, anyway, with his big grocery store and all . . . If I only had enough money to pay for it myself, but I haven't been able to earn any money at all this summer. Bob, his pal, had been working at the store this summer, and Jim had even asked at all the stores if he could work there, but nobody had a vacancy. No, I just can't tell Dad. I know I really should, but I just can't.*

The two separate voices were still arguing in Jim's mind when he reached his home. When he walked in, his mother called, "Come on, Jimmy. Supper is ready."

"I don't believe I want any, Mom."

"Why, what's the matter, Son? Are you sick?"

"No'm, just not hungry. I think I'll go to my room."

"Well, I certainly can't understand that. He's usually half starved when he comes in," she commented to her husband as they sat down to eat.

Jim slowly climbed the stairs with each foot feeling as if it weighed a ton. In his room the battle in his mind still raged. *I really should tell him I did it. No, I just can't do it . . . But maybe someone saw me. Maybe I'll be put in jail, or some reform school . . . But I can't cause Dad to have to pay out more money now. If I could only get a job.*

He still had not decided what to do when Dad called him down for family devotions. Dad chose Proverbs 28 for the Bible reading. When he read the thirteenth verse, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy," Jim felt even worse. As they prayed, Jim had almost decided to confess when he heard Dad asking God to help him in the present financial difficulties. Then he thought, *No, I must not give him even more to worry about.*

A FEW MINUTES LATER when Dad was reading the paper and Mother was sewing, the doorbell rang. Dad answered it. Jim was terrified to hear the voice of Mr. White. *He's come to get me. He saw me, and he'll tell Dad and Mother about what I did.*

"I—I think I'll get a drink of water," he mumbled and escaped to the kitchen. He could hear Mr. White talking as he stood trembling inside the door, but he couldn't understand what he said.

Finally he left and Jim slipped back into the living room. His father didn't say a word but began to read his paper. After a while Jim could not stand the suspense



## Jim's Battle

By DONNA LEIGH

any longer and said, in what he hoped was a casual voice, "Er—what did Mr. White want?"

"Oh, he just wanted to remind me about the Sunday School visitation group meeting tomorrow night. Mr. White and I plan to visit Mr. Phillips; he has been sick."

Jim breathed a sigh of relief and said, "I think I'll go on up to bed."

When he left the room his mother said, "I know something is wrong with him, now. We usually have to argue to get him to go to bed, and now he wants to go this early."

And Jim certainly did feel sick as he undressed and got into bed. When he finally fell asleep, he dreamed terrible dreams. Once he saw himself gazing pitifully from behind bars. Then Mr. White, with a very angry scowl on his face, was chasing him and Boots, and he was running through a vast sea of cement which got deeper and deeper.

When he awoke next morning he knew he would have to confess. He hurried down to breakfast and before he could lose his courage, blurted out, "Dad, I've got to tell you something. Yesterday I was trying to teach Boots to bring me the ball and he ran off. I cut across Mr. White's yard to catch him and stepped in the wet cement of his driveway. Nobody saw me and I just ran home. I was afraid to tell you because I knew it would cost money, and we don't have any, and I can't pay for it because I can't get a job, but then I had to tell you." He caught his breath and added, "I'm sorry, Dad, really I am."

"I'm glad you told me, Son. Now we shall have to figure out a way to pay him. First, though, I think you should tell Mr. White that you did it, and that you will pay him for it somehow."

Jim felt much better and declared, "Yes, Sir, I'll go right down this morning." He dressed and walked down to the grocery store. He went in and asked Mr. White if he could talk to him privately for a few minutes. Mr. White said, "Of course," and they walked back to his office in the rear of the store. Though Mr. White was

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The Imperial Quartet harmonizes



J. Frank Spivey, principal speaker

A pictorial review of

# Youth Night at the General Assembly



Lamplighters Club presentation

Miss Patricia Hale sings



A typical Assembly audience





SOMETHING SOFT and fuzzy kept rubbing against my nose and invading the dullness of my sleeping thoughts. I tried to push it away, but it kept coming back. I opened my eyes, and in the bright sunlight I squinted at the thing—a rose-colored wool blanket which had not been there when I had gone to sleep. One by one sound patterns began to form. I heard Joan's voice and then a strange, new one. I sat up and then I remembered; I was in Anchorage, Alaska. Last night we had found the home of our missionaries, Brother and Sister White, but they were gone and the house was locked. We were too weary to think; we found a storm window that was unlocked, tore it off, raised the window, went in and fell asleep on the nearest beds. That was just the way the Whites found us when they came home.

Anchorage is the largest city in Alaska, with a population of 50,000. It is bounded on one side by the Cook Inlet and on the other three sides by towering snow-capped mountains. It is a city of contrasts, modern and primitive. The main street, Fourth Avenue, is paved, but most of the others are not. Some buildings are of concrete, and tower ten stories tall, while some others are made of logs with ceilings so low they look like children's playhouses. The most beautiful building in the city is the public library, a unique structure of modern design. Carved across the front in bold letters are these words from the Bible, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

We spent two weeks in Anchorage, and there we became accustomed to the Alaskan summer. During the month of June the length of darkness was twenty minutes. The sun did not begin to set until ten o'clock; it was twilight until 2:00 a.m. with the exception of the short period of darkness, and then the sun was up again.

I SHALL NEVER forget June 21, when a group of us drove from Anchorage to Fairbanks. The church there had planned a picnic, and we were just

in time for it. We drove up into the hills above Fairbanks through the storied "gold country" to Pedro's Dome, named for the discoverer of gold in that area. It was almost eleven o'clock when we arrived, and a small crowd had already gathered to see the midnight sun. It was very cold and the mosquitoes swarmed in clouds. We built a fire and watched the horizon. There was a range of mountains, and the sun seemed to bounce on top of them like a rubber ball. Not once did it disappear, and all the while it was as bright as midafternoon. When we got back to Fairbanks at 2:00 a.m., the sun was shining brilliantly, and the entire city was asleep.

We left Anchorage to pastor the small church in Palmer, fifty miles away. Palmer is a little city situated in the heart of the beautiful, fertile Matanuska Valley. The valley stretches for an area of 150 square miles. In the center of the southern wall rises Pioneer Peak, tall and stately, with snow on its craggy head and white streaks down its bulging sides. This peak is king of all the valley and stands there like a guard. It symbolizes strength, safety, and security, and at its feet five thousand people live and die.

Famous for its fertile farmland, the valley yields potatoes and carrots of record size. This year the valley fair is offering fifty dollars for the cabbage that weighs fifty pounds. The valley is slashed in half by a gushing, turbulent river, the Matanuska, from which the valley gets its name. The river is fed by melting snow from the mountains and glaciers, and its swift waters are so cold that it would be impossible to live in them more than a few minutes. Matanuska comes from the Indian words "muddy waters."

OUR CHURCH in Palmer is located on the Glenn Highway in the northern section of town. The building is under construction, and services are held in a little chapel in the basement. The average Alaskan does not have much time for church, so the work is slow. The congregation is a mixture of natives and white people. It

Joan, American and Eskimo children at church



Duby views King Mountain at Chickaloon





was the natives that I found most interesting. The native population is comprised of Eskimos and Indians. The Eskimo is Oriental in looks, with slanted eyes and a flat nose, while the Indian looks like our American Indians.

One of the most amusing things about the natives is their names. Most of them have taken their last names from certain things that have impressed them. One family name is "Busted Jeans"; another family has three sons whose names are "Big John," "Little John," and "More John."

The natives have a culture of their own. One of the most interesting spots in the whole of Alaska is the Russian Orthodox cemetery and church at Eklutna, approximately halfway between Palmer and Anchorage. The little church has stood for so long that the weather has bleached its logs and given it a warped look. It is not known when the church was founded and built, but it was sometime during the ninety-seven years of Russian missionary work while Alaska belonged to Russia. The cemetery is almost as old as the church and reflects a number of native beliefs and customs. It has been the habit of the natives since earliest times to build small houses over their graves. They believe the spirit of the deceased will come and live in the house. The houses vary in structure and colors. Some of them are painted brilliant blues and scarlets while some are white. Inside the little houses have been placed the favorite articles of the deceased. Some of these articles have decayed to a pile of dust, while some look new. In the little house over one grave is a tiny pair of "mukluks" (boots) and a toy boat.

ALASKA, AS WELL as its people, is hard to describe. It is different from anything I have ever seen. The mountains are the dominating geographical factor, and their huge, snowy magnificence is like a silent presence that fills the entire land. There are hundreds of blue lakes, creeks and waterfalls, and one need not travel far to see a glacier. In the summertime wild flowers

Russian Orthodox cemetery at Eklutna



October, 1956

grow in a tangled profusion of brilliant colors, and the berries grow lush on their vines. Salmon may be caught by the hundreds in their season, and wild game supplies all the winter's meat. On a clear day the sky is a soft blue, and I have never seen anything lovelier than a rugged purple mountain sharply outlined against the blue sky, with playful white clouds floating around its lofty head.

Alaska is called America's "last frontier." It is pioneer work for civilization as well as for Christianity, and as there are priceless fortunes in undiscovered mineral deposits of the land, so are there in hundreds of heathen hearts. The challenge to reach them is ours.

Inside the chapel with two native children



*The concluding episode of*

# ALASKAN DIARY

By DUBY BOYD

Page 13



# DAY and NIGHT

By MONT HURST

HERE WE HAVE a most graphic description by Paul of the return of our Lord and Saviour. Do you believe it? Of course, you do! Throughout the Bible we can find literally hundreds of times where the return of Christ is mentioned. He said He would return, and that's enough for me even if there were no other mentions of it. I'm sure it's enough for you, too.

Everything is pointing to the plain fact that we are in the third and last dispensation. Time is running out, and the return of our Lord is not far away, praise His wonderful name!

We know that Christ's program was His coming into the world to teach the way of salvation, to die for all people then and now, and to start an evangelistic and missionary program which is to carry the gospel to every living creature. There is no argument to this plain fact. As this program is being carried out, He was to go and prepare a place for His people. He said He was going to do it, and I believe it.

When the gospel has been preached, as He has planned it, He is to return in the clouds, meeting His bride, the church He established, and there will be a marriage in the air.

It has been nearly two thousand years since Christ commissioned His disciples to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. In spite of this fact, there are millions of people within a few hours' flying distance of any city who have not as yet heard the gospel of Christ. Think of it!

We may liken the return of Christ to the marriage in Cana. This was where He performed His first great miracle, turning the water into wine. We read in John 2:1 that on the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee. Well, there is going to be another marriage soon—the marriage of the Lamb, the marriage of Christ with His bride, the true Church. Like the marriage in Cana, it is going to be on the third day. And, friends, do you realize that we are in the THIRD DAY? Yes, you know that a thousand years are as but a day in the sight of God. Well, hasn't it been almost two thousand years now since Christ ascended? Yes, it has, and now we

are in the THIRD DAY. His return can come even before you finish reading this article.

The gospel must be preached to every creature. That is our commission from Him. Someone must go and preach. We have signs on every hand indicating the soon-coming of our Lord. All Bible prophecy is being quickly fulfilled according to what the Scriptures say. The Word says: "Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" What do you think? On every hand we see atheism and modernism gaining; there are infidels in the church; there is frivolity in the pulpits; and unsaved people are being taken into churches. These and many other plain facts prove that apostasy and unbelief are here, as prophecy has said.

OH, IF WE COULD only have the zeal of those early disciples who saw and understood the great truth of our Lord's return, and who endeavored to spread the gospel to every living creature! Those early disciples and missionaries did not have automobiles, ships, airplanes and trains for fast travel. Yet, they carried the gospel to peoples of many nations in their day. They had no organizations to supply their needs, no boards, committees, or secretaries to direct their work. They did have a divine command and promise from their Lord and Master! They had the same command we have in this day: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."

Oh, if the church and its people of this day and age could only follow the command as did those early disciples and missionaries! Christ added in His command these words: "Behold, I send you forth as sheep among wolves." He promised them nothing but crosses, self-sacrifices, reproach and suffering. Are those the things that we are experiencing today?

Today, the modernistic churches and organizations are preaching a social gospel and are forgetting the Bible, excusing sin, and even making fun of true holiness! Is this the way to carry out His command? No, you know it is not. It remains for the people to carry out those commands! It is left for the sanctified believers, those baptized with the Holy Ghost,

TEXT: "For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of GOD: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words,"  
1 Thessalonians 4:15-18.



# laborers wanted

*to do vital work  
in Christ's vineyard*

to go into the world and preach the glorious gospel to every living creature!

We know we are in the third and last dispensation. First it was God Himself who came to earth, and He was denied. Then He sent His Son, Jesus Christ, who was also denied by most people. Now He has sent His Holy Spirit, and people still deny Him. The whole tenor and teaching of the Scriptures reveal the fact that when Jesus Christ shall appear in His glory, millions in all lands will be unprepared to receive Him.

Let us look into the Scriptures again and receive further confirmation of His soon return. In II Timothy 3:1-3, we read: "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away." You know full well that such conditions prevail today as never before. This is simply more evidence of the fulfillment of prophecy.

Peter said: "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night."

Prophecy is being fulfilled rapidly in this day, quicker than ever before. Not many prophecies remain to be fulfilled. The four great prophecies concerning the return of our Lord and Saviour are these:

First — the gospel must be preached to all nations.

Second — there must come a great apostasy in the Church.

Third — the Jews must return to Jerusalem.

Fourth — there must come a great tribulation on the earth.

**T**HERE CAN BE no doubt that there is a great apostasy in the modern, big churches. We have had great tribulation on the earth already, and more is in sight with the atomic and hydrogen bombs. The Jews have returned to Jerusalem! So . . . what is there left to be fulfilled save the preaching of the gospel to all nations? We are commanded to do this — and then He will return.

It should be very plain even to the most casual Christian or reader of the

prophecies that God is rapidly setting the stage for the return of His Son to this sin-cursed earth. Today, as never before in nineteen centuries, the Jews are returning to their own land of Palestine. From every nation on earth they are coming. Just a few years ago the new State of Israel was established and is now recognized by most of the governments of this world. For the first time in all these centuries the Jews have a country all their own with an official Jewish flag. The great prophecy of Ezekiel clearly indicates that the Jews would return to their native land in *unbelief* because their cleansing takes place *after* they have settled in their own land.

Never, since our Lord Jesus Christ was crucified outside the sacred precincts of Jerusalem, has this Holy City attracted so much attention in the world.

The gospel must be preached to all creatures. It is His command. We who yearn for His return will have a part in making it a reality much quicker. We can look for the next big event to be the rapture of God's people of the Christian era. We who believe on our Lord Jesus Christ today are a heavenly group destined for the heavenly side of the kingdom of our Lord. When the Lord Jesus returns to be glorified in His saints, He will establish Jerusalem as the *habitation of peace*. That is in the Scriptures! Then it will truly be "Jerusalem, the Golden." It will be the center of administration of the righteous government of the Prince of Peace. Therefore, it is not strange that we have the injunction: "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem." The peace of Jerusalem can come only through the conversion of the Jews and of peoples in all lands.

What part do you have in this program? How much of our Lord's command are you carrying out as able? Do you believe in a missionary program? Of course, you do! We must not only keep up our present program, but we must intensify it as much as possible. The Lord has given us a wonderful ministry of holiness, and we must carry out our divine responsibilities and fulfill the mission for which we were established.

The Holy Land, including Syria, Palestine, and Jerusalem, are all special focal points of fulfillment of prophecy. I know you desire to do your part in carrying out the significant program connected with these

localities in a very special way. The Jews have, for the most part, rejected Christ. He is, however, still offering them full redemption. He can only continue to offer it through us who call ourselves Christians — meaning that we must be Christlike. If we are Christians, then we should strive to do the will of the Father!

**Y**ES, FRIENDS, significant signs preceding the coming of Jesus Christ of Nazareth are growing more evident with each passing day. We have the prophetic fulfillment of apostasy and unbelief: "Nevertheless, when the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" We know we have in this world false and cunning spirits and doctrines. In the Scripture we read: "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils." It need not be argued that false religions, cults, doctrines and devilish seducing spirits are not rampant in the world.

We have political and social troubles which prove the fact of prophecy which says: "For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places." You know these conditions are more true in this day than ever before in the history of the world. Man has increased in learning more than at any other time in his existence. He knows how to destroy the earth now! Isn't that wonderful! Isn't man smart, now? In the Scriptures we read: "But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

The gospel is being preached to many people in many lands. The gospel is a sure witness prior to His returning. In Matthew 24:14 we read: "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall *the end* come." Note that the Word says: "This gospel **SHALL** be preached in all the world . . ." and that means that we are the ones who shall preach it. This is a divine command. We must go and preach it — those who have been called — and others must support them in this work.

Oh, friends, you know we are in the last days. Are we doing all we are able in spreading the gospel? It is a fact, evident to nominal church members, and it is now attracting their attention, that the Zionist movement toward Palestine is a striking sign of the approach of the end and the return of Christ. Do not forget that God's promises to His chosen people, the Jews, are still in effect and must be fulfilled. The return of the Jews to Palestine is the only sign we should need of the soon return of our Lord and Saviour to this earth!

We must intensify our service to the Master to a greater degree than ever before. Every missionary program must be supported, broadened and made still more effective. This is particularly true of foreign missions—and

(Continued on page 21)



# HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON



INTERVIEW BY TELEPHONE

By Martin Paul

**I**T WAS INTERESTING to guess how the persons at the other end of the line looked, as one after another they gave their willing opinions on the problems of delinquent children and on child training in general.

"Parents are blamed for everything; it isn't fair," said one of the first interviewees, who resented especially that some children had caught the tendency of the world to blame the parents. When children excuse themselves by blaming their own parents, the world is really upside-down.

This parent, however, was decidedly in the minority. The percentage of those who placed child troubles at the doorstep of the parents ran exceedingly high, well over ninety percent.

Children need better home life and more interested parents is the opinion of by far the majority of the people who answered the phone in this typical midwestern city of perhaps 25,000 people.

Oddly, divorce as a cause of delinquent behavior was mentioned by only one of the interviewees, and, likewise, one thought the courts could help by teaching parents a good lesson. Otherwise, the opinion was quite general that by the time the police or the courts have anything to do with the case, the main battle is already lost.

The hectic, throbbing times were mentioned by some as being the cause of parents not finding the time needed for good child care; "like living in a squirrel cage," as one of them put it. Parents are not excused, however, because they say they have no time. There is pretty general agreement that parents must find time and make time, and when they are oc-

cupied with too many other things so that they cannot give real attention to their children, they are not doing their duty.

ONE OF THE OPINIONS tended strongly in the direction of underscoring that the attention given the child must be a deep, real, full attention, more than merely knowing that the child is present and what he is doing. To observe a child, really know his fundamental needs, and be on guard against danger signals is one thing expected of parents.

Characteristic was the illustration offered by a former school principal, of a little fifth-grader who often was gone from home for two or three days without the mother's knowing his whereabouts. On being asked, the mother didn't know if he might be interested in a boy's club or similar things. She had never asked him those things. "No time, no time," was her refrain, and the father did not even seem to pay that much attention. The school finally got the boy lined up somewhat better with life, but he'll carry the scars of home neglect.

The persons at the other end of the telephone line came down with a heavy figurative ball bat on the mothers who go out to work and let the children "run wild" at home. Perhaps fully half the people volunteered this as one of the great drawbacks to good childhood experiences. Whether working away from home, or gone for other reasons, public opinion as gauged by this poll is definitely sour on the parents who do not make a real home for their children.

Many persons feel that parents do not understand their own children. They do not understand that children are persons in their own right. Some parents are too strict and punish too severely, by the opinion of some. Others observe the very opposite; they believe the parents give their children too many privileges, children "get away with too much," parents are too easy on them. Children get too much money, and get it too easily; it would be better for them to have to earn it.

Some are certain that too many parents are afraid to discipline their children. "Spankings don't hurt," as one

of them put it, "of course, I don't mean brutal spankings."

Almost as much attention was given in this poll to the need of the children for something to do as to working mothers; total expressions of this need ran well over thirty percent. Since children have so much free time, especially in the cities (the poll being taken during vacation time), they need recreational facilities; it should be supervised recreation, as many of the opinions added.

CLOSELY BEHIND this opinion came the very similar opinion that parents should do things WITH their children—go on picnics with them, learn to have fun together. They should not *send* the children but *take* them to church and to Sunday School. A similar opinion to the effect that parents should be pals to their children was frequently expressed.

The homes should be places where things are shared, and where children are treated politely, with a "please" and a "thank-you." Three institutions are mentioned as being particularly helpful in training children; one being the PTA, another the various children's organizations, especially scouting, but the one mentioned most of all—in fact by almost every person—was the Church. Judging by the opinions expressed on this midwestern telephone, the members expect quite a bit of help from their churches.

Many opinions were to the effect that the churches should reconsider their programs, so that the homes are not torn apart by the splintering church activities. The members of churches also expect sermons on home training. In general the persons interviewed thought that the churches did a great deal for the children of the city. Many of them mentioned the fact that church-going people are not the ones who get into trouble, nor their children. People should go to church more, and take their children more. Churches should have parent classes. They should get trained educators and psychologists to give talks to their groups.

Members of one church reported that it had a recreation center for youth, open at all times, under supervision of the church. Most churches seem to have youth organizations. One church has nurseries for all tot ages during both Sunday School and church time. Married people's clubs, in which family problems are discussed were

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# Helps for the Tempted and Tried

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON

## A PRAYER FOR THE NEW CHURCH YEAR

**I**N THE TIME of temptation, O God, show me the way of escape, Grant me to know how impotent I am apart from Thee, and help me to be so near to Thy heart that I shall have strength to resist evil and be master of my conduct. When my loyalty is challenged by compromising interests, make me resolute, clear-eyed, pure-hearted, true. Inspire me to noble daring; give me a heart of courage that refuses to lower its standards. Grant that the direction of my thoughts may be upward and my real self rise with them. With my eyes fixed on Thee, my ears open to Thy counsels, my will steadfast to Thy purpose, enable me to live to Thy glory. When heart and flesh fail, and the tide of escape, Grant me to know how impotent I am apart from olden me by Thy Spirit and the unfailing friendship of Jesus Christ, that I may hold to the contest until peace and victory are won. Make me charitable and help me to see the good in those with whom I associate from day to day. Amen.

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

**H**ERE WE ARE at Assembly time, 1956. This is the season of the year when the natural harvest is being gathered, and for our Church it is the time when we come together in this great Assembly to rejoice over the harvest of souls for the year that is passed, and to plan for the coming year.

As we look back over our year's work, we shall see many bright spots along the way for which we are thankful, but along with them come the trials and failures and disappointments. It is a good time to take inventory, for soon we must enter into a new year of service for the Master.

During the past year I have heard a number of persons commenting on the loss of power in the Church today. It seems to be a popular subject, and you perhaps have heard it, too. It is being lamented in the pulpits, in the Sunday School classes, and in private conversations between friends who love the Church and want to see it move on to perfection. When the subject is discussed, possible reasons for the condition are set forth, and many reasons have been offered. I should like to point out to you, in my message this month, what I think might be hindering the Holy Spirit from doing the work He would like to do in the world today through us; with the hope that, as we face a new year, we might rid our lives of a blight that is killing the influence of the Church today. The blight to which I refer is the spirit of criticism.

Not long ago a preacher who was discussing this dearth of power used as his theme, "Back to Pentecost." It was a good message and contained

truths that all of us need to face. In the worship service just preceding his message, the conversation of two adults was overheard. Their conversation concerned those who were taking part in the service. One of the parties commented on the dress of the pianist as being *worldly*; another thought the singers *not so hot*. "We have a quartet at our church who can beat them all to pieces," etc. After the service, there were numerous comments made about the sermon, about

the ideas and the method of delivery.

As I thought of the preacher's theme, "Back to Pentecost," I thought of something D. L. Moody said in his book, *The Fulness of the Gospel*: "Supposing that on the day of Pentecost the apostles had been criticizing Peter, do you think the Holy Ghost would have worked so miraculously? Imagine John whispering to James, 'It doesn't seem to me that Peter is quite up to himself this morning'; and James replying, 'I am disappointed myself. This is a representative audience, and he lacks polish and finish.' Suppose Andrew had turned to Matthew and said, 'Really that is too bad for Peter to be so harsh on the Pharisees and rulers. There are so many other things upon which we can agree, I do wish he would avoid all controversial subjects.' Do you think that if that had been the attitude of the apostles there would have been any conversions?" Suppose we try the effect of sympathy and prayer instead of criticism, upon the efforts of those who participate in the worship service and upon our minister's sermons, for the Holy Spirit will not work in an atmosphere of criticism.

NOT LONG AGO, I dined with three friends at a cafeteria. I like to eat there because I can choose just what I like best. We all passed along and made our choice of food. When we sat down at the table, I noticed each plate was entirely different, and I remarked about the difference. Right there God spoke to my heart and showed me that no two individuals are alike or have the same tastes, and that we should allow each individual to choose for himself in

(Continued on page 22)

### HOUSE CLEANING

*Throw up the windows and open the door!*

*Here are some things we'll be needing no more;*

*Ragged old hatred, a remnant of fear—*

*We shall not want them this coming year.*

*Heave out indifference, careless and and cold,*

*Threadbare excuses so often retold,*

*Hoary old scandals, surmises untrue,*

*Sadness, anxiety — wave them adieu!*

*Sweep out discouragement — hail to his back!*

*This year we're planning big things to attack.*

*Faded old prejudice, hugged to the heart,*

*Means little jealousies — bid them depart.*

*Sweep every corner and dust every spot;*

*Wish good riddance to all of the lot.*

*Empty and garnished, the door opened wide,*

*High undertakings are welcome inside.*

—Glad Tidings



## CREATION

One-half the universe unfolded here  
With beauty from beyond the atmos-  
phere.

A lonely planet gave a gasping flare—  
Then silently it faded in the air.

A comet splattered round a limpid  
pond

And madly multiplied an emerald  
frond

Until the earth was filled with rarest  
green.

But surely hands of God designed the  
scene.

—Mary L. Harper.

## AUTUMN SKETCH

Red apples are silvered with frost;  
Pumpkins lie in a flaming heap;  
And through the mountain woodlands  
Bright autumnal colors seep.

Mist like gray chiffon drapes hills;

Wild geese fly southward in a V;

And at every curve in the road

God's beauty is there for man to see!

—By Earle J. Grant.

## AUTUMN IS HERE

*Orange leaves adorn the trees,*

*Fields are turning gray and brown,*

*The woods upon the old Lee hill*

*Make a picture of renown.*

*The robin sings a warning note*

*While swaying on the old peach  
tree,*

*He knows that balmy spring has  
flown. . .*

*And signs his plaintive song to me.*

*I like to sit beside the fire*

*And dream about the spring to be,*

*And of the time when birds will build*

*Again in our pink-blossomed tree.*

*Although it rains and cold winds blow*

*To chill the earth with snowy blast,*

*I like warmth from a cheery fire. . .*

*I'm glad autumn is here at last!*

—Edna Hamilton

## I WANT TO BE A WORKER

God, make me a worker!

Give me a place

Within Thy Vineyard,

Please, by Thy grace.

Just any tiny

Place will do—

Just so it's work

I can do for You.

Just a little place,

Perhaps hard to fill,

But one where I

Can do Thy will!

Just use me, Lord,

Is all I ask,

For any little

Humble task!

—Margaret N. Freeman

## Poetry



*Photo by Irving Galloway, N.Y.*



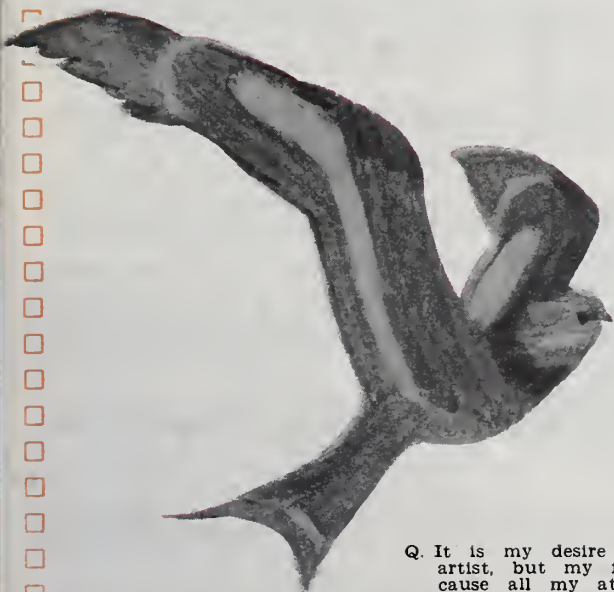
Our artist this month is a young lady, sixteen years of age, from Rossville, Georgia. Her avid interests in art are exemplified by the drawings reproduced, exact size, on this page. Betty studies art on her own, but plans to take formal training in the near future. She desires to become an illustrator. One book that has been espe-

## BETTY THACKER

cially helpful in her art studies is *Sketching as a Hobby*. Betty is also active in Church work at the Rossville Church of God.



art



Q. It is my desire to become a commercial artist, but my friends discourage me because all my attempts at figure drawing have been unsuccessful.—James Weber, Cleveland, Ohio.

A. Figure drawing and illustration is only a small part of the field. Perhaps you can be more qualified in one or more of the other important divisions of the commercial art field, such as layout, lettering, or design.—  
Art Director



# Youth IN THE SPOTLIGHT



The young lady chosen for the October spotlight is Donna (Short) Killman. Donna is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Short of Stanford, Kentucky. She was born on December 1, 1933.

Donna graduated from Stanford High School in 1951. She served as a stenographer for three years following her graduation from high school. In 1954 she enrolled in the junior college division at Lee and graduated with honors in May, 1956. At Lee she was voted "Most Likely to Succeed" and was editor of the school paper, the Clarion.

From an early age Donna has been a Christian and has aspired to Christian service. At Lee she met and married LeRoy Killman, a young man who felt the call to mission work. As Mrs. LeRoy Killman, Donna has dedicated her life to missionary service in India.



In the focus of the spotlight this month appears LeRoy Killman, from Crisfield, Maryland. LeRoy was born January 30, 1929. He was converted at the age of sixteen and united with the Crisfield Church of God. When he was nineteen, LeRoy joined the United States Air Force and served for four years.

Feeling the call of God to the mission field, LeRoy enrolled in Lee College for sufficient training. He has maintained a high scholastic record and will receive his B. A. Degree in Bible in May, 1957.

LeRoy is a popular and respected student at Lee. He was elected "Mr. Lee College" during the 1955-56 term. He also met Miss Donna Short, a co-ed at Lee, whom he married on December 25, 1955. Together, they expect to go to India as missionaries for the Church of God.

## NATIONAL Y.P.E. THEME SONG

By O. W. Polen

National Sunday School and Youth Director

Y.P.E.'s throughout the nation will welcome the news that an official national Y.P.E. theme song has been provided by the National Youth Department. A copy of this new song will be mailed to each church.

As will be noted, the words and melody have been written by Brother Vep Ellis, who so kindly accepted the responsibility of providing a national theme song for our young people.

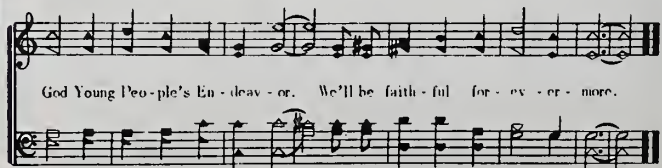
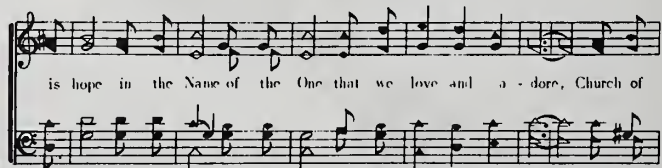
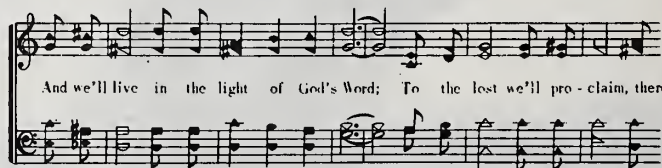
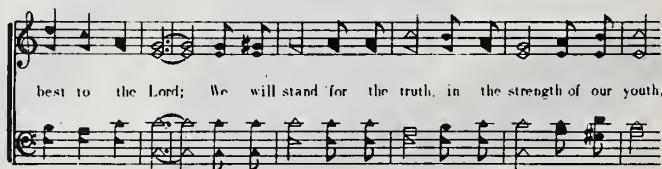
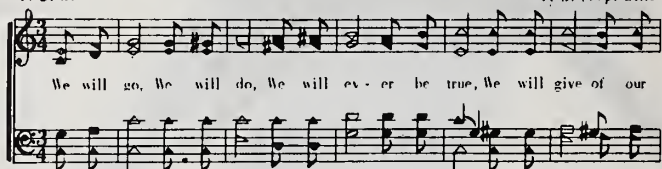
It is hoped that every Church of God Y.P.E. will introduce this impressive theme song to its local group at the very earliest convenience and that it will be sung regularly at each Y.P.E. service, youth rally, and on every occasion when young people are assembled together.

May God impress the words of this song upon the heart of every young person who sings them, and may our young people not only be impressed with the words themselves, but may they become *young people of action*.

Below is our new National Y.P.E. theme song.

V. B. E.

V. B. (Vep) Ellis



## National Y.P.E. Theme Song



## DAY AND NIGHT LABORERS WANTED

(Continued from page 15)

missions to those areas where our Lord and Saviour once trod the ground. What is your part in this drive to preach the gospel to every living creature? What is your ability, your interest, your plan, and your degree of support? That is something you must decide. It is your personal proposition and your own opportunity to help carry out the command of the Master.

Will you pray about it? Will you do all in your power to help your missionary program become a still greater success? The unsaved are there; the fields are white unto harvest! How pleasing it must be to God to see people trying to make the ancient lands of His chosen people truly the Holy Land!

What is your reaction? I pray that you will give careful and prayerful consideration to missionary efforts. We must carry on in a greater degree than ever before, because the return of our Lord and Saviour is imminent.

Let us remember Matthew 9:38: "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest."

### JIM'S BATTLE

(Continued from page 10)

smiling, it seemed to Jim that he had never seen his kindly old face quite so fierce. He swallowed the lump in his throat, said a little prayer for courage, then confessed.

When he finished, Mr. White said, "I'm pleased that you told me about it, Jim. I had wondered who did it." He thought a moment, then said, "Jim, how would you like to work it out here in my store?"

Jim cried excitedly, "Oh, could I? That would be wonderful!"

"Yes, I think if you could come in Saturday and work all day, it would just about do it."

Jim walked on air all the way home. He rushed in and told Mom all about it. Now the whole world was shining, where only a few hours before it had been so frightfully dark.

**HE WAS UP EARLY** Saturday morning, eager to get to his first job. He worked hard all day at the check-out stand, putting the groceries in large paper bags and carrying them out to the customer's cars. He was tired but contented that night when the last customer left.

As he was getting ready to go home, Mr. White called, "Jim, would you come to my office a moment, please?" Dismay swept over him as he thought, *Maybe I didn't do my work well, and he doesn't think it will pay for the damage to his driveway.*

Mr. White was smiling when Jim walked hesitantly into the office. "Jim, you did excellent work today. You more than paid for the walk. I think I could use such a good worker and such an honest boy in my store every day for the rest of the summer, if

you would consider working for me. How about it?"

"Would I? I'll say I would! I'll be here early Monday morning."

"Good. I'll see you then."

On the way home Jim threw his cap into the air, leap-frogged over two fire plugs, then said a prayer of thanks to God for His blessings.

### YOUTH ACTIVITIES

(Continued from page 7)

service in which a large group of young persons offered themselves unto Christ as a living sacrifice.

**ELECTED TO THE** office of national Sunday School and youth director was O. W. Polen. Brother Polen has a rich background of work among young people and is wholly consecrated unto Christ. Prior to his being elected to this office, he served eight consecutive years as state Sunday School and youth director of Ohio and two years as assistant national Sunday School and youth director of our Church. The Church is highly privileged to have such a competent leader to guide the activities of the Sunday School and Youth Department.

Cecil Knight has been appointed as assistant Sunday School and youth director. Brother Knight has been outstanding in pastoral duties.

Serving on the National Youth Board for the next two years are O. W. Polen, chairman; Earl Golden, Ralph E. Day, Donald S. Aultman, and Earl P. Paulk, Jr.

During the afternoons many of the young people visited the display room where they received pertinent information on missions, the Church of God Home for Children, Sunday School and youth work, and bought many items of interest offered by the Church of God Publishing House.

It was almost unbelievable, but the week had suddenly slipped by and the Assembly drew to a close. Suitcases were again packed, good-byes were said, and all began their homeward journey, trusting they would be able to return to the next General Assembly if the Lord should delay His coming.

### HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

(Continued from page 16)

reported fairly often. All churches were reported as having youth activities, but none of them were reported as having classes for parents.

—*The Christian Parent*, Highland, Ill.  
(Used by permission).

### LAMPLIGHTER

(Continued from page 3)

indebted to our retiring general overseer for this courageous challenge. Probably not all will agree with his conclusions, but all should agree it is wise and essential to examine one's religious activities in the light of inspired Scripture.

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## CHURCH OF GOD PUBLISHING HOUSE

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## CANDLE UNDER A BUSH

(Continued from page 5)

past Dorothy and rushed down the stairs.

A popular dance tune greeted Bess as Ralph opened the door of the club for her. They chatted with some friends for awhile before Ralph took her in his arms and swung out on the floor.

Over his shoulder Bess glanced about the smoky, dim room, heard a shriek of laughter, saw the telltale bulge in one man's pocket.

Ralph's arms seemed like a vise, and she pulled back.

"What's the matter?" Ralph asked, annoyed. "You've been like a touch-me-not all evening."

Bess didn't answer as the sudden distaste of this place, this man and their dancing flashed over her. Once she had enjoyed coming here, but now she found no pleasure in it, rather loathing. She felt out of place, as if she didn't belong here among these people who didn't know of the Lord as she did.

She felt hot and a little sick. I could vomit, she realized, yet knew that it wouldn't clean her of this feeling.

Somewhere in the Bible she'd read about the body being the temple of the Lord, and here she was defiling it.

"Take me back to the dorm, Ralph. I'm a Christian. I have no right to be here."

Ralph stared down at her in disbelief, then angrily stalked away, leaving her in the midst of all the swaying couples.

She rushed for the door, and the cool night air was a relief as she

stumbled down the road toward the blinking city lights.

There was no anger or fear now, only a great relief.

The Bible passage came back to her, and all her old arguments seemed as nothing. She realized that the superficial parties did not make her fun and happiness. Her joy would be in serving the Lord. "Be ye separate," once she had read, "and touch not the unclean thing."

**NOW SHE REACHED** the edge of town, glad she had not met anyone on the road. Curious persons looked after the pretty girl in the party dress as she hurried down the street.

Suddenly she stopped as she neared a church and heard gay voices. There were Jed and Dorothy. The Y.P.E. meeting was dismissing. What a large number of them, she noted in surprise.

She ducked back into the shadows, hoping nobody had seen her, when Dorothy's voice rang out.

"Jed, there's—"

Jed had already hurried forward; he gently took her from the shadows.

"Bess, are you all right?"

Bess nodded; Dorothy took her other hand, and they walked down the street together.

Bess felt the tears now that she was safe and cared for, among her own kind.

"I don't want my light hidden any more," she faltered. "My candle has only a weak flicker, but I want it on top of the bushel."

She felt the quick squeeze of Jed's hand.

"Your flame is all right," Jed said.

"The wick needs a little trimming maybe, but that's all."

Bess raised her wet face upward to the star-filled sky. Suddenly one star burst into brilliance, flickered once and then burned brightly, steady and true.

## HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED

(Continued from page 17)

other things besides food, instead of trying to compel everybody to see just as we see or do just as we do. This will hold good in our spiritual life as well as it does in feeding our physical body.

I believe God is displeased with our narrow ideas. There are some Scriptures that we do not all see alike. They come to us in a different light. Right in our own Church, different interpretations are put on different Scriptures. You feel that your interpretation is right and that everybody else should see it just as you do, and you criticize those who do not see eye to eye with you. That day at the cafeteria I chose everything that was not seasoned with fat because I can not eat fat. I have learned to like things without seasoning just as well as with it. I did not criticize my friends because they ate food that was well-seasoned. I was glad to see them enjoy their food.

We have people today who have spiritual indigestion, and because they have been led out of some things, they



try to make everybody else see their way. If they do not, then they criticize. Criticism of others has kept God's power from doing its work, and many souls will be lost because of it. Some would ask, "Sister Harrison, do you criticize?" If you should ask me that question, of course, I would say, "Yes, sometimes." So you see, I'm talking to myself, also. We all know how to criticize.

Sometimes we attend a meeting, and it seems that everything is going wrong. The songs do not suit us. Some like the old hymns; some like the new; some like slow songs; some like fast songs. I like the slower songs because I get the message of the song, which is very important. Strangers who come into our services can understand and enjoy the songs and derive a greater blessing. There are those who enjoy the fast songs, and why should I not learn to joyfully give them a chance to satisfy their taste as well as mine? Sister Jones criticizes Sister Smith's dress because she has been definitely led to give up something that Sister Smith wears. Sister Jones spends most of her time watching, throughout the services, to see what she can find wrong with the dress of the congregation since the Church has certain standards. Well, this is one of the sins that hinders the Holy Ghost power from working in our services. It is hard for a pastor to preach Holy Ghost sermons under the fire of criticism.

All of us are, at times, open to criticism for some of the things we do. Let us then grant to others the same charity that we ask of them and manifest a spirit of love for one another.

A LITTLE GIRL brought to her daddy her copybook which she had just completed. It was her first, and the young face reddened with beautiful and honest flush, for she knew as she turned over the pages some little word of praise and cheer would reward her hard attempts. The pages were very neatly written, and he told her what a pleasure it was to see how careful she had been. Presently they came to one page on which were two small blots. As she turned the page, the little hand was laid upon them, and, looking up into her daddy's face with an artlessness that was beautiful, she said, "Papa, don't see the blots!" Of course, he did not see them, but he bent down and kissed the little forehead, and was thankful for the lesson he had learned. How

precious it would be if, amid all the nameless strifes and discords that so fret and chafe us, we could just lay the finger on the sullied page of human lives and not see the blots! When littlenesses and meannesses and petty oppositions annoy and vex us, we should look away from these to some brighter pages!

A lady, paying an early morning visit to a neighbor, was ushered into a rather untidy room, for which her hostess profusely apologized. Her visitor smilingly replied: "I had eyes for nothing but these lovely roses," pointing to a bowl of beautifully arranged roses which occupied a prominent place on the table. Just as the eye sees what it looks for, so the soul that is itself beautiful finds all that is best and noblest, and most worthy of praise, in the men and women round about. In addition to this gift of hypervision, it has the equally beautiful gift of not seeing, which it exercises on occasion.

How much nobler, kinder, and more Christlike is this attitude than that of the woman in the following story:

A HARD-FACED woman called on her minister to complain that in doing her duty her feelings had been hurt by something someone had said about her. "And I only told her the whole truth," the woman complained. "The whole truth!" the minister repeated. "That was a wonderful achievement, Mrs. Potter — who but God ever knows that? The biggest of us can but grasp fragments of it. Suppose you tell me exactly what you said about Millie." "I said," Mrs. Potter replied, "that Millie was growing wild and everybody was talking about her, and if her mother didn't watch her closely, it would be too late." "And you called that the truth?" the minister asked. "You said nothing about Millie's being a pretty, affectionate child, nothing about her clever fingers, nor her kindheartedness, nor her unselfishness." "What had that to do with it?" she asked. He replied, "Everything, if you were telling the truth. To take a bit of the shadow side and offer that as a perfect picture is no more the truth than if I should describe her by saying that she had a knack at trimming hats. Suppose you think the matter over, and whenever you tell something on the shadow side, stop and tell something on the bright side to balance it."

John Wesley wrote in his diary one day, "Today I grieved the Divine Spirit by speaking uncharitably of one

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who is not sound in the faith. Immediately I was in great darkness." We cannot keep the peace of God in our hearts unless our human relations are as they should be.

If we want the gifts of the Spirit manifest in our lives today, let us strive first for the fruit of the Spirit which is, "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance" (Galatians 5:22).



# BIBLE



## lessons for YOUTH services

### FOUNDATIONS

By Margaret N. Freeman

*Opening song by group:* "How Firm a Foundation"

*Devotionals:* Matthew 7:24-29

*Prayer:* Heavenly Father, help us to realize the question that confronts us all today: On what foundation are we building? Show every heart, O Father, that Christ is the only sure foundation on which to build a successful life. In Jesus' name, we pray. Amen.

*Reading:* BUILDINGS THAT ENDURE

Every building to endure  
Must have foundations strong and sure;

And as I build my life each day,  
Step by step, along the way;  
I'm building here — I'm building there —

A life that's poor, or a life that's fair.  
God, help me do as Thou hast planned:

To build on Christ instead of sand—  
For if I do, I'll have victory,  
My building shall stand eternally!

*Horn Solo:* "On Christ The Solid Rock I Stand"

*Reading:* DON'T LIVE IN A PENITENTIARY!

Imagine a penitentiary with formidable, cold, gray, heavily barred windows placed in contrast to the peaceful early morning sunlight that surrounds it! There are many such buildings in our land. Imagine, too, this building in the early morning hours, quiet, desolate, somber save for its solitary guard in each little lookout tower, or one now and then pacing about on sentry duty.

The word itself means "a place to repent or do penance." Think of the lives shut away from the world behind those gray walls. How we pity those who must spend months, years, and even life terms paying the price for sin and crime. Yet we realize the justice and appreciate the law's protection which demands that sin and lawlessness shall be punished.

Listen! Do you live in a penitentiary? Do you know someone who does? No, this does not mean a state institution or a prison, but a prison in word only—a prison that an individual can make for himself when his stubborn will is the bar that shuts God out of his life. Then the life within, lives in a prison of spiritual darkness, hemmed in by cold, gray

walls of selfish willfulness. How many live in this bondage to sin!

When we yield our lives to the guidance of Jesus Christ, then we live in the sunlight. We are free; we live victoriously! For then we are doing as the wise man. We are building upon the rock that shall ever stand.

*Group sings chorus:* "Whosoever Will to the Lord May Come"

*A reading:*

### OUR BUILDING

Let us daily build our lives  
On Jesus, the Foundation sure,  
And throughout eternity  
Our building shall endure.  
Self-denial, consecration,  
Discipleship, we give,  
When to the Lord we offer  
The life we have to live.  
We honor Him and learn of Him,  
The One so meek and lowly.  
We progress in our Christian life.  
We strive to grow more holy.

One of the group steps forward and reads from the Bible:

I Corinthians 3:11, "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

I Timothy 6:19, "Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life."

*Closing hymn:* "Hiding in Thee"

*Benediction*

### SCHOOL DAYS

By Eloise Martin

#### PREPARATION:

*SKIT:* This little skit has nine major characters; namely, the teacher, the minister, and seven students. Ask all the other young people to be in the classroom; have as many as twenty, if possible.

*STAGE:* Set up the stage of the church to look like a classroom. Arrange the chairs in order, have a desk for the teacher, a blackboard, a world globe, maps, bookcase and any additional thing that you can use to make it seem more realistic.

*BOOKS:* Ask each one to bring several books with him. Ask each to cover one of his books with paper and entitle it, *Health and You*.

*POSTER:* A poster of the seven basic foods should be placed in a prominent place in the classroom where everyone can see it. A "Seven Basic Foods" poster can be obtained for 10c by ordering

from the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., or you may make a poster yourself. This can be done by cutting colorful pictures out of magazines. Paste them on a large piece of cardboard or poster paper in the following order:

- I. Meats and Eggs
- II. Fruits (citrus)
- III. Breads and Cereals
- IV. Vegetables (Green and Yellow Leafy)
- V. Milk
- VI. Potatoes (Other Vegetables and Fruits)
- VII. Fats and Sweets

*FOOD:* If you wish to use food in the program to stress the points more, you might use this suggestion; make out a list of the foods that will be used in the program and assign a certain food for each one to bring. This can serve a twofold purpose; first, the food may be used in the program and second, it may be given to the pastor or a needy family after the service. Arrange the food in a picnic basket, if possible, and place this on the teacher's desk.

*TEACHER:* Good morning, class. Is everyone feeling fine? That is wonderful! The sun is shining so beautifully, the birds are singing; we should be very happy. We have much for which to be thankful, don't we? (Teacher should have a roll book and call the roll, then conduct devotions which consist of reading a Bible story, singing a chorus or two, and having prayer.)

Did everyone eat a good breakfast this morning? Let me see your hands. Oh, you mean that over half of the class did not eat a good breakfast this morning? Johnny, what is your reason for not eating breakfast this morning? You know that it is very important for you to eat breakfast to feel well throughout the day and do your studies efficiently.

*JOHNNY:* I never eat breakfast, Mrs. Jones. I hate eggs.

*TEACHER:* But, Johnny, eggs contain protein, which is very essential for a healthy body. Let's begin our class studies today by reviewing for our test next Wednesday. This chapter has much material that we must cover, so let's discuss it thoroughly. Sue, what have we been studying for the past two weeks in our health book?

*SUE:* The seven basic foods—what they are and their functions.

*TEACHER:* Yes, that is right, Sue. Can you name all seven of them for us, Frank?

*FRANK:* Yes, I think so. Meats, eggs, fruits, green and yellow leafy vegetables, bread, sweets, vegetables, and (as if trying to think) oh, yes, and the last one is milk—how could I forget that one?

*TEACHER:* Thank you, Frank; that was a very good answer. Now, what is food? Boys and girls, it would be wise if you remembered this definition. Food is the fuel of living organisms. Everything must obtain food and assimilate it or suffer death. Bill, give us the types of food, and the function of each.



**BILL:** There are three types of food—carbohydrates, protein and fats. Carbohydrates furnish heat and energy; proteins are necessary for the building of protoplasm; and fats furnish energy and a reserve food supply.

**TEACHER:** Correct! Polly, name the first of the seven basic foods and give their use.

**POLLY:** Meat and eggs. These are very important because they contain protein which rebuilds our body. Also meat and eggs are very essential because they are rich in vitamin B, and vitamins are absolutely necessary for normal nutrition and growth. Lack of vitamins is the cause of diseases such as a sort of paralysis; this also affects the heart muscle and central nervous system.

**TEACHER:** Very good. I see that you have been reviewing already. Bob, name the second of the seven basic foods.

**BOB:** Fruits. This is the citrus type of fruit; for example, lemons, tangerines, oranges and grapefruits. These are very nourishing to the body. They contain much vitamin C, which prevents the disease of scurvy.

**TEACHER:** All right, we have the first two. Name the third one for us, Sally.

**SALLY:** Breads and cereals. These foods are very important in our diet as they give us energy and strength to work and play. Bread has been called the "staff of life." Bread and cereals are very rich in vitamin C. Some bulky food is needed for a complete diet.

**TEACHER:** Yes, without some bulk in our diet, our digestion would not function properly. Martha, name the fourth basic food and tell us its function, also.

**MARTHA:** Vegetables. This includes the green and yellow leafy vegetables such as lettuce, cabbage, asparagus, corn, brussels sprouts and cauliflower. These are essential because they contain vitamin C, also. Vitamin C is a disease fighter; it prevents scurvy, a disease which involves a partial destruction of the walls of the capillary blood vessels. Fresh cut grass is not likely to find a place in human diet, but it is amusing to know that it is possibly the richest of all plants in vitamin C, as it contains thirty-eight milligrams per pound. It is really more potent than orange juice. I remember Mother reading me a story once of some man in the Bible who ate grass; he might have lacked knowledge in some things, but at least he was on a healthy diet.

**TEACHER:** Yes, that man was Nebuchadnezzar, Martha. What you said is very true, and I agree wholeheartedly with you. Frank, name the fifth of the seven basic foods for us, will you?

**FRANK:** Milk. Umm. . . I like milk, too. It is good and also very healthful. It is essential to the natural growth of the body. Milk is rich in vitamin D. This is the vitamin that prevents the disease of rickets.

**TEACHER:** Yes, milk helps us to have pretty teeth and good strong

bones. Vitamin D contains calcium and phosphorus which are bone-building materials. Sonny, what is another of the basic foods?

**SONNY:** Other vegetables. These are such foods as potatoes, green beans, green peas, beets, and fruits such as strawberries, peaches, and apples. These are energy foods, especially for hard-working people. They are very rich in vitamin C, which strengthens the body against disease.

**TEACHER:** Very good; we're getting along fine. Let's see, we have listed all except one of the basic foods. June, would you tell us the last one?

**JUNE:** Sweets and fats. This group is my favorite, especially the sweets. Too much sweets may be harmful as well as too little. You should eat just the right amount because they are very fattening. Fats are essential, also, because they contain carbohydrates which furnish energy and heat for our bodies. Butter is a good example of fats, and some butter should be eaten each day.

**TEACHER:** Now, we have discussed the seven basic foods for the body. Boys and girls, do you understand the reason we should eat some of these foods each day? Do you have any questions you would like to ask in connection with this?

**PUGGY:** Teacher, just why do we need to eat?

**TEACHER:** Puggy, that is a good question. We need to eat to survive, also to build our bodies into healthy ones so that we can work, live and enjoy life.

(About this time a visiting minister walks in.)

**MINISTER BROWN:** Good morning, Mrs. Jones, boys and girls. I just dropped in to visit with you a little while.

**TEACHER:** Good morning! I'm certainly glad to see you. You're just in time to contribute to our discussion. The question is, why do we need a healthy body? Why would you say that we need to eat the right kinds of food to have a healthy body?

**MINISTER BROWN:** Well, let me think just a moment. Yes, I think I might be able to help. (Looks at the poster of the seven basic foods.) I see you have been studying the basic foods. In the Bible the number seven denotes completeness, and so it is with the food we eat. If we eat some of each, then our bodies are built up completely, as God wants them to be.

(Minister walks over to desk where the food is. As he picks up each item and explains it, he compares it to the spiritual life of a Christian.) He gives a little sermonette along with the object lesson.

Meat and eggs. Yes, these are very essential for the normal growth of the body. Jesus said, "My MEAT is to do the will of him that sent me," John 4:34. In our daily lives, boys and girls, we should show forth the FRUIT of the spirit, such as love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance (Galatians 5:22, 23). Jesus also said, "I am the BREAD of life,"

John 6:35. If you eat of this bread you will never hunger.

When we first become Christians, we need the sincere MILK of the word that we may grow thereby (I Peter 2:2). Also, we need to grow in the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. Green always denotes life and growing things. This could be compared to the green and yellow leafy vegetables. We need to eat some staple foods such as potatoes, and beans to give us strength to go out and work in the hottest or coldest days. Likewise, the Christian needs to put on the whole armor of God to fight against the forces of evil.

We also need a certain amount of sweets in our diet. The Lord preserveth the righteous. The word *preserve* means "kept with sugar." "O taste and see that the Lord is good." Fats are needed to give us energy, and the Word of God tells us that the liberal soul shall be made fat. Water is very essential for the human body; Jesus is the water of life. He that drinketh of this water shall never perish. Another important thing is, you must have these foods because they contain vitamins, and vitamins are absolutely necessary for nutrition and growth. So it is with the Christian. (Minister goes over to the blackboard and writes these down.)

Boys and girls, I want you to remember these vitamins with me. Vitamin A — Always abounding in the work of the Lord. Keeping our eyes on Jesus and never going down in despair.

Vitamin B — Body consecrated to Christ and His work (Romans 12:1).

Vitamin C — Christ-centered life.

Vitamin D — Deliverance of our souls and bodies from sins, fears, frustrations, and doubts through Christ; this makes sunlight to glow in our hearts and spread to others. Vitamin E — Enthusiastic Christian soul-winners, produce happiness in others by revealing the story of Jesus and His power to save.

Vitamin F — Faith, as of a mustard seed, will move mountains.

Vitamin K — Keeper of our souls through each trial. We can stop the powers of Satan with the blood of Jesus.

**TEACHER:** Thank you so much, Mr. Brown. I'm sure you have helped each one of us to see more clearly why we need a healthy body. Do you understand what Mr. Brown has told us?

**BOYS AND GIRLS:** Yes, and thank you, Mr. Brown. Come back again soon.

**JANE:** (raises hand)

**TEACHER:** Jane, do you have a question?

**JANE:** No, I just wanted to say that this review and Mr. Brown's explanation has helped me to understand that the Lord Jesus wants us to be healthy, and so He gives us knowledge so that we are able to take care of our bodies by eating the right kinds of food.

**TERRY:** Yes, and He has given us ministers, churches, the Bible and



teachers to tell us how to take care of our souls so we can go to heaven someday, hasn't He, Mrs. Jones?

TEACHER: Yes, Terry, that is exactly right. (Looking over at Mr. Brown) Mr. Brown, it has really been a pleasure and inspiration for you to stop by and visit with us today. Do come back again soon, won't you?

(Talking to class) Boys and girls, it is just about time for recess, but before we go, let's sing a chorus for Mr. Brown—"Jesus Loves Me." (The teacher and pupils sing.) Mr. Brown, will you pray for us? (Minister prays.) (After he finishes praying, have someone behind stage to ring a bell, and as the students start leaving the classroom, close the curtains.)

### THIS WE KNOW By Betty Jean Taylor Introduction

It is hard for the human mind to conceive of God in all of His illimitableness. However, like the poet Robert Browning, who so violently questioned the existence of God, we emerge from our questionings with a better understanding of God and His majesty. Let us, therefore, study three things we know about Him because we have questioned Him.

**First Speaker: WE KNOW THAT GOD IS!**

One scientist in the interest of science said, "We are ever in the presence of an infinite and eternal energy, from which all things proceed." The evolutionist who says that all life sprang from one living cell cannot explain the creation of the one cell. There is no need for us to become thwarted, however, because the first four words of Genesis provide the perfect answer—"In the beginning God." Science, history, nature, philosophy, and experience declare one divine, all-powerful, propelling force—God.

**Second Speaker: WE KNOW THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE GOD!**

There is only one universe; each animal in this universe has only one heart, one law, and one mind. In this universe there is only one nature, and in this universe there is room for only one God—God, the Father; God, the Son; God, the Holy Ghost. David declares in Psalm 86:10, "For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone." Isaiah proclaims in Isaiah 37:16, "O Lord of hosts, God of Israel, that dwellest between the cherubims, thou art the God, even thou alone, of all the kingdoms of the earth."

God speaking through Isaiah states in Isaiah 44:6, "I am the first, and I am the last; and beside me there is no God." In Isaiah 44:8b He declares, "Is there a God beside me? yea, there is no God; I know not any." In Isaiah 45:5a He states, "I am the Lord, and there is none else, there is no God beside me"; and in Isaiah 46:9 He says, "Remember the former things of old: for I am God, and there is none else; I am God, and there is none like me."

**Third Speaker: WE KNOW THAT GOD IS GREAT!**

God is infinite. He knows no limits. He is "the Creator," "the first," "the last," "the Rock," "my strength and my song, my salvation," "a buckler to all those that trust in Him," "my light," "my Redeemer," "a present help in the time of need," "a father of the fatherless," "a judge of widows," "no respecter of persons"; He is loving, good and holy. He is a God "of knowledge," "of judgment," and "of truth." He is a God of possessions, for David said, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein"; and "The day is thine, the night also is thine." When we consider the greatness of God, then with Isaiah of old we can say, "To whom then will ye liken God?"

### Conclusion

When we are confronted with satanic forces and our minds question God and His existence, we are not to become ashamed and desperate; but we are to stand still and see the glory of the Lord and know that the Lord, He is God.

### YOUTH OF THE CHURCH (Continued from page 9)

deliverance to their souls. A woman in China was told the story of Jesus by one of our soldiers who was there. As he told the story, she said, "You know, I have always believed there is Somebody like that, but nobody ever told me His name." His name is the sweetest name on earth, the name that brings music to troubled hearts, the name that stills the tempest of a distressed soul. They are waiting for someone to tell them the name.

The mission of the Church is to carry the gospel to all the world. If the Church ever carries out its mission, it must enlist the support of the young people who have the necessary potentialities in their possessions.

Find young persons who have consecrated their lives to God, who have the call of God in their lives and get them started carrying the gospel of Christ. Let's bring the young people to Christ with all their potentialities. Let us recognize that the Church has those instruments whereby those potentialities can be developed. We have the literature; we have the training program. When they see the objective is to evangelize the world in this generation, then they will get under the burden. They will study the Bible as if their lives depended on it. This generation will rise up to extend the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to a hungry, dying world. Do you believe it can be done? I believe it can be done.

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# We Must Continue to Grow

By O. W. POLEN, National Sunday School and Youth Director

**I**N CHRIST'S PLANNING, there was no provision made for retreat. While a review of the past year's accomplishments reflects splendid progress, we must never allow ourselves to become complacent. Our Sunday Schools must continue to increase in attendance and improve in organization. Our youth program in the local churches must become even more appealing to our youth if we would experience a greater increase in youth attendance.

With the increase in attendance, we must always be aware that our evangelistic opportunities have also increased. May God grant that the church year, 1956-57, will be our greatest for evangelistic results.

The growth of our Sunday School and youth work is contingent on several factors. A few of the important ones are mentioned here. Our people must have a mind to work. There must be a vision of the territory in our communities which still holds many who are "unreached," and we must put forth even more effort to reach these people through Sunday School visitation, Branch Sunday Schools, Home Extension Departments, and so forth, than ever before. We cannot relax our efforts. We must move out into greater areas of operation for Christ.

People who have a mind to work will first want to pre-

pare themselves to render an effective service. The "know-how" is one of the most important weapons a worker can have when battling the opposition that is bound to present itself when one aims to reach the lost.

*Workers' Training Course No. 1* for 1956 was studied by approximately 10,000 workers. *Workers' Training Course No. 2* for 1957, which will deal with the teacher, offers more of the "know-how" that many of our workers will be eager to acquire.

It is vitally important, if we are to do effective work with the "know-how" we acquire, that we have the leadership of the Holy Spirit. When the Holy Spirit directs our activities and anoints our workers for service, we will be amazed at the open doors we will find and through which we can successfully enter. The right approach will be made at the right time, and the response will be gratifying.

When the matter is summed up, growth is not something that we need experience quite by accident, only to realize it does not stay with us long. Growth in our Sunday Schools and youth work was ours yesterday. It is ours today. It can be ours tomorrow and throughout the future if we prepare ourselves for it. Growth, if carefully planned for and carefully guarded, can be ours for a long time!

## LEADERS IN ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for July, 1956

### SUNDAY SCHOOL

#### Group AA

North Carolina	18,000
Georgia	14,993
Tennessee	14,540
South Carolina	13,565
Florida	13,530

#### Group A

Ohio	6,516
Kentucky	6,425
Virginia	6,142
Texas	4,927
Mississippi	4,276

#### Group B

Michigan	4,473
California	3,878
Illinois	3,223
Pennsylvania	2,649
Missouri	2,608

#### Group C

Indiana	2,752
Maryland	2,371
Louisiana	1,881
Arizona	1,125

#### Group D

Kansas	1,036
Western Canada	495

#### Group E

North Dakota	472
Delaware	387
South Dakota	364
Montana	339
Idaho	338

#### Group F

New York	194
----------	-----

#### Group G

Central Canada	95
Minnesota	52

### Y.P.E.

#### Group AA

North Carolina	8,167
Georgia	7,719
Tennessee	7,604
Alabama	7,367
Florida	6,910

#### Group A

Kentucky	4,058
Ohio	3,850
Virginia	3,672
Texas	3,245
Mississippi	3,078

California	2,184
Illinois	2,151
Arkansas	1,838
Michigan	1,823
Missouri	1,596

#### Group C

Maryland	1,482
Indiana	1,281
Louisiana	1,147
Arizona	558

#### Group D

Kansas	485
Western Canada	202

#### Group E

Delaware	260
Montana	227
South Dakota	202
Nebraska	198
Colorado	196

#### Group F

New York	85
----------	----

#### Group G

Central Canada	90
Wyoming	28

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for July

Greenville (Tremont Avenue), S. C.	726
Kannapolis, N. C.	423
Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	414
North Chattanooga, Tenn.	403
Atlanta (Riverside), Ga.	371
Detroit (Tabernacle), Mich.	368
Cincinnati (12th & Elm), Ohio	345
Wilmington, N. C.	337
Sumiton, Ala.	329
Anderson (McDuffie Street), S. C.	323

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN Y.P.E. ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for July

Nicholls, Ga.	365
Beattyville, Ky.	289
Home for Children, Tenn.	249
Monroe, La.	225
Detroit (Tabernacle), Mich.	219
Lumberton, N. C.	188
Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	173
Whitwell, Tenn.	160
Paris, Texas	157
South Mt. Zion, Ga.	149

## NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENTS ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for July

Louisville (Faith Temple), Ky.	1,582
Greenville (Tremont Avenue), S. C.	1,104
Hagerstown, Md.	275
Birmingham (Pike Avenue), Ala.	263
Tampa, Fla.	252
Abingdon, Va.	243
Atlanta (Hemphill Avenue), Ga.	228
Lakeland, Fla.	189
Lynch, Ky.	173
Jacksonville, Fla.	161

## TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

South Carolina	52
West Virginia	35
Ohio	31
Florida	28
Virginia	24
Georgia	19
Alabama	18
California	18
North Carolina	17
Illinois	16
Missouri	16
Tennessee	16

## YOUTH STATISTICS This Month

Saved	2,430
Sanctified	1,080
Filled with Holy Ghost	819
Added to the Church of God	721
Since June 30, 1956	
Saved	2,430
Sanctified	1,080
Filled with Holy Ghost	819
Added to the Church of God	721

Branch Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1956	10
Branch Sunday Schools reported as of July 31, 1956	423
New Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1956	5
Total Sunday Schools (Branch and New) organized since June 30, 1956	15
New Y.P.E.'s organized since June 30, 1956	3



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NOVEMBER, 1956

# The LIGHTED

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*"Lord, we thank  
Thee."*





# For This I Am Thankful

By JUANELLE WILLIAMS

**H**OW MANY TIMES A day am I reminded of the wonderful and miraculous deeds of the great God whom I serve? A hundred—maybe a thousand—perhaps more if I would stop and thank Him for everything I see which He provides and freely gives. He has only to touch the leaves and turn them to gold, brown, or red, and to look at them is to look at lovely splashes of color that only God can create. Each day He fires the sun with life-giving light and glory, and when night falls He lights each tiny star-candle like so many precious diamonds in a field of soft blue-black velvet. To stand on a high hill and look down at winding ribbons of silver which finally empty themselves into the blue rolling seas, to enjoy the mountains and valleys, to feel the gentle breeze as it caresses my face, all these things remind me constantly of how thoughtful God was in giving to mankind such a marvelous world to enjoy during our brief stay here. My thankfulness to Him is heightened on Thanksgiving Day, a gentle reminder that we must daily give thanks for creation.

The orphan boy or girl would indeed feel wealthy were he able to say, "Goodnight, Mother," or "Hello, Dad." How fortunate I am to be able to return from school to a warm, cheerful home, with the shining faces of brothers and sisters and the loving glance of Mom and Dad. The touch of mother's hand on a fevered brow, the beaming face of a proud dad when you have accomplished something trivial, yet so important to you, are worth more than the combined treasure of earth. God in His infinite wisdom forged a bond of love in the hearts of parents that is unbreakable and will last to eternity. As children we transgress and err, but just as God forgives the penitent sinner, so do we always find understanding and kindness in the home circle. Thanksgiving Day reminds me I should be thankful for the home in which I can spend it and the family with which I can spend it.

The beauty of nature and the blessings of home would be worthless and nonexistent had not God given His only Son, who made the supreme sacrifice that enables you and me to have eternal life. Living in this twentieth century of luxurious, carpeted church buildings, trained choirs and split-second preaching, we are apt to forget the years of toil, heartache, and bloodshed behind us that give us the privilege of hearing the life-giving words of salvation. This Thanksgiving Day takes me back to Calvary, where I see the scene; soldiers who bicker and quarrel, people who look on with various degrees of interest, the disciples who suffer each in his own way, loyal Christian women who grieve sadly, and Mary, the mother of Jesus, whose heart is broken. These things I look at once more, but my eyes leave them and my attention is focused on the cross, and the Son of God gives His life for mine! That, above all, makes Thanksgiving Day real to me, and while I spend this day in thought and meditation, I will close my eyes with each nightfall and whisper a prayer of thankfulness that never ends for life's greatest blessing, eternal life through Jesus Christ, our Lord!

## CONGRATULATIONS!

The many friends of Duby Boyd will be very interested and happy to learn she is associated with the *Frontiersman*, the local newspaper in Palmer, Alaska. Actually, Duby is to serve as editor of a separate news section sponsored by the businessmen and printed by the *Frontiersman*. Our congratulations, Duby!

# The **LIGHTED** Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

LEWIS J. WILLIS, Editor

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Editor-in-Chief  
Church of God Publications

ALDA B. HARRISON  
Editor Emeritus  
The LIGHTED PATHWAY

Vol. 27

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## "Thy Word Is a Light Unto My Path"

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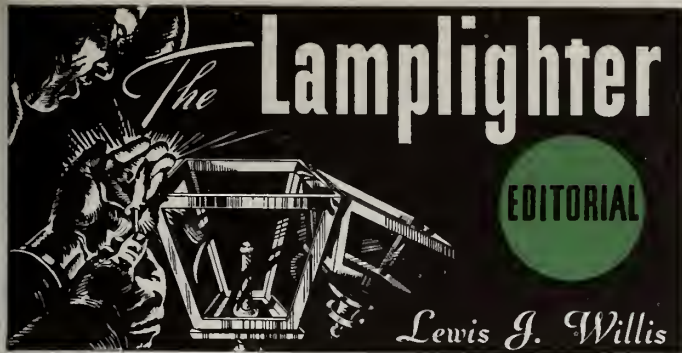
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NOTE: Because of the unusual response given the following composition when it appeared in an earlier edition, I am presenting it again with the prayer it will prove inspirational to many.

## I'm Thankful

### FOR DEITY

I looked toward the heavens and was enthralled by the stupendous beauty of the heavenly galaxy.

Standing on the seaside, I gazed in awe as the mighty bosom of the deep breathed steadily and caused the surf to come crashing shoreward with its thundering glory.

Before me stretched the rugged face of the Rockies with towering peaks and deep-cut canyons.

Then, there was the desert like a shimmering blanket of diamonds in the sunlight.

Inhabiting the land was the deer, the antelope, and the elk, the eagle, the flamingo, and the sparrow.

I took a long look and thankfully knew that God made it all and tenderly cared for His creation—even the sparrow and me.

### FOR HUMAN LIFE

Yesterday it was a splash of flame baptized in sweetest perfume—a rose. Today it droops among its thorns with luster gone—a dying memory.

I saw him lift high a noble head and fling a silken mane—an aristocrat. But then, there he was leaning heavily and sweatily to pull a plow—a beast of burden.

Borne on mighty wings he lifted himself to keep company with the clouds—an eagle. Yet when at last he came home it was but a crag on a dismal mountain peak—solitude.

There he was a flash of silver against blue waters—a tarpon. As he leaped high into the air again I saw a lure held him fast—a fisherman's prize.

Meditating about it all, I realized with deep thanksgiving that I possessed a higher, different life, for God had created me—a man.

### FOR LOVE

Created in the throes which taste of death is a love unlike all others, for it is born with the child who is a part of her—the mother.

The love for a young man blossomed in youth to separate her from home and parents, and it matured through the years, keeping her faithful through sickness and health, poverty and prosperity—a wife.

"He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends"—the Saviour.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not

perish, but have everlasting life"—the Father.

One need only view the fruition of this mighty force to know it is more than an emotion. It originates from eternity—from God, for indeed "God is love."

### FOR IMMORTALITY

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

"So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

## Plans for 1957

Rather elaborate plans are being made for the 1957 editions of the LIGHTED PATHWAY. A great deal of thought, investigation and prayer have gone into these plans. Foremost always in our planning have been our readers and our responsibility to them. We believe that the changes to be made beginning with the January issue will add greatly to an already fine magazine.

Because we have a magazine officially accepted as our youth program manual, it seems practical to remove the Bible Lessons from the LIGHTED PATHWAY. The Pilot is our official youth program manual and is doing a superb job. Most of our churches are receiving the Pilot for their youth services. The Pilot may be ordered from the Church of God Publishing House for fifty cents per copy or two dollars per year.

On the pages which have heretofore carried Bible Lessons, we expect to offer Sunday School helps. Information of interest will be given to Sunday School superintendents, teachers, departmental officers, etc. Messages from your national Sunday School offices and Sunday School literature offices will be featured. Discussions on a variety of subjects pertinent to Sunday School work and workers will be given.

Some of the new features to appear in the LIGHTED PATHWAY are: (1) a question-answer feature dealing with those questions which perplex young people today; (2) a doctrinal study written for young people on their level and in their language; (3) a biographical feature on persons who have been prominent in the development of our Church; (4) a testimony of salvation by selected young persons; (5) an interview with prominent persons on pertinent subjects; (6) human interest stories from here and there across the land. We believe that these features will make a commendable editorial contribution to the LIGHTED PATHWAY and hope they will be well-received on the field.

Comments from our readers are requested. Naturally, we appreciate any compliment you may make, but we are also anxious for your suggestions as to how the magazine can be made to serve you better. We also depend on your prayers for us that we shall be yielded to the Spirit of Christ that His will may be done through the pages of the LIGHTED PATHWAY.





# *an* AFTERNOON WITH MOLLIE

By Alice Whitson Norton

*Julia's afternoon with Mollie proved to be a "real eye-opener." Her experiences taught her the basis of true thanksgiving.*

**M**OLLIE GREEN stopped a battered car in front of the Dutton's shiny new brick house and tooted the horn three times. A moment later Julia Dutton, groomed in keeping with her swanky new home, came hurrying down the walk.

"If you don't mind, Mollie," she said in a bored tone of voice, "I won't go this afternoon. I need to do some shopping downtown."

"But I do mind," Mollie answered; "this is the afternoon you promised to visit the shut-ins with me, and our president will expect a report of the visit."

"You could do just as well going by yourself, Mollie, and considering the frame of mind I'm in —"

"Maybe you'll change your mind," Mollie laughed, "after you've had a few visits with people who really need cheering up."

"That's just it," Julia protested; "I don't want to visit folks who need cheering up. I want to be cheered myself."

Mollie swung the door open and Julia reluctantly got in. Mollie could tell by the expression on her face the mission ahead was not Julia's idea of a pleasant afternoon.

"Will it take very long?" Julia asked, as the little car stopped for the first red light.

"I dare say the afternoon will be behind us when we return," Mollie answered.

"Seems to me," Julia said presently, "we might think of a better method than going ourselves into the huts and hovels to carry cheer."

Mollie gave the speaker a quick glance. She had never heard Julia Dutton talk like that before, and instantly Mollie knew something out of the ordinary was disturbing Julia.

"What's troubling you?" Mollie





"This is Mrs. Walton's little home," Mollie said, "and a sweeter place in the whole wide world I do not know."

illustrated by w. ellip ambrose

asked, with a whimsical smile curving her full lips.

"Who said I was troubled?" Julia countered.

"Little bird told me," Mollie chuckled, "so don't try denying it."

"Sometimes I almost hate you, Mollie," Julia answered in a softer tone of voice, "the way you have of looking through me. All your life," she went on thoughtfully, "you have been able to read my moods."

"Generally I've been able to help you out of them, too, haven't I?" Mollie asked jokingly.

"You never tried taking me out visiting the shut-ins before, to do it," Julia retorted.

"A new experience always bears fruit," Mollie laughed, "and really, some of the folks we are visiting this afternoon are wonderful—particularly Mrs. Walton, a little paralytic."

"Mrs. Walton," Julia repeated, "I seem to recall a woman by that name in church a few years ago."

"Right," Mollie answered, "Mrs. Walton joined the church seventy years ago—a girl of fifteen. Now she is eighty-five and confined to a wheel chair, but she really accomplishes more in a wheel chair than many folks do on two feet. You'll forget your grouch after you've visited with Granny Walton for awhile."

"I know I shouldn't be disagreeable ever," Julia answered, "because I have so much to make a woman happy, but Joe told me at breakfast this morning we wouldn't be able to take

our usual Florida trip this winter. He's having to help his mother now, or bring her to live with us. And Tommy has to have his tonsils out and Becky wants a fur coat."

"And all you've got to do is see that everything goes off right," interrupted Mollie.

"I don't have to worry about the finances," Julia admitted, "but if you think managing a family of four is an easy task — then you — you —" Suddenly Mrs. Dutton paused and a sickly grin rimmed her face. "Excuse me, Mollie," she said softly, "I lost sight of the fact that you not only manage a family of four, but lend a hand to their support."

"I love to work for and with my family," Mollie answered, "And sewing, even though it is a tedious job — I love it. And the money I am able to earn with my hands helps out materially. Only this morning my husband said we'd have to go to the poorhouse if it weren't for me."

Mrs. Dutton gave the neatly tailored dress Mollie wore a glance and then sank a bit more comfortably into the faded cushion of Mollie's car.

WELL, HERE WE ARE for our first visit," Mollie announced, as she brought the little car to a full stop before a large residence with a boarding and lodging sign in the front window.

"Who lives here?" Julia asked soberly.

"Caleb Jones," Mollie answered.

"Remember the little old man who came to church Sunday mornings for years wearing a white carnation in his buttonhole?"

"Thought he was dead long ago," Julia grunted.

"Not yet," Mollie answered, "but heaven will be a better place when his spirit gets there."

Inside the gray walls, Julia shook hands with the shut-in. She was awed to see the eager light in his eyes when Mollie handed him a new biography of Andrew Jackson.

"No finer man than Jackson ever lived," chuckled the old man. "I never tire reading about him."

For thirty minutes Julia sat listening to a string of merry chatter, in which she realized Mollie had related every incident connected with the church dinner — and for the first time missed by the little shriveled-up figure on the bed.

"I feel that I almost attended that banquet in person," he commented, when Mollie stopped, "and I am so grateful for the details you gave me about it."

The next stop was made at a small drugstore where a blind woman operated a candy counter. Watching her sensitive hands feel for the various objects ordered by her customers and her fingers counting the change correctly, brought a strange hurt into Julia's heart. Somehow, the trivial things she had found to irritate and disturb her life suddenly seemed of little account.

"It takes little things like this, Mollie," (Continued on page 20)





# "count them often"

By CHESTER SHULER

SOME PLACE—TO—LIVE!" panted Dan as he paused on the steep incline and reached a hand to Doris. "Poor Jim."

"We have something for which to be thankful," Paul agreed, as he and Ann gained the shabby, unpainted porch of Jim's house. "Thankful for nicer places to live, at least."

While the four paused to recover breath, Paul lowered his tone. "Look," he said, "let's try to say only cheerful things to the poor guy. If we had to be cooped up half this long, I'm sure we would appreciate a little sunshine from someone. Jim's a great fellow, too; I surely feel sorry for him."

"What shall we do?" whispered Ann. "Sing for him?"

Paul nodded. "If it suits. Jim used to like singing. I recall that he was in a quartet before his accident."

"We can sing some sacred numbers which we're going to do at the Y.P.E. service, can't we?" asked Doris. "We may not know them too well yet, but—"

"They'll do. Let's go inside."

A weak voice called in response to their knock, and they found Jim in bed. His pale face lighted with a smile of welcome.

"This is great! Welcome to our mansion," he sang out. "Good to see you again. How are you, anyhow? Well, I hope."

"We're fine, Jim," said Dan.

"So glad to hear it. You know, I've just been here looking out the window at the beautiful blue sky, and asking the Lord if He wouldn't find someone to send around and chat a little while." Jim's smile widened. "He surely does answer prayer in a hurry sometimes, doesn't He?"

"We were out for a little hike and decided to stop and see how you are doing, Jim," Paul told him, cheerfully. "Sure must be tough to lie there so long during this lovely weather. But then you seem to be your own cheerful self, just the same."

JIM'S BEAMING SMILE did not indicate any trace of self-pity as he said, "Oh, I'd enjoy getting out of doors, all right. But really, it's not half bad here, Paul. Could have been so much worse, you know. I don't see how I escaped being killed in that wreck." Jim pointed to several chairs and a box. "Have the overstuffed chairs, girls. Sorry the stuffing's not so thick in the one."

They all laughed, and Ann exclaimed, "Tell me, Jim, how do you do it?"

"Do what, Ann?"

"Keep so cheerful when you have—well, when you must stay indoors like this, and—Why, if I had to do this, I'd—"

"You'd do it just as well, Ann," Jim chuckled. "At first I found it a little irksome, but later, after I'd invented my new game, it wasn't half bad, and—"

"Your new game? What game is that, Jim?"

"I call it my game of 'Count Them Often,'" Jim said, smiling. "Sounds silly, doesn't it? You see, it's just lying here and counting the blessings God has sent into my life—past, present. And sometimes I even try to figure out some He may send in the future, too. It's fun. Anyway, it helps pass the time."

"That's a great idea, Jim," Dan said. "But I doubt that I'd get very far with it if I were in your place."

"Sure you would, Dan. You probably could think up a lot of blessings. After my accident things looked plenty dark. Self-pity was getting me down, and I knew I had to do something. This little game seemed to work."

Ann said, "I'm too busy, usually, even to think of counting my blessings. I should be ashamed to admit it. I doubt that any of the girls in my office ever so much as think of their blessings. But they surely do talk about their misfortunes, aches, disappointments, and things like that."

Jim smiled. "I know. I was too busy, also, before my accident. I got my eyes off the Lord. Now, lying here on my back it's easier to look up. Maybe God had to knock me down. Anyway, my accident and pain have come to be listed as 'blessings.'"

"You list *those* as blessings, Jim?" asked Doris.

"Surely. I was thinking too much about my job, making money, sports, and other things. Had little time left to think about God, although I've been a professing Christian for ten years or so. That's why I think perhaps God had to let this happen to me so that I would look up to Him again."

NONE OF THE four callers could think of any reply to that, but all knew it was reasonable.

"Jim," said Paul finally, "you make me feel ashamed of myself. If you have blessings to count, I ought to have many, many more."

"I'm sure I do plenty of complaining about the blessings which I *don't* have," said Ann. "How about a few songs, Jim? Could you endure us?"

Jim chuckled and fumbled among some papers on his bed. "Where is my Blessing Register? Here it is. Down goes a brand-new blessing—hearing you sing. Go to it—and thanks a million!"

Jim jotted a few words on his "register," then lay back to enjoy the singing.

After two or three hymns had been rendered, he said,

(Continued on page 26)





# Lest We Forget!

By KATHERINE BEVIS

**F**ACED WITH ALL the confusions, uncertainties and threats of the present world, we are sometimes tempted to agree with those who say that the reason for our great difficulties is that our problems are so different from those which faced other generations of our people. This is as someone has said, "A too easy rationalization; it is defeatism."

Comfortably seated in a centrally heated room, we forget those early days of our forefathers. In those early days there was no easy way of doing things. The Pilgrims who sailed the Atlantic seeking religious freedom, the pioneers who cleared the wilderness and crossed the continent, all the men and women who created America, built with their hands and their backs and their hearts, with muscle and sinew and courage. Theirs was not an easy task; they faced the problems of their day, bringing to America a gift of traditions, which is our duty and pleasure to treasure and keep alive.

A traditional *faith* in God, as demonstrated by the founders of our country, is something that we, when faced with the problems of our day, should never allow ourselves to forget. It is up to us to carry this tradition of *faith* into the future—to do our duty to God and to those about us.

Today some folk must have an abundance beyond their needs to be thankful. This is a strange contrast with Governor Bradford's surroundings at his thanksgiving time more than three hundred years ago. They were surrounded with their dead, their meager crops, unfriendly Indians, and poor climate, but they were thankful.

Are you sincerely thankful?

Does your heart, like Paul's, go out in gratitude to Him who has blessed you with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Paul taught the Philippians, "With thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." Even Jonah said, "I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving."

The Psalmist said, "I will bless the Lord at *all* times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth" (Psalm 34:1). Are we guilty of forgetting to praise God?

*The Literary Digest* of September 15, 1923, said: "History knows no disaster which parallels the earthquake

and fire that laid waste the capital city and the five chief cities of Japan. . . . The 45,000 square miles were covered with lava, including the five chief cities of Japan, containing 7,000,000 people. The Red Cross estimated that 300,000 people died. Food and clothing, medicines and supplies to the total of ten million dollars were sent."

The *International News Service* said again and again, "Japan will NEVER forget!"

Only eighteen years later, however, on December 7, 1941, came that terrible day—Pearl Harbor. Japan *did* forget!

Have we been guilty of forgetting Christ? Just what is *our* attitude toward the God who "so loved the world"—you and me—that "he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Fuller says, "Ingratitude is a fault never found alone. It is always attended with other vicious evils that go hand in hand with it."

Luke lists ingratitude with evil, for God "is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil" (Luke 6:35).

**THIS IS A TIME** for THANKSGIVING! Throughout the English-speaking world, one day is set aside in which we give thanks. Yes, in a social order obsessed by grasping greed, we take time out to give thanks for the good things of life that have been bestowed upon us. Amidst men and institutions beset by extremes of selfishness, we proclaim *Thanksgiving*, a day on which we offer thanks to the Giver of all good gifts.

However, what about the other 364 days of the year? Lest we forget, let us then enter "into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise" every day in the year.

The Japanese are not the only ones who have overlooked and are today overlooking past mercies. Long ago the Lord said of Israel, "My people have forgotten me days without number" (Jeremiah 2:32). God blessed them, but they forgot Him.

Lest we forget, let us begin *today* to "give thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Ephesians 5:20).



WE ARE FACING the sun, and our eyes do not see far into the distance. Though we sense a deep golden hue in distant surrounding beauties of nature, it is not possible to stop for long because there is a plane to meet—flight 851, Pan-American World Airways, August 29, 11:00 a.m.

Traveling through the United States to meet a plane to begin a journey to a new land is a strange, yet breathtaking experience. Fortunately, the trip was begun soon enough that we might see some of America's beautiful scenes as we continue west to get east. We travel from mountains to rolling farm land, across the Mississippi, over some hills down to the flat country, then across the desert country, desolate and vast yet strikingly beautiful. On toward the great Pacific Ocean into the setting sun, we go to the land of the Shinto shrines.

Constantly we think: we are leaving all of this land and wide-open space to intrude upon a country with a severe population problem. We will be living on the island of Honshu where most of Japan's 90,000,000 people reside.

By

ROBERT STEVENS

# To the Land of Shinto

*Beginning a series  
of articles depicting  
the deep, inner emotions  
and thoughts of  
young missionaries leaving  
their homeland, and their  
exciting experiences  
en route and abroad.*

Can there be any trees? Is there any space to breathe? Surely the people there must be standing arm and arm, neck and neck—two more people to squeeze in—what effect will this addition have upon such a crowded country?

Really, it is not like that at all, but being an American with open space everywhere, one naturally looks upon such a different panorama with a deep sense of sympathy and concern. One almost feels that Japan would not be a place for one who was a victim of claustrophobia.

Constantly we have felt we want to fix all the scenes permanently in our minds. To look around and see the fleeting scenes go by, knowing it is probably the last time we will see them for six or seven years, gives us a new sensation. America is a more beautiful place when you are about to leave it for a long time. You cannot help straining your eyes to get one last look.

That is the way it was at home just before leaving; you wanted to remember the old familiar scenes of childhood, the high school where you graduated, the barber shop where you always got your hair cut, the store on the corner where you bought candy and bubble gum, then the church where you in Sunday School, primary department, were taught about all the little children of the world, red and yellow, black and white. All these places you want to remember just as they are, so your eyes are strained as you look one more time.

Why leave? Surely there is some place nearby to work in the Lord's vineyard. Then you can go back every now and then. Too, by staying, the wonderful fellowship of ministers, friends, and family can still be yours.



It is this loss of fellowship and growth with those who are growing that seems to haunt you most. The flesh cries out and even you catch yourself asking, Why? But, there is a reason.

Just yesterday in Arizona I looked out the window and there was a duplicate of the Lord's Supper; the scene was called the Garden of Gethsemane. This replica represents the real reason.

**THERE WAS A GARDEN**, a cup and a prayer for Jesus. Certainly there was a garden and a cup for the Father. For each Christian there seems to be a cup of sorrow at some time in his life. For some there are many cups.

Knowing constantly since I was ten years old I would be a missionary, somehow I never suspected there would be such mixed, somehow incomprehensible, emotions within me. The day my wife and I found out for sure it was designated officially that we would go to Japan, there came a feeling almost akin to despair; yet quickly we were overwhelmed with a calm, contented spirit of resignation to do what, in a sense, we felt we wanted to do.

There was some indescribable emotion that was only discovered gradually, and then later at intervals was completely integrated into willingness; finally the feeling became an intense desire to go to Japan as an ambassador for Christ.

That hidden something was what I called our little cup of sorrow. It was while around the family altar that the deep remorsefulness suddenly was realized as a cup that was not pleasant to drink, yet necessary. The example of Jesus in the garden became my only path to light.

With the help of God, my companion and I prayed simply, yet very sincerely, "Father, if it be possible, pass this cup from us; nevertheless, not our will, but thine be done." Day after day, week after week, and month after month it was softly upon our lips.

It was God's will that we leave our friends, fellow ministers, and families to go to Japan.

One day several months ago a great blessing from heaven became the present of a hungry soul. Sometime between one Friday afternoon and the next Sunday, dedication to God's complete will became ours.

What seemed to be a cup of sorrow became a goblet of happiness and joy. Drinking it was an experience filled with secret satisfaction that cannot be uttered.

Now we pray: Lord, who hath been the greatest light of all the world, shine through us and help us to arrive quickly in our new vineyard, that we might be the children of light to men in darkness, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

**RAPIDLY THE TIME** is passing, and what used to be the future has become the present. When we were in Los Angeles on our way to San Francisco, I saw the outstanding Persian Park in the city's center. This place was a scene that for me will never be forgotten. Along the walks paraded men of all creeds, nationalities and races. Many of them were cluttered at various corners of the park trying to find happiness. Some were singing, others preaching, and there was even a group mocking those whom they saw. One could not help feeling that here was a group of ill-fated humans who had somehow missed the right mark in life. There they stood next to one another, beggars and hobos, merchants and

people of leisure, all trying to find happiness the same way.

An empty feeling with fluttered spurts of anxiety gripped me. Could this scene be characteristic only of America? Are there unhappy people all over the world? Have they all heard of the message of Jesus? Do they know of an experience with Christ? What kind of people will walk the streets of Tokyo? Will they be happy or sad?

Seeing all of these things with the flavor of a soon departure in the back of my mind somehow made an impression with weight upon me. These whom I saw were people, and people are the same everywhere.

On to San Francisco we traveled. Arriving at the airport that evening we went by the Cow Palace and on to town by the freeway. As we first saw the lights of the city, there was a sudden response that gripped the aesthetic properties of my soul.

Suddenly we went over a hill, around a curve, and there it was; the sight was almost more than the eye could take at first. Then small objects began to seem important, and you overcame your first emotion of San Francisco at night. Here was one of the most beautiful cities that I had ever beheld.

Then came that question: will there be something like this over there?

We knew we would soon find out, for tomorrow was flying time. We took just one last look at the city by going to Chinatown. We were amused with the lights, the curios, and the people. One thought permeated our minds about the trinkets which we saw. Most of them were made in Japan. Of course, we swelled with pride to see so many beautiful little trinkets and art goods coming from what would soon be our new home.

We hurried back to the motel to finish packing so we would be ready the next morning. One last check—passports, yes; visas, yes; health cards, yes; tickets, yes. Everything looked in order.

After thinking for a little while, we became a bit irritated. It had just occurred to us that we spent our last night in the United States in Chinatown, and did not buy chop suey for dinner. I ate a large steak because I have heard steaks were not too plentiful in Japan.

**NIGHT HAD PASSED.** We rushed to the airport, but after another check, we found two documents were missing, our world health cards. Would they vaccinate us and give us our shots all over again? What a misfortune! Let me look again. They were in between some odd papers. A great joy flowed through us to know we had found what we had lost.

Finally, our initial overseas travel has begun and I am writing now some 20,000 feet high in the Stratocruiser *Monarch of the Sky*. In front of us are two Southern Baptist missionaries going to Indonesia. On our left is an exchange teacher going to Hawaii; incidentally, she is a lady from our home town, but whom we have never met. Further over is a woman going on her second honeymoon. It is the first time she has left her children since they came; her husband flew earlier. In another seat is a world traveler, a French newspaper correspondent who is going to Japan.

All we can see now are the clouds of white and the blue of the ocean and space below. What lies ahead or even down below we do not know, but the propellers are turning, and the Lord willing we will soon get there.

Next stop—Honolulu.



EVERYONE WAS VERY proud of the attractive new Workers' Training Course No. 1 book when it was first introduced. This was understandable because the book—a hard-back cover, blue in color with printing in gold—was most appealing, and, too, it was the first Sunday School workers' training course book ever published by the Church of God. To those who purchased the book and examined its contents, there was an even greater thrill. Inside its covers were inspiring and helpful instructions for those interested in knowing all about the Sunday School program. A brief history of the Sunday School movement in general was included, as well as a brief history of the Church of God Sunday School program.

The statement that interest was great in W.T.C. No. 1 (Workers' Training Course No. 1) is confirmed by the fact that approximately 10,000 Sunday School workers have studied this course which was introduced the latter part of 1955. This course of study was designed to acquaint our Sunday School workers with the Church of God Sunday School program in general. New church buildings, new classes, more teachers, larger Sunday School attendance and better Sunday School organization are only a few of the many favorable reports that have been received in the national office from the many churches throughout the nation which have conducted a workers' training program sometime during 1956.

What lies ahead with reference to this workers' training course program? Is it to stop with W.T.C. No. 1? The answer is "NO!"

By O. W. POLEN

National Sunday School and Youth Director

Five - Year

Cycle Planned For

AS PLANNED by the National Sunday School and Youth Board, the new workers' training course program will be arranged in a five-year cycle, which means the complete course of study will cover a five-year period. W.T.C. No. 1, which was prepared as the first year's course in the five-year cycle, has already been taken by several thousand Sunday School workers. W.T.C. No. 2, which will be introduced in time for study during January, 1957 (January is designated as workers' training course month each year), will deal entirely with the "Sunday School Teacher." W.T.C. No. 3, which is planned for introduction in 1958, will be centered around the "Sunday School Student." The subject of W.T.C. No. 4, to be prepared for the year 1959, will be "Sunday School Evangelism." Ending the five-year cycle will be W.T.C. No. 5, which will be captioned "Keeping the Sunday School Alive" and introduced in 1960.

Those who complete each year's course will receive an attractive certificate with the year in which the certificate was awarded imprinted on it. Those who complete the five-year training course cycle will receive a beautiful diploma, printed in gold. When the first five-year cycle has been completed, Workers' Training Course No. 1 will again become the current course for 1961, thus ushering in another five-year cycle. Those who take the courses again will receive a gold seal to be placed on their diploma, thus indicating they have taken a refresher course.

A most attractive color scheme for the certificates and textbooks has been planned for each year of the five-year training course cycle. The color of the textbook and the certificate will be the same. This arrangement is as follows:

Course No. 1 (1956)	blue
Course No. 2 (1957)	red
Course No. 3 (1958)	green
Course No. 4 (1959)	brown
Course No. 5 (1960)	yellow

The year in which a course is taken will be printed on the certificate, even though the course taken by a worker is not the one being promoted in the current year.

The Church of God Workers' Training Course program is providing, for the first time, Sunday School study courses written by our own outstanding Sunday School leaders. These writers are personally acquainted, by means of past experience and present contact, with the problems of Sunday School work.

It is felt that each Sunday School-minded person in the Church of God will want to be the proud possessor of a W.T.C. certificate for each year of the five-year cycle, as well as the diploma indicating he has taken all five courses.

SEVERAL THOUSAND workers have already received a certificate for completing W.T.C. No. 1 and, as indicated by the letters and inquiries received in the

(Continued on page 26)

# Sunday School Workers' Training Course Program



# Praise In Song

*is another way to  
offer thanksgiving.*

By MONNA GAY



**W**HAT WOULD THE world be like without music—songs of praise, sacred music?

Church music has played varied parts in the drama of the centuries. For a long time in the early years of the Christian Church, musical instruments were banned from all religious services. This was because these instruments were so closely associated with pagan worship.

Heathen revelries used the old Roman water organ to add to their celebrating. So much did these organs become a part of the merrymaking that our pious church fathers refused even to allow them in the sanctuary.

Our New England fathers, the Puritans, for this same reason, prohibited the use of musical instruments in their services, favoring instead the "lining out" of Psalms for the solemn intonation.

We are told that, symbolic of the sorrow of the Tomb, many Catholics omit all instrumental music from their Passion Week services. Then on the Resurrection morn, the organ bursts forth in joyous proclamation.

For centuries past now, music has been an impressive element of worship in the church. Devout Christians who were also song leaders and writers, in order to give the gospel songs good melody, brought in tunes from secular life, such as some tunes adapted from Stephen Foster.

Back in the Middle Ages, however, this was done under much more confusing circumstances. Then the choirs sang what were known as motets, which were written for several parts. The Christian composers would select melodies from the street songs, and after giving the melody to the tenors, they would weave around it other tunes for the sopranos, altos, and basses.

Some of the more sensitive members, however, found much fault with this practice, for as the other voices sang their parts, the tenors would be singing the words of the street song. Even with the criticism from the more

pious ones, the congregation as a whole put up with this violation so that they might have the beautiful melodies.

The Christians of the primitive church sang their simple hymns, but as more ritual was put into the services during the Middle Ages, their music also took on this tone. Because the chants were too difficult for the entire congregation to learn well enough to sing them as they should be sung, trained choirs took on the singing. These voices were all male voices, with the younger boys supplying the soprano parts.

THE REFORMATION, though, gave the music of the church back to the people, for Martin Luther was a musician as well as a theologian. He immediately went about replacing the more difficult chants with simple tunes. These tunes, set with sacred words, were called chorals. So simple were they that all sang, and so blessed were the people of this day with their simple sacred songs that Luther declared, "I give music the next place and the highest honor, after theology. The people must be allowed to express the worship in their hearts."

Back in the Old Testament days, the Hebrew people were singers. They would gather together, form two groups, then sing antiphonally. One group standing on the west side of the tabernacle would sing out, "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good," and those gathered on the east side would sing back, "For his mercy endureth for ever." Thus the Psalms were sung in this manner with the entire congregation taking part.

That glorious German chorale "*Ein Feste Burg*," or "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," is generally attributed to Luther, but it is far from a relic of the sixteenth century. "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" has played and will play a glorious part in our worship.

A German refugee professor tells this story—the story of a people in the blackness of Hitler's domination. In a great hall in Berlin, tens of thousands were assembled for a religious service. Just as the service was getting under way, Gestapo agents stormed into the hall.

Taking over the platform, one of the agents ordered "Quiet," as he screamed out, "Now, I am sure you see that this God you have been worshiping is nothing but a myth. Hitler is your god! He will give you what you need."

The Gestapo agent's demand was given with authority, and the people gathered there knew that they must give an answer. Without a moment's hesitation the entire group, as in one voice and as though it had been all

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# APPLES OF GOLD

By ESTHER MILLER PAYLER

*Words of thanks and thanksgiving  
are like "apples of gold" and perhaps  
considerably more valuable.*

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." So says Proverbs. You may give out many "apples of gold" daily in spite of the state of your purse.

How many times a word of appreciation or gratitude has made you happy! You can pass on this happiness to others by watching for chances to do the same for them. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you" is a true Christian spirit.

Ann was critical before her conversion. "It is hard to like Ann," said one of her co-workers, "because she is so sharp-tongued and always so critical." That was before her conversion. After giving her heart to the Lord, this was the fault she tried most to correct. Every time she "felt a critical remark coming on," she substituted some word of praise or appreciation for it, until it became a habit. Everyone noticed the change in her, and she herself was happy where she had been discontented before.

Jim built up a Sunday School class of Intermediates by watching for opportunities to hand out "apples of gold." When one of the teen-agers made a good report to the class, prepared his lesson extra well, or received any school honor, Jim sent a note or made a telephone call. When any of the pupils were ill or there was sorrow or trouble in the family, Jim was there not only with words of sympathy but willing to help.

Al and Judy have kept their married life happy by expressing appreciation and praise to each other when

they are alone together as well as in the presence of others.

One of the women's societies of the church was always having difficulty until Margery became president. By her example of only speaking about the pleasant things, and complimenting, and not finding fault and stirring up jealousy, this group worked together harmoniously. "Apples of gold" are a wonderful lubricant in helping people get on together in a Christian way, of "in honor preferring one another."

A NEIGHBOR ASKED a mother, "How is it I never hear you raise your voice, and yet your children obey you, while I'm always yelling and mine do as they please?"

The Christian mother said, "My grandmother always

said, 'You can catch more flies with molasses than vinegar.' Why don't you try praising your children and showing gratitude for what they do well, and not always finding fault with what they do and telling them what not to do?"

A mother felt rebuked when her little girl, who was often naughty, was very good one day. After the child was in bed the mother heard her sobbing. When she asked what was the matter, the child said, "I always get scolded when I'm bad. Today I was as good as I can be and you never said one little word!" Even children are hungry for crumbs of praise and appreciation.

A successful Sunday School superintendent says when he must make a correction, he always says something favorable first and then tries to give the correction as a suggestion as far as possible or soften it with some phrase such as, "What would you think of trying it this way?" or, "Maybe this could be done another way."

A man earned the gratitude of his mother-in-law and wife by sending her a gift on her birthday with this card: "Birthday greetings and thanks. If it hadn't been for you and your sacrifice, I would not have had such a wonderful wife."

You can be sincere about the "golden apples" you hand out. They must be genuine. A little practice and you will be able to see many places where they are needed, and you will not feel embarrassed to be expressing appreciation and thanks.

Often when we overlook words of thanks or praise, we deeply hurt someone who is sensitive. A mother had to persuade her teen-age daughter to sing a solo in church, after she had been asked many times by the director to fill in, when regular soloists could not sing. The girl prepared carefully and at last consented to sing. She did very well, but no one, not even the choir director or

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HENRY WAS EXCITED and happy. His Uncle James had just come into town to visit and have Thanksgiving dinner with them tomorrow. And he had brought Henry something very special from the farm—two cute little puppies. One was black and one was white. He had wanted a puppy for a long time and now he had two. When he had visited the farm during the summer, he had asked for a puppy for himself and one for Pat, his friend who lived in the next block. Pat had been sick a long time, and Henry knew he would love to have a little puppy to play with while he had to stay in bed.

Tomorrow would be a wonderful Thanksgiving Day. He had so much to be thankful for, and he would have all day to play with his new puppy. He would also have a real Thanksgiving surprise for Pat. He could just see the happy look on Pat's face when he took him the puppy tomorrow.

A nice box in the garage made a good place for the puppies. Henry fed them some bread, soaked in milk, and they liked it. And they ate the scraps from the table. Henry had lots of fun playing with the puppies. He called them Blackie and Whitey. He decided he would give Blackie to Pat the next day.

However, when the next morning came and Henry went out to look at the puppies, he didn't want to part with Blackie. Pat didn't know about the puppies, so Henry decided they were so cute he would just keep both of them. This was selfish of Henry, but he didn't think of that.

That afternoon Henry visited Pat. He took his new animal book along for Pat to look at, but he didn't take Blackie.

"I get awfully tired staying here in bed. I wish I had something that's alive to play with," said Pat.

"You do?" asked Henry.

"Yes, I wish I had a puppy to play with!" replied Pat.

A puppy! It was the very thing Henry had planned to give to Pat. But he wanted to keep both puppies; they were so cute and playful. Pat's words made Henry feel ashamed of himself. He knew he was being very selfish in not giving one of the puppies to Pat.

HERE IT WAS Thanksgiving Day and he had so much to be thankful for. He could run and play, and Pat had to stay in bed all the time, and he had wanted to keep both puppies for himself. He was so ashamed. And hadn't his Sunday School teacher said it was more blessed to give than to receive? He knew how happy and thankful he had been to receive the puppies. Now would he be even happier to give one to Pat? He would try and see!

Henry excused himself and hurried on home. He would get Blackie and bring him to Pat. What a surprise it would be! And how happy it would make Pat! Henry could hardly wait to get home.

When Henry went to the garage, however, he found that Blackie was gone! He saw a broken plank at the rear of the garage and knew it was where Blackie had escaped. Whitey was trying to get through the hole, too. He pulled Whitey out and then nailed the board back in place. Then he went out and hunted for Blackie. He looked all over the yard, up and down the alley, and all over the neighborhood, but he couldn't find Blackie. How sorry he was that he hadn't taken Blackie to Pat when



## A Puppy for Pat

*A little puppy helped Henry discover the true spirit of thanksgiving.*

By MONT HURST

he first thought of it. And now his bit of selfishness was keeping him from making the sick boy happy. He felt just terrible.

Then a sudden thought came to him. He still had Whitey. And Henry knew how happy a puppy would make Pat feel. What should he do? Although it was a sacrifice and it made him feel bad to think of giving up Whitey, he decided to take the puppy to Pat. He felt that he had to do it. His selfishness had caused him to lose Blackie.

"Come on, Whitey," said Henry as he picked up the puppy. "I'm going to give you to Pat. I hate to part with you, but I must do it. I can come and play with you. But I won't have any little doggie to play with!"

He hurried over to Pat's home with Whitey. When he handed the puppy to Pat, the sick lad almost got out of bed, he was so excited and happy.

"Oh, this is just what I have been wanting!" exclaimed Pat as he clasped Whitey closely to him. The little puppy started playing with him. Pat was so happy that Henry felt he was actually getting better. And he was.

"Well, I guess I had better be going. I'll come to see you and Whitey tomorrow," said Henry.

"Yes, do come. And thank you again for giving me the puppy," exclaimed Pat.

When Henry got home his mother called to him. He went into the house and found she had Blackie in a box in the kitchen. He could hardly believe his eyes. He grabbed up the puppy in his arms.

"He must have got out of the garage," his mother said. "I found him in the back yard, so I brought him into the house so he wouldn't run away. You had better find where he got out and fix it so he won't get out again," said his mother.

"I've already fixed it!" said the excited Henry. "I thought he was gone for good and I wouldn't have any puppy as I just gave Whitey to Pat. Oh, I'm so glad you found Blackie!"

Henry was really glad he had decided to give the puppy to Pat, even though he had thought that he would not have one for himself. Now he understood better the true spirit of thanksgiving.



# "A Time of Thanksgiving"

WHAT IS Thanksgiving? Inasmuch as the holiday called Thanksgiving has become a custom in the Christian world, millions yearly observe the day using various means, dependent on their inner motives. To some the day means a time for sports activity; to others it means a time for family reunions and feasts; to others it means an extra time to express thankfulness and gratitude to God for His blessings. Cruden, in his concordance, defines thanksgiving as "an acknowledging and confessing, with gladness, the benefits and mercies, which God bestows either upon ourselves or others." It is evident from this definition which seems in keeping with Christian ideals that to many the day has no real significance. Of course, the day alone may be of no great significance to the Christian, but it is the activity of the day which will involve Christians.

The act of thanksgiving is an ancient practice. God blessed Israel, and His blessings were acknowledged with gladness. Exodus 14:31, "And Israel saw that great work which the Lord did upon the Egyptians: and the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord, and his servant Moses." Exodus 15:1, 2, "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation: he is my God, . . . and I will exalt him." The Scripture does not specify any particular holiday here, but this was Israel's Thanksgiving. Israel held Thanksgiving on many occasions to recognize the blessings of God and to

Text: Psalm 100:4, "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name."

thank and praise Him for those blessings.

The ancient Greeks held their Thanksgiving in this season of the year in which they offered sacrifices and observed their feast of Demeter, goddess of soil and harvest. The ancient Roman version of the harvest holiday included sacrifices and offerings to Ceres, goddess of grain or agriculture. Our word *cereal*, common to most people, is a derivative of the names of these ancient goddesses, according to Mr. Webster.

The significant thing is that the heart of man looks to some power outside himself and greater than himself to attribute praise for blessings received. The influence of Rome spread around the Mediterranean Sea and across the Channel to England. It is likely that this Roman influence contributed to the development of England's Harvest Home festivals. The aged and poor became a part of the festivals. Feasts were so arranged that those without life's material blessings were invited to share in the bounty. In this we see the benevolence developing between one man and another.

THANKSGIVING, as a holiday, gained little momentum until it was transplanted to New England where more religious fervor seemed to be attached to it. A small group of people who wished for more religious freedom than was realized in England had braved the Atlantic to find a new home in the new land of America. Old England had not afforded them the freedom of their religious convictions. The struggle of the English Church in its break with Rome and its attempted break with the State developed some groups of independent worshippers. It was a group of these worshippers who dared brave the Atlantic to fulfill in their lives what they believed to be the will of God for them.

Man, when driven by a conscience of holy ambition, will go to almost unbelievable ends to attain his goals. Israel dared trust their God to hold back the waters of the Red Sea so they could march across on dry land. These voyagers dared trust their God

to protect them across a strange ocean to a world of new religious freedom.

Thanksgiving Day, unlike Christmas and Easter, has no direct connection with some experience of Jesus on earth, but it developed as man counted his blessings. True thanks are given by appreciative people when they stop to recognize the Giver of all good and perfect gifts. The Puritans of New England gave more significance to the Thanksgiving holiday by actually making its observance a matter of religious activity. It is not indicated that the complete day was spent in religious activity, but it is indicated that the day is called Thanksgiving Day because of the activity of giving thanks on that day. Neither is it suggested that thanks were not given on any other day, but this one day was specifically designated for that purpose.

The Puritans settled themselves on New England's coast and began to cut trees, build houses, and clear land. The late fall or early winter season when they arrived on the coast, however, gave them little time to make adequate provision for the coming winter. They had the task of conserving the ship's supplies and trying to supplement them with such food, including game, as they were able to gather on land. The winter was hard. No doubt these Puritans knew how to pray and did much of it through this winter. The terror of the wild beasts and the Indians whose friendship had to be gained, the trial of cold without proper food and shelter, and the tragedy of losing many loved ones through the winter months were part of the price of religious freedom for these people.

Almost a year after the landing, they began to survey the situation and count their blessings. Some had made it through the winter. A degree of friendship had been established with the Indians. The land which they had cleared had been productive in the Indian maize which they planted. Houses were now quite adequate, and there was plenty of food on hand. These were great achievements, and great achievements humble great men. A day was set aside for thanksgiving.

Along with the giving of thanks to God, a time of feast and fellowship was arranged. The hunters brought in wild turkeys for the cooks to prepare along with pumpkin pies. History states that friendly Indians who feast-





By H. A. NORMAN

ed on the white man's plenty brought supplies of venison to add to the menu. This was a great time of plenty, and they thanked God for the blessings of the past winter and the first harvest season. It was Thanksgiving time, so decreed by the colony governor. And, of course, they as Christians must be thankful, for the Word of God exhorts us as it exhorted them—in their Bibles—to be thankful and bless His name.

THERE IS MORE to Thanksgiving than just a holiday. True gratitude and thanks must come from the heart of man. God would have us "be thankful unto him, and bless his name." There has developed a trinity of activities in connection with holiday observance — sportive, festive, and religious. One wishes to spend the day in sportive activity; another chooses only festive activity; while another wishes only religious activity. Some want all of the three. Others want parts of the three.

As a Christian, where do I fit in? We are all aware that the world has in a strong bid to utilize all of a Christian's time—particularly the young Christian's time. However, I believe there is enough strength and stamina in young Christians today to accept the exhortation in Colossians 3:15-17, "And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him."

This may sound like ancient Israel's thanksgiving; but would it not be appropriate in our 1956 Thanksgiving Day activities? It may appear ancient, but true gratitude from the heart of man will hardly find a more modern mode of expression. If wild



turkeys, wild pigeons, and venison will help us to be more thankful on this occasion, let us go after them. If reunions and pumpkin pies will help us show more true gratitude to God, let us have them. Whatever we do in word or deed, let us do all to the glory of God. "Be ye thankful unto him, and bless his name."

The holiday within itself cannot be a thanksgiving. Any thanks given must come from some individual. The Bible includes many persons who knew of thanksgiving. Psalms indicates that David was a man of gratitude. Psalm 26:7, "That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works." Psalm 69:30, "I will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify him with thanksgiving." Nehemiah remembered the thanksgiving. "For in the days of David and Asaph of old there were chief of the singers, and songs of praise and thanksgiving unto God," Nehemiah 12:46. Isaiah sees a blessed Zion offering thanksgiving. "... Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody," Isaiah 51:3. Matthew 11:25 and

John 11:41 record instances where Jesus thanked the Father for various things.

HAVE WE anything to be thankful for in a world so power-conscious and so mentally frustrated? Surely, we have much to be thankful for.

*First*, we can be thankful for all the spiritual growth and strength of the past year—for all those who have been saved, sanctified, filled with the Holy Ghost, healed, baptized in water, and added to the Church as faithful, dependable, reliable, praying, practicing, established Christians; for the fact that we have been kept by the love of God; and that "His truth is marching on."

*Second*, we can be thankful for all the material blessings of the past—the new church buildings and parsonages, the new homes, furniture, automobiles, clothing, and other blessings of the laity and the ministers, the new scientific discoveries which make for better living.

*Third*, we can be thankful for the challenging opportunities which lie

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# HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON



## COUNTING THEIR BLESSINGS

IT WAS THE day before Thanksgiving. In her tiny kitchen pretty little Margaret Lane was preparing a Thanksgiving dinner, the first one in the new home over which she had come to preside but a short six months before.

The turkey was already in the oven, and her nimble fingers were busy fashioning a plum pudding.

Her heart was so light that almost unconsciously she burst into song. The room was small and the day warm, so she had left the door partly open, and her sweet voice floated out into the street.

A man passing by paused to listen: *"When upon life's billows you are tempest-tossed,  
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,  
Count your many blessings, name them one by one,  
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done."*

The man passed on, but the words seemed to ring in his ears. A cynical smile curled his lips. "Count your blessings, indeed," he muttered; "I wonder what they are. I presume that sweet little singer back there would say my wealth, but it has never brought me one happy moment, not one."

Then, some way, it seemed to him that pages of his life swept back, and he saw again a fair face bend above him, a face so pure it might have been an angel's. His whole life had been softened by her influence. Surely, he must count the memory of a Christian mother among his blessings.

There was another, too. Away back in his younger days, he had had a wonderfully sweet wife, a tiny daugh-

ter nestled in his arms—but not for long. God took them from the sorrow here to the joy over there. Yet the happiness of those short months was very dear to him.

His face grew thoughtful. Was it not a blessing to have such treasures in heaven? Tears came to his eyes that had long been strangers to them, as the meaning of the song seemed to be brought to him, and he said, "I will arise and go to my Father."

And Margaret sang on:

*"Are you ever burdened with a load of care?  
Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bear?  
Count your many blessings, every doubt will fly,  
And you will be singing as the days go by."*

THE WOMAN across the street shut her door with a slam. "Little she knows about it. Wait until she has to work as I do, and she won't find time to sing or count her blessings either."

But the words of the song were with her. Burdened she surely was, for her health was not very good, and there were three little ones to care for, and yet — "Count your many blessings, name them one by one." The words came to her in spite of the closed door, and she smiled grimly as she thought:

"Tom is well and has plenty of work; this is one, I suppose; and he does not spend his money for strong drink as some do. Then our home is paid for, and the children are well and good to help me." A look of surprise came to her face, and she wondered if there was so much for her to be thankful for, after all. The words of the song held a new meaning for her, and she found herself trying to hum the air as she went about doing her many tasks.

*"When you look at others with their lands and gold,  
Think that Christ has promised you His wealth untold;  
Count your many blessings, money cannot buy,  
Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high."*

A YOUNG GIRL heard the words as she hurried to school. "I believe I needed just those words to set me right," she thought. "I am afraid I was envious this morning because Mabel had such a beautiful new suit and I must wear my old one. I was cross about it, too, and it will worry Mama, for she is doing all she can for me, and—" Her face paled as she thought, "Mabel has no mama. I'm sure she would be willing to wear old clothes if she could only have her dear mama. What would I care for money without my dear mother to share it? I will never worry her again, never; and I will tell her so at noon, too," and she passed into the school-room.

*"So, amid the conflict, whether great or small,  
Do not be discouraged, God is over all;  
Count your many blessings, angels will attend,  
Help and comfort give you to your journey's end."*

"It will not be long, either," murmured a poor old woman, as she toiled painfully along. "The end is not far off, and my greatest blessing is that it is so. I was feeling discouraged this morning to think that my Master kept me waiting so long, but He knows best. Aye, He will help and comfort me to the end. I am glad I heard the singer; God bless her!"

The pudding was finished, and so was the song, and Margaret, with a light heart, began putting the little kitchen to rights, not knowing that while she sang, four souls had been brought nearer to their Maker, and that on the morrow each would return thanks for blessings overlooked in the hurry of the world until a song, heard by chance, set them right.

Was it really chance or a part of God's divine plan? Who can say?—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*





# Helps for the Tempted and Tried

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON

Dear Boys and Girls,

WE ARE AGAIN sending out our Thanksgiving message to you. First of all, we thank God for you. We thank Him that we have been privileged to work with you and for you. The few years of my life since the call came to serve you is a bright spot in my life that can never be forgotten. I believe I shall still hold the memory of these years throughout an endless eternity. I am so thankful for the inspiration you have been to me. I wonder what you are thankful for at this Thanksgiving time. How I wish I could have a real old-fashioned Thanksgiving service right now, and every one of you would tell just what you are thankful for.

I can hear someone say, "I am thankful that the Lord gave me a voice to sing for Him." Another would say, "I am glad God called me to preach His gospel." Another, "I am glad for the opportunity of teaching in the Sunday School." Over here is one little girl, or it might be a boy. I see him rise to speak. He looks almost ashamed to say what he is about to say but at last he speaks, "I wish I had some talent that I might speak of, but I can't think of anything that I can do except just fill my place in the church. I can listen to the preacher as he gives out the Word. I can pay my little bit although it isn't much. Of course, I thank God for all the wonderful blessings of life, for we read in God's Word that every good and perfect gift cometh from above. But you know, I wish I had some special talent that I might use for my Master to help His cause along."

Too often we look on these special talents as the greatest way to serve the Lord, but I want to show those of you who cannot serve in this way that there are other ways just as important. I want to mention one of them right here. You can serve by just being kind. I hear you say, "Oh, is that considered a talent? Just anyone can do that." Yes, just anyone can be kind, but just anyone is not kind. So you can be one who will be kind, and there is no greater calling than that.

Let us illustrate what kindness will sometimes do.

A young man who had squandered three fortunes in a dissipated life, without work, without money, without character, poor and alone, was one day aimlessly walking down Broadway. He thought there was nothing left but to go to the river and jump in and thus end his life. In his despair the man turned his face upward to God and said, "O God, if there be a God, have pity on me!"

He had walked only a few steps farther when a hand was laid on his shoulder. A friendly voice asked him if he was in trouble. God had answered his prayer quickly. The hand and voice were those of a Christian gentleman, a physician, who had started out that day asking the Lord to lead him to someone who needed his help. He had walked through Madison Square Park, and had looked along the line of faces of the loungers on the benches there without finding his man. He had taken a Broadway car and was riding downtown when he saw this forlorn, tired-looking creature. Stepping from his car, the doctor put his hand on the man's shoulder and gave him the kindly word just when the poor fellow was looking to the heavenly Father for pity and help. The doctor brought the man to a mission shelter where he gladly gave himself to Christ.

As the man was completely broken down physically, he was sent to a hospital for a few days. As soon as he was able to work, employment was secured for him. He has gone on hopefully and well ever since—a man saved to himself and to God through a Christian physician who, in the midst of a busy life, found time to be kind.

If this doctor had played the piano or if he had sung a great solo or if he had preached a great sermon, it would not have meant as much to that poor sinner as this act of kindness. It was just the thing that was needed at this time. May I ask this question? Is there anyone in all the world who cannot serve God in this way?

THESE ARE THE days of experts. When one wants something done he usually wants an expert to do

it, for he wants it done right. I have a toothache and I go to the dentist. "I do not pull teeth these days," he says; "I send all my patients to an expert on tooth extraction." Your eye is painful. You consult your physician, but he sends you on to an eye specialist. You are longing to be saved, and you go to some consecrated one who you know can help you. You want a good sermon to feed your soul. You will go to hear a man or woman who has studied and prayed until they have become an expert in feeding the soul.

So it goes; experts, specialists, are words that fall glibly from everybody's tongue. We have experts on railroads, finances, government, war and sanitation. Why not have some experts on being kind? There is nothing in all the world that is needed more than kindness. Who is it that cannot be kind? How about trying this out and seeing if we can become experts along this line? As you read this you may realize that you have never thought of it just this way before. So how about beginning to train to be an expert in kindness?

Experts are not usually made in a day. It takes time, perseverance, and endeavor; however, it does not take so long to make an expert in kindness as it does to be an expert in music or some other things we have mentioned. An infilling of the Spirit of Christ is the qualification needed to tune the heart for this great work. It does not take long to be filled with His Spirit, if we can pay the price and lay our all on the altar. As long as we keep filled to overflowing with His Spirit, we shall be kindness experts.

Is there someone near you that you can begin on right now? A real kindness expert improves the smallest opportunity. A street cleaner said one time, "I do not know how I should have gone farther if Mr. Smith had not brought me a good drink of cool lemonade." My, what a small thing it takes to make us kindness experts. Millions upon millions are waiting for experts of this kind. Are you sitting down and pining because you are not some distinguished expert, and do you

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# Poetry Page

## HOME FOR THANKSGIVING

*Home for Thanksgiving—oh, what a treat—*

*With the family circle all complete.  
Aunts and uncles, dad and mother,  
Lots of cousins, sister, brother,  
A glow reflected in each face  
From red-gold flames in the fireplace.  
Jack Frost has silvered windowpanes  
And spun fragile lace along lanes.  
From the kitchen waft spicy scents  
While pies are baking — pumpkin,  
mince.*

*The turkey is roasting, nice and brown;  
Everyone's happy — there's not a frown.*

*So to God our love we now bring  
And unto Him praises we sing.*

—Earle J. Grant

## THANKSGIVING COMPANIONS

*I walked today with Gratitude;  
She smiled and talked to me  
Of love and peace and happiness,  
That I might thankful be.  
For Gratitude has vision keen  
That sees through darkest night  
The ever-shining light of Good,  
And triumph of the Right.*

*But yesterday I walked with Gloom;  
Her thoughts were dark and drear;  
With fearful things she saw the earth,  
And filled my mind with fear.  
Defeat her favorite topic was;  
She saw no cause for joy;  
Her hardened, narrow view of life  
Would faith and hope destroy.*

*With whom tomorrow shall I walk—  
With Gratitude or Gloom?  
For I can bid each to my side,  
And for each one make room.  
I'll welcome thee, O cheerful guest,  
Who fills my path with praise;  
Thanksgiving from grateful heart  
Will brighten gloomy days!*

—Elva Horsman



## SOLITUDE

*An eye cannot perceive the firmament;  
Nor can an ear discern an angel band.  
But when I walk at night beneath the stars,  
I'm sure my feet are touching hallowed land.*

—Mary L. Harper

## THANK YOU PRAYER

*Thank you, God, for sparing me  
Throughout another day,  
And may I add a million thanks  
For showing me the way—  
The way to faith in time of fear,  
To peace in time of stress;  
Thank you for giving me so much  
Of heaven's kindly blessedness.*

—Grace Cash





Lighted Pathway's  
eleventh artist  
to be featured on this page

## toy barnett

1. pencil
2. wash
3. pencil

Mrs. Toy Ophelia Barnett is the first Texas artist to be selected for our art page. She was born near Emory, Texas, in 1925 and now resides in Graham. Toy has studied art from Art Instruction, Inc. She takes special interest in church work and does chalk talks occasionally. She and her husband Irvan have one daughter, Vickie Darlene.



In reading articles on commercial art, I have come across the word Colotone. I am unable to find the word in the dictionary. Could you tell me what this means?—William Benefield, Cullman, Alabama.

Colotone is a transparent sheet, available in several different colors, designed for the preparation of pre-separated art copy. Colotone, along with sister words like solotone, transopaque, etc., deal with the Bourges process.—Art Director.





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## AN AFTERNOON WITH MOLLIE

(Continued from page 5)

lie," Julia confided as they moved off, "for one to realize his own blessings, doesn't it?"

"Through afflictions of others," Mollie answered, "our eyes are often opened to the blessings we enjoy without thinking of them."

FOR A FEW minutes the women drove along in silence, then Mollie turned the nose of her little rusty car into a narrow street near the milling section of the city.

"Not another visit?" Julia asked hopelessly.

"One more," Mollie answered, "and then we'll be on our way home."

Julia didn't say how glad she was to have the afternoon behind her, but Mollie could tell by her actions that she would be.

"Oh!" exclaimed Julia, as the little car bumped along the unkempt street, "why doesn't the city do something about such streets as this?"

"Because nobody has petitioned them to fix them," Mollie said.

"Somebody's going to," Julia exclaimed, with a sudden show of interest. "These people pay taxes as well as we do."

Suddenly Mollie's little car rounded a sharp curve and Julia's eyes opened with surprise. There was a tiny cottage, glistening snow-white beneath the tall trees surrounding it. White curtains fluttered at the windows, and the walk was bordered with violets and looked as if it might have been swept only the moment before.

"This is Mrs. Walton's little home," Mollie said, "and a sweeter place in the whole wide world I do not know."

A glad hello sounded the minute the little car stopped and, looking around, Julia saw a very small person in a rolling chair, holding court with three children.

"Come in, Mollie," said the voice pleasantly, "I was looking for you."

"I want Mrs. Dutton to know you, Mrs. Walton," Mollie said, by way of introduction. "This is her first visit to shut-ins."

"Sit down, girls," Mrs. Walton said after the introduction, "until I've finished with these children. Now let's see," Mrs. Walton chuckled, turning back to the three children seated about her. "Where were we when I stopped reading?"

"Right where the bear was coming up the front steps," piped the smallest youngster.

"Terrible place to leave off," laughed little Mrs. Walton, "but that's where we were, so I'll begin reading there."

IT ONLY TOOK a few minutes to finish reading the story and then, to Julia's surprise, she kissed each little child and bade him run back home.

Julia noticed them catch hands and ease off the steps; then the one on the outside began tapping the walk with the end of a small cane.

"Blind!" she exclaimed, "those little children blind!"

"Born blind," said Mrs. Walton, "but

they live next door, and—oh, well," she went on pleasantly, "I formed the habit of reading to the children in the orphanage when the first three children arrived to make it their home, and I've kept the habit up all these years. When I was stricken —" just for a moment the voice trembled, then her small hands came together in her lap and she looked at Mollie, "I felt for a little while I couldn't go on with it. Then I remembered Job, and my one affliction seemed so little compared with his, I decided I would go right on living as normally as I possibly could. So the reading to the blind continued, and now I don't know what I'd do without these little folks dropping in to visit me."

"It's nice to have them, Mrs. Walton," Mollie agreed, "Nice for both of you."

"And good for us both, too," said Mrs. Walton. "They enjoy hearing me read and I enjoy having them. Not being able to see me, they think I am a very beautiful woman, and being a little bit vain, maybe," she added whimsically, "I just let them think what they will. They call my rolling chair a throne, and I humor the joke."

"You are very brave," Julia commented, "to carry on so cheerfully."

"Everybody has to have a lesson in discipline," Mrs. Walton answered.

"You couldn't have needed disciplining, Granny," Mollie whispered; "your record of activities is too outstanding."

"I made a good record," Mrs. Walton admitted, "but not until after I was a cripple did I realize that I did many things more for a show than true loyalty to God. Now," she continued softly, "I never lose the opportunity of whispering to folks in full activity — study the life of Christ a bit closer and pattern your kind deeds according to His method."

AT THAT MOMENT another trio of blind children entered the yard through the side gate, and headed for the porch.

"That's the third group," said Mrs. Walton. "I read to four groups every afternoon."

The jingle of a phone sounded and Mrs. Walton lifted a small instrument from a hook beneath the arm of her chair.

"Very well," she said, after listening a moment, "I'll notify her at once." Turning to the women she said sweetly, "Excuse me while I locate a trained nurse for Doctor Gill."

In a few seconds the message from Doctor Gill was delivered to Miss Hall and the little instrument put in its place.

"Few people outside the doctors and nurses of this city know I run the registered nurses' board," she said pleasantly, "but it helps to keep me busy and brings me very pleasant contacts and, incidentally, a fairly decent living."

"At least it leaves you very little idle time," Julia commented.

"I never idle away time," Mrs. Walton answered, "it's too precious. When I'm not doing anything else, I knit, and maybe you don't believe it," she

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finished, with a twinkle in her eyes, "but I'm on my fourth sweater for one of my grandsons, right now."

On the way home Mollie noticed Julia was unusually silent; in fact, she scarcely spoke until Mollie stopped to let her out of the car before her own door.

"Thank you, Mollie," she said softly, "for taking me with you this afternoon — it's done something to me."

"I understand," Mollie answered; "there was a first time and an eye-opener for me, too."

"And you didn't forget the resolution you made in your heart, Mollie, with the first visit?" Julia asked eagerly.

"No," Mollie answered, "and you don't forget how good life is, when you make a practice of visiting shut-ins."

"I'm already seeing things in a different light," Julia said softly, "and somehow, of a sudden, I seem to know things have a way of happening for the best. That trip to Florida won't even be missed, because," just for a minute the speaker paused, then a broad smile wreathed her face, "I've just decided Joe's mother is coming to live with us."

\* \* \*

Four years of worth-while living have slipped by since Julia Dutton made her first visit to the shut-ins, and today she has endeared herself to many invalids in the city that shelters her. The light that glows in her beautiful eyes is a clear revelation of the joy that comes to those who give happiness to others.

## HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

(Continued from page 17)

feel at this Thanksgiving time that there is nothing about you to merit praise from God or your fellow man? If so, wake up to the need around you, and thank God that you can be "just kind." That is one of the greatest callings one can possibly have.

DEAR YOUNG people, can you not think of a thousand things that you can do for the Master? There may be a man or a woman in your church service, as you meet from time to time, who needs only a smile and a "God bless you" to cheer their hearts. Someone somewhere who is in trouble may need your prayers, and God may lay a burden on your heart to pray for him. You yield to His call and the man or woman, although you do not know them, has been helped and blessed by that prayer. Is not this a great calling? Here is a little verse that describes what I mean.

"I cannot tell why there should come to me

A thought of someone far away,

*In swift insistence on my memory,  
Unless there be a need that I should pray."*

I can remember times when I have needed help in prayer and I would say, "Lord, lay me on somebody's heart that he may pray for me." At other times I have been going through a trial and in an instant of time my burden would lift, and I would say, "Somebody somewhere is praying for me." Don't you think this is a wonderful way to serve the Lord? But I hear you say, "Well, nobody sees this. It is a hidden service." The greatest reward will come to those who stay behind the Cross and serve on and on unnoticed by the world.

Dear ones, we need to know that we are just little instruments to be used anytime and anywhere God sees best. God has provided a variety of talents, just as He made a variety of flowers. He made the lily, the rose, the violet, the buttercup, each so different in form, with its own lovely fragrance, and each with its exquisite coloring. He wanted the rose, the lily and the buttercup to be content with the way He made each one, and with the purpose for which He made them. To murmur against our form of service and to covet that of another is to murmur against our loving, wise, kind Creator whose every purpose toward us is love.

How about lifting our hands and hearts up to this kind, loving Saviour just now and offering our praise and thanksgiving to Him that He has redeemed us and made it possible for every child of His to render some service to Him in this dark world of sin and sorrow? No child of His need go into His presence empty-handed.

*"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;*

*Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."*

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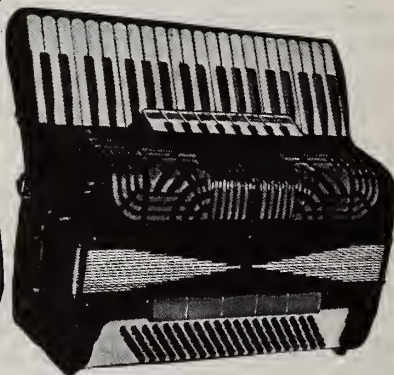
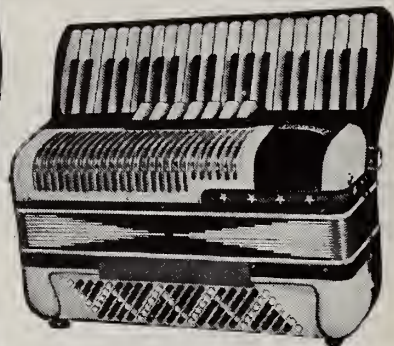
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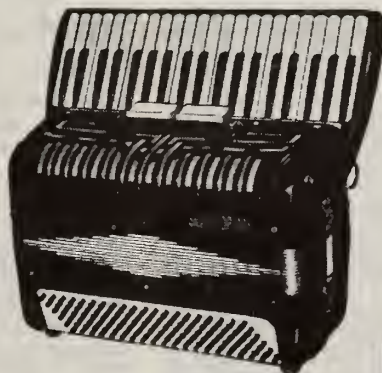
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## SEVEN-DAY-A-WEEK CHRISTIANS

By Esther Eubanks

Many persons seem to think that they are "good enough" and can get by with being one-day-a-week Christians. They go to church Sunday and then forget all about God until the next Sunday. To be a conquering, victorious Christian we must be seven-day-a-week Christians, living for God every day. Many housewives have their work so arranged that they will have a special day for doing certain tasks. As we apply this principle to our Christian lives we find how we can become better seven-day-a-week Christians.

### Monday—Washing

The first and most important thing in our lives is to have our sins washed in the blood. David prayed, "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. . . . Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," Psalm 51:2, 7. No amount of trying to live right or doing good works can save us; it is only through Jesus' blood we are cleansed. We must ask Him to take away all our sins, so that our hearts will be clean and pure.

SONG: "What Can Wash Away My Sins?"

### Tuesday—Ironing

Some persons have the idea that after they become Christians all their troubles will be over, that they will have no problems. That is not true. We will have problems after we become Christians, but the difference is that we have Someone to help us bear our burdens and solve our problems. Through prayer we can iron out all our problems. "And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive," Matthew 21:22. If we ask Jesus to iron out our problems and believe that He will, He is certain to do so.

### Wednesday—Mending

Many times we have failed in our prayer life, our witnessing, our Bible-reading, etc. We must mend our ways in regard to these and other things we might neglect. We cannot afford to have "holes" in our Christian life. Many sinners have been hindered in giving their lives to God by the failure of some Christians to live a dedicated life. We must mend our ways constantly so that we will never be a stumbling block to someone searching for the truth. We can do this through

prayer and consecration to God. We must strive to be more like Jesus. In all we do, ask first, "What would Jesus do?"

SONG: "More Like the Master" or "I Would Be Like Jesus."

### Thursday—Visiting

Thursday is a day set aside for visiting in many households. There are many sick people and shut-ins who are cheered and blessed by a visit into their homes. We, as Christians, must witness for Christ in our daily contact with people by our words, deeds, and every aspect of our lives. Many young people feel it is "the easiest way out" not to say anything about being a Christian. Perhaps a classmate or friend has been wanting to give his heart to God, and a little encouragement from you is all he needs. And, of course, our lives must witness for God every minute of every day.

### Friday—Housecleaning

Even though our sins have been washed away by the blood of Jesus, if we are not careful, little things will creep in to take away our victory. In our housecleaning we must get rid of all grudges, hurts, jealousy, bitterness, selfishness, and secret sins. We must search all the hidden corners of our heart and life for any envy or pride. "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting," Psalm 139:23, 24.

### Saturday—Shopping

As a housewife shops for good wholesome food to feed the body, so must Christians shop for food for the spirit. Jesus said, "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." We must search the Bible for the meat God has for us in the Word. We learn from Hebrews 5:12-14 that through the knowledge of God's Word we develop from babes needing only milk to mature Christians needing strong meat. We must not neglect our Bible reading.

### Sunday—Attending Church

People can find the most excuses for failure to attend church. They are too tired, or sick, or the weather is too bad, or they have company, or a hundred other things that will keep them from church. Yet these things are certainly not big enough to keep them from their job. They cannot miss their job—they would lose mon-

ey, but how much more important is our soul's welfare. It is God's desire that we come to His house to worship Him. It is extremely important that we attend church — not only Sunday morning worship service, but also Sunday School, prayer meeting, and youth services. Our attendance at church will cause others to want to attend church, will help us be better Christians, and will help our church to grow and progress.

CONCLUSION: Don't you want to be a seven-day-a-week Christian? To do so we must each work, pray, and read the Bible every day. And remember, a seven-day-a-week Christian is a happy Christian.

SONG: "Everyday With Jesus."

## LOPSIDED OR PERFECTLY BALANCED?

By Margaret N. Freeman

Leader:

Are you lopsided or perfectly balanced? Well, that's quite a question, isn't it? But you know—there's something to it, and there is a perfect measure by which we may measure ourselves and find out whether we are lopsided or well-balanced.

There is only one perfect Measure, one perfect Person by whom we should measure our lives. That is Jesus, of course, so let us go to God's Word and find this perfect measure. I shall read the fifty-second verse from the second chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke:

*"And Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man."  
"And Jesus increased in wisdom—"*

First Speaker:

Consider Robert. He goes to a good school. He has access to excellent books and lessons. Robert has a good mind, learns easily, and remembers well, but he refuses to use his mind very much. Instead of working and studying, he just "gets by." Instead of being the A or B student he could so easily be, he usually gets C's and sometimes D's. Sometimes he looks over the shoulder of the girl ahead of him, but usually he is too lazy even to cheat. Robert is not increasing in wisdom. He is wasting his opportunities!

Leader: "And stature—"

Second Speaker:

Then there's Richard. Richard likes candy and cookies. He sneaks into the cookie jar and fills up on sweets before dinner. He cannot eat his vegetables or drink his milk. When he has a bit of spending money, you will find him at the soda fountain or candy counter. He is pale and does not have the pep of a girl or boy with a strong, healthy, glowing body. Richard is not doing all he can to grow in stature.

Leader: "And in favor with God—"

Third Speaker:

Lucille likes Sunday School. She prepares her lessons, and does her memory work and Bible-reading without being prompted. She invites other boys and girls to Sunday School. She is quiet and reverent in God's house,



and listens carefully as the minister talks. She sings and smiles and tells others about Jesus. You can be sure the approval of God's favor is helping her to grow spiritually.

**Leader:** "And man—"

**Fourth Speaker:**

Dennis hurried to Doug's birthday party. He was already late because he had stayed home to help his mother with the dishes because she was busy canning. So he clutched the gay package under his arm and hurried along. He almost stumbled over the little boy crouching on the sidewalk, sobbing bitterly. "What's the matter, little boy?" he said kindly, stooping to tilt his face up to his own so he could see if he knew him.

"I'm lost!" the little fellow wailed. Dennis did not know the boy, and the boy was too small to give clear directions as to where he lived, so they began walking.

"When we get there, you show me where you live," Dennis said, taking the little boy's hand in his. And so they trudged on together. They walked three blocks before the little boy shouted, "Here's my house and my mama!" The anxious mother had been looking everywhere around the home. "I'm so thankful and grateful to you!" she said to Dennis. Dennis retraced the three blocks and went to the party with a glad glow in his heart.

Yes, Dennis is a boy who grows in favor with man, because he is a kind, thoughtful boy. More important, he also grows in favor with God because he is certainly following the example of Jesus.

**Leader:**

Jesus is the perfect example for every one of us to follow. Let us do all we can to increase in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man!

## THE CHRISTIAN'S HORN OF BLESSING

(A Thanksgiving Lesson)

By LaVerne Selman

**Preparation:**

Make from white flannel or felt a large horn of plenty to use on your flannelboard. Print on it or cut separate letters from felt or use paper backed with flannel for the words "The Christian's Horn of Blessing." Choose pictures from your files or cut from magazines and back with flannel. As each speaker mentions the various blessings, place the pictures attractively so it will look like a full horn of blessing when completed. Several suggestions are given, but you will find other pictures helpful as you arrange your materials.

**Song:**

"Count Your Blessings."

**Leader:**

In James 1:17 we read: "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights . . ." Knowing that everything we have comes from our heavenly Father, we are going to count each of our blessings tonight, and thank Him for them, for in Ephesians 5:20, Paul writes: "Giving thanks always for all things unto God

and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ," for surely it is God "who giveth us richly all things to enjoy" (1 Timothy 6:17).

**I. I am thankful for God's wonderful plan of salvation for man.**

(Pictures: Letters to spell "God" and "The Holy Spirit" and a picture of Jesus.)

God's Word tells us that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3:23), but God in His great love for us made provision for our redemption through the giving of His only begotten Son (John 3:16, 17; Romans 5:8). When Christ's mission on earth was finished and He had paid the supreme sacrifice, He returned to heaven and then the Holy Ghost was given (Acts 2:4). Tonight I am thankful for the holy Trinity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

**II. I am thankful for the Bible.**

(Picture of Bible.)

God speaks to us through His Word, so, as Christians, it is our duty to know and to be thankful for our Bibles (Psalm 119:105; Psalm 119:11; 2 Timothy 2:15).

**III. I am thankful for the hope of heaven.**

(Picture of heavenly city, or use gold paper cut in shape of a cloud with the word "heaven" on it.)

Paul said in 1 Corinthians 15:19: "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." Because Jesus said He would go away and prepare for us a place (John 14:1-3), we are looking for a "building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

**IV. I am thankful for the freedom of religion which we enjoy.**

(Pictures: Church, United States and Christian flags, pilgrims, a Sunday School class, letters for Y.P.E.)

Our great country was founded upon prayer, and today, thank God, we still enjoy the freedom of worship. I am thankful for our churches (Hebrews 10:25); our Sunday Schools (Proverbs 22:6), and our Y.P.E.'s (Ecclesiastes 12:1).

**V. I am thankful for parents (Exodus 20:12), home, and schools.**

(Pictures of each of the above.)

A Christian home and Christian parents should make us truly grateful to God, for it gives us the background and the start in life that we need. Our schools with their high standards of education prepare us for our work on this earth.

**VI. I am thankful for God's bountiful provisions for our daily needs and comforts.**

Prepare pictures and comment on the following:

Clothing—Luke 12:27, 28

Food and drink—Luke 12:29

Health (picture of healthy boy or girl)

Sunshine and rain, trees and flowers, etc.

**Conclusion:**

Sing again the chorus of "Count Your Blessings" as the spotlight is turned on your flannelboard that is now filled with pictures of the many blessings from God.

## PRaise INSONG

(Continued from page 11)

prearranged, sang out the words in all its magnificent glory:

*"A mighty Fortress is our God,  
A Bulwark never failing;  
Our Helper He amid the flood  
Of mortal ills prevailing."*

Let us "worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness" (1 Chronicles 16:29). Let us worship Him with a heart filled with songs of praise for all that He has done for us.

It was Charles Henry Chesley who said:

*"I count it best, when things go wrong  
To hum a tune and sing a song;  
A heavy heart means sure defeat,  
But joy is victory replete."*

*"When things go wrong, remember  
then*

*The happy heart has strength of ten;  
Forget the sorrow, sing a song—  
It makes all right when things seem  
wrong."*

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## A TIME OF THANKSGIVING

(Continued from page 15)

before us as Christians. It has been said, "The world is waiting for the man who can do the job better." I believe the Christian who is otherwise qualified can do the job best.

For a long time there seems to have existed an idea that God can hardly use men except in pulpit ministries; but not long ago, I heard a pastor suggest that the pulpit ministry seemed one of the least effective ministries today. He suggested that the really effective ministry is taking place at the workbench, by the machine, in the office, in the fields, in the homes, and that the seed planted in those activities are generally tilled and brought to life by the pulpit ministry. One wealthy Christian businessman was so impressed with the great potentialities of lay-evangelism that he advertised for Christian farmers who would let him help them get established in a foreign country to live Christian lives among the people and farm. The world is open with challenging opportunities, particularly for young Christians.

The highest professions are within the reach of young Christian men and women today who will reject inferiority complexes and prepare themselves for those professions and feel that God calls them to reach the lost through those activities. "Shoot at the moon if you hit the woodpile," is an old, well-worn axiom, but I believe our esteemed Brother R. P. Johnson stated it more aptly in the words, "He who aims lower than the sky aims too low."

Thank God for opportunities. Thank God for high ambitions. Thank God for the means of fulfilling those ambitions. True gratitude and thanks for an opportunity will be followed by efforts to take advantage of the opportunity. In acknowledging these blessings and in all of our activities in lifting up Christ, let us have a time of thanksgiving. Let us "enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him and bless his name."

## APPLES OF GOLD

(Continued from page 12)

minister, mentioned her singing. She would not sing again, saying to her mother, "If they had liked my singing, someone would have said so."

At work, if you are employer or employee, words of thanks and praise are welcome. An old man says he still remembers the praise of a man who taught him to be a machinist, and how he would never have completed his apprenticeship if it had not been for it. "I came from an unchurched home. When that man invited me to church, I went, because I knew he lived what was taught there."

Why not make your life more meaningful to others and your Christian witness more effective by using every opportunity to give away "apples of gold"?

## FIVE-YEAR CYCLE PLANNED FOR S.S.

### WORKERS' COURSE

(Continued from page 10)

National Office, are eagerly awaiting the opportunity to take W.T.C. No. 2. It is strongly recommended that Sunday School workers everywhere take the W.T.C. being promoted in the current year; however, if a worker decides to study W.T.C. No. 1 in 1957, he will receive W.T.C. No. 1 certificate with the year 1957 imprinted on it. The year in which the course is taken will be imprinted on the certificate. It is strongly urged that the courses be studied in the sequence in which they are prepared.

The new Workers' Training Course program, planned on a five-year cycle, is one of the great forward strides made by the National Sunday School and Youth Department. Let us urge Sunday School workers everywhere to take advantage of this opportunity to become better Sunday School workers. Better Sunday School workers mean larger and better Sunday Schools. Larger and better Sunday Schools indicate that we are reaching more people, thus increasing our opportunities to lead more souls to Christ.

## COUNT THEM OFTEN

(Continued from page 6)

"Thanks, very much. I can't tell you how much that helps my spirits. Now will you join me in my theme song?" He sang, in a clear baritone:

*"When upon life's billows you are  
tempest-tossed,  
When you are discouraged, thinking  
all is lost,  
Count your many blessings, name  
them one by one,  
And it will surprise you what the Lord  
hath done."*

As the four were about to leave, Paul said, "Thanks, Jim, for a very pleasant visit, and for the lessons you have taught me. If that game of yours can make a fellow in your fix as happy as you seem to be, I'm going to start playing it immediately myself."

"Same here," promised Doris. "And Blessing Number One is having been here this afternoon. Jim."

The others said the same, and Jim's smile was wonderful, as he said, "God bless you all—and do come again, soon."



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# Vocational Guidance

O. W. POLEN, National Sunday School and Youth Director

One of the areas of youth work in the Church of God which needs further development is the field of *vocational guidance*.

Very much aware of this need, the National Sunday School and Youth Board has selected "Vocational Guidance" as the program theme for American Education Week, which will be observed in Y.P.E. services throughout the nation, November 11-17.

An interesting program has been prepared by the National Sunday School and Youth Department and mailed to each state director for distribution to the local Y.P.E.'s in his state. Supplementing this program outline will be advertising material from our Church of God Bible schools and colleges.

While the choice of a young person's vocation should rest largely with himself, he, nevertheless, very naturally looks to his parents and those interested in him for guidance. Here is a golden opportunity for the Church to offer assistance and to show its interest in its youth. It is true there are other counseling agencies available, but often these agencies do not consider those matters of vital concern to *Christian* young people whose lives have been dedicated to God and His service.

The program outlined for American Education Week will include testimonies from Christian men and women

who are engaged in various vocations such as nursing, law, dentistry, business, and so forth. It is sincerely felt that the testimonies of these people who are serving Christ in the vocations they have chosen will help our youth carefully consider their future. Special emphasis will be placed on making Christ an everyday associate in whatever business or professional field they enter.

The Church of God institutions of learning are providing excellent training for our young people who are wisely preparing for the future. In our schools and colleges they are receiving training that will qualify them for various occupations and which will also prepare them basically for advanced training in other areas.

It is hoped that no church or Y.P.E. will fail to observe American Education Week. It is very probable that you will help some young person in your church decide what his life's work will be. To aid young people in making a decision of this kind as a result of Christian counsel and to help them include Christ in their plans for the future is an accomplishment of which any church can be justly proud.

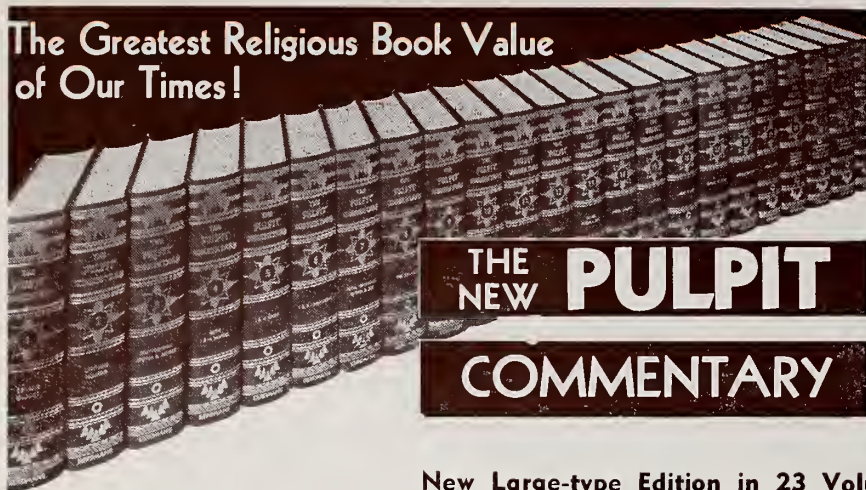
Not to observe American Education Week this year is to bypass another splendid opportunity to help the youth of your church. Let us remember that young people in every church need *vocational guidance*. Let us not fail to help them.

LEADERS IN ATTENDANCE		Group B		NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENTS	
Average Weekly Attendance for August, 1956				ATTENDANCE	
SUNDAY SCHOOL				Average Weekly Attendance for August	
Group AA					
North Carolina	21,920	California	2,450	Louisville (Faith Temple), Ky.	1,574
Georgia	16,965	Michigan	1,819	Greenville (Tremont Ave.), S. C.	1,200
Alabama	15,649	Illinois	1,689	East Nashville, Tenn.	368
Tennessee	14,474	Missouri	1,556	Cincinnati (12th and Elm), Ohio	366
Florida	14,219	Indiana	1,435	Birmingham (Pike Ave.), Ala.	201
Group A		Group C		East Lumberton, N. C.	182
Kentucky	5,961	Maryland	980	Abingdon, Va.	181
Virginia	5,914	Louisiana	920	Atlanta (Hemphill Ave.), Ga.	150
Ohio	5,749	Group D		West Durham, N. C.	144
Mississippi	5,211	New Mexico	306	East Alton, Ill.	138
Texas	4,552	Western Canada	146	TEN STATES HIGHEST IN	
Group B		Group E		HOME DEPARTMENTS	
California	4,770	Delaware	210	West Virginia	42
Michigan	4,746	Colorado	131	South Carolina	40
Illinois	3,148	Wisconsin	127	Georgia	28
Indiana	3,120	Washington	101	Florida	22
Pennsylvania	2,825	New Jersey	85	Ohio	22
Group C		Group F		North Carolina	19
Maryland	2,549	New York	85	Alabama	16
Louisiana	1,732	Group G		Illinois	16
Group D		Central Canada	36	Missouri	16
Western Canada	539	Minnesota	22	California	14
New Mexico	386	NATION'S TOP TEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL		YOUTH STATISTICS	
Group E		ATTENDANCE		This Month	
Washington	414	Average Weekly Attendance for August		Saved	1,729
Delaware	412	Greenville (Tremont Ave.), S. C.	747	Sanctified	695
Montana	312	Kannapolis, N. C.	464	Filled with Holy Ghost	561
Oregon	281	North Chattanooga, Tenn.	442	Added to the Church of God	558
Colorado	216	Middletown (Clayton St.), Ohio	405	Since June 30, 1956	
Group F		Atlanta (Riverside), Ga.	382	Saved	4,159
New York	154	Cincinnati (12th and Elm), Ohio	356	Sanctified	1,775
Group G		Atlanta (Hemphill Ave.), Ga.	350	Filled with Holy Ghost	1,380
Central Canada	86	Detroit (Tabernacle), Mich.	341	Added to the Church of God	1,279
Alaska	85	Pulaski, Va.	337	Branch Sunday Schools organized	
Y.P.E.		North Cleveland, Tenn.	324	since June 30, 1956	
Group AA		NATION'S TOP TEN IN Y.P.E. ATTENDANCE		Branch Sunday Schools reported as	
Georgia	7,265	Average Weekly Attendance for August		of August 31, 1956	424
Alabama	7,105	Nicholls, Ga.	453	New Sunday Schools organized	
Florida	6,480	Beattyville, Ky.	294	since June 30, 1956	9
North Carolina	6,171	Home for Children, Tenn.	256	Total Sunday Schools (Branch and	
Tennessee	5,329	Monroe, Va.	225	New) organized since June 30,	
Group A		North Chattanooga, Tenn.	199	1956	20
Kentucky	3,810	Atlanta (Riverside), Ga.	193	New Y.P.E.'s organized since June 30,	
Virginia	2,953	West Danville, Va.	186	1956	5
Texas	2,610	Pulaski, Va.	179		
Mississippi	2,380	Middletown (Clayton St.), Ohio	174		
Ohio	2,209	North Greenville, S. C.	173		



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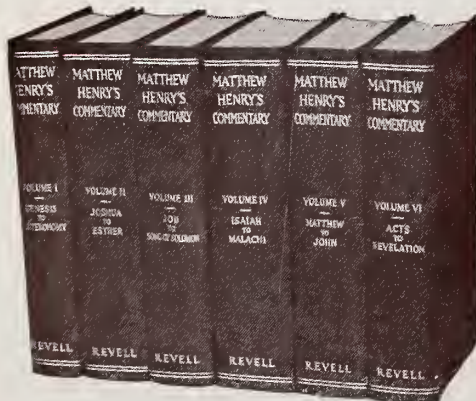
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DECEMBER  
1956





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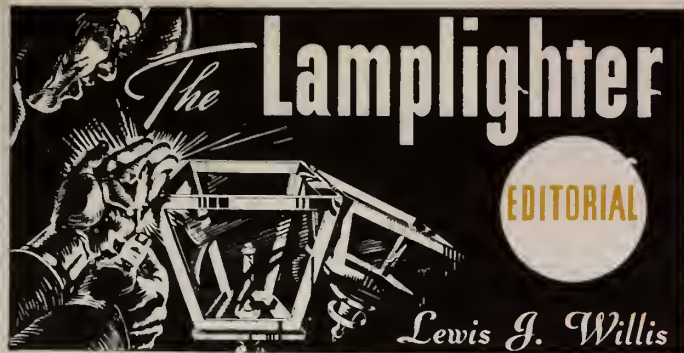
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## The Eternal Message

**W**HILE THE CHRIST was just a Babe lying in the rough-hewn manger at Bethlehem, an angelic choir assembled on the star-lit hillside and sang "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men," Luke 2:14. Before the Lord had soothed one troubled heart, or opened one blinded eye, or straightened one deformed limb, this angel chorus sang of His gifts to mankind. They knew that His birth brought a multitude of the best things to those who would receive them.

"Glory to God"! "Peace on earth"! "Good will toward men"! These were golden words, but they fell on dejected souls who had grown tired and bitter in their futile attempt to achieve this ideal. This was a people whose heritage dated from Abraham, and upon whom had rested the favors of God. Now they writhe under the iron hand of Rome.

The illustrious history of this nation speaks of many times when the glory of God was mighty among its people. Whether in a burning bush, a pillar of fire, a cloud, or a whirlwind, the Almighty was present to give deliverance from oppression, victory in battle, and food in the famine. They grew from a small, struggling people to a prosperous, powerful nation, but their personal glory obscured the glory of the Creator.

They were religious, but they were also vain. The Temple where God should be worshipped had been made a den of thieves. Their religion which should have offered adoration to Jehovah had deteriorated to a maze of "isms" and rituals. Those who were supposed to be saints of the Most High God had become "whitened sepulchres" of selfishness and pride. "Glory to God in the highest" had become the "sound of brass and tinkling cymbals."

Peace was as the fleeting breath of those unable to live but not quite able to die. It was hauntingly sweet, but so tantalizingly elusive. Their history revealed an oscillatory tendency from peace to war, and from war to peace. They were conqueror and conquered, victorious and victimized. At this particular time they cowered under the rule of the Romans, and were subjected to distressing taxation. Peace was a foreigner in their land, and in their heart.

Racial and religious prejudices was rife in Judea. The Jews had but one disdainful word to describe all others—

gentiles. Even the Samaritans who had some Jewish blood and believed in Moses and the Temple rituals were hated venomously. The religious cults showed little tolerance or respect for each other. "Good will toward men" was a brave philosophy in a needy land, but did not have many adherents.

THE WORLD today could offer little better reception to the angels' message than Judea did almost 2,000 years ago. Culture has developed until there is a glory of the arts, a glory of the sciences, and even a glory of religions, but very little glory to God. Mankind has acquired knowledge, wealth, and power, but has acquired selfishness and bigotry, also. The humble acknowledgment of God's sovereignty which distinguished great leaders a few years ago is sadly lacking today. There are many glories in our magnificent civilization, but man claims them as his own with little regard for God. Perhaps his boastful attitude is as incongruous as the rooster which thinks his crowing causes the sun to rise each morning.

The bloody fingers of war squeeze the vitals of the universe. The dead lay in gardens of white crosses in almost every part of the world. War's senseless assault leaves the human debris of widows and orphans who cry out against its monstrous cruelty. Grotesquely maimed half-men are mute evidences of its merciless savagery. "Peace on earth" is a lovely song, but so few can sing it!

There have been few times in world history when there was less "good will toward men" than today. Selfishness is walking unbridled through lives, homes, and nations. Men measure success in houses and barns rather than in "good will." Cold wars and ruptured diplomatic relations have strangled "good will" between nations. Fellowship among the religious groups too often degenerate to cold toleration. Racial issues are eating at the very heart of many nations. Men have grown so intolerant that color or station is the determining factor between good will and persecution.

Is the angels' message true today? Yes, even as it was true on that first night of His birth. The angels knew that He who lay in the manger was the "glory of God"; "He was peace on earth"; and "He was good will toward men." He was God incarnate. His beautiful life revealed the glory to God. Those who believed on Him were filled with the power to live to the glory of God. He taught them the secret when He said, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven," Matthew 5:16.

His peace is as real in the hearts of men as it was on Galilee the night He calmed the stormy bosom of the tempest and sent the waves to bed. He has bequeathed His peace to men. He said, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," John 14:27. Whenever men receive His peace, they immediately become "peacemakers," for they are the "children of God."

Multitudes have believed on Him with the shepherds and Wise Men. Their lives and testimonies have changed the course of history. His life and death have made a powerful impact upon the civilization of these 2,000 years past. The message of His gospel has taught men how to live, thereby making this a better world.





# Company

*"Everything was as she remembered it—Brenda's crib . . . the play things, the pictures—all unchanged."*

Illustrated by Chloe Stewart

By PEARL NEILSON

*When she opened  
her heart, Christie  
received the best  
Christmas gift ever.*

THE TELEPHONE rang shrilly and Christie Bradford crossed the room to answer. "What?" she gasped as the first words reached her. "You want me to go to the Children's Home with you? — What are you thinking of? — I can't, Barbara, I simply can't! — Yes, I know it is, but that doesn't make any difference. — I — oh, Barbara, why won't people understand that I can't stand to be around children? — Why doesn't Phil go with you? — I'm awfully sorry about his mother, but — Oh, well, when you put it that way I can't refuse. I'll be ready at eight, but don't expect me to be enthusiastic. I'll drive for you, but I won't hold the baby."

For some reason the sun didn't shine so brightly through the new drapes as it had a half hour earlier, and the beautifully appointed rooms lost some of their attractiveness. Why was it that every time she persuaded herself life could go on as usual, something happened to upset her? Well, one thing was certain, she wouldn't tell Carl. Over and over he had asked her to go with him to the Children's Home, but she had refused. Carl didn't understand and there was no use trying to make him see.

Even a man as good as Carl couldn't appreciate the tragedy of being denied

children of her own. Any child could get into his heart, but she wasn't built that way. Hope died for her when Brenda was taken. She had plunged into redecorating the house, joining innumerable clubs, taking several correspondence courses — anything to keep away from children. Why wouldn't people understand?

Mechanically, she set about the task of getting dinner.

Carl's face was wreathed in smiles as he pulled his chair up to the table. "I'm glad you're going with Barbara tomorrow," he said happily. "Phil told me. If you happen to see any lonesome-looking kids, bring them home for Christmas. We'll rig up some sort of a celebration for them."

"I'm going to drive for Barbara, not to see children," she assured him frigidly. "If Phil hadn't been called to his mother's, I wouldn't go at all, but they were on the spot, so I said I would."

"That's fine!" he exclaimed, but some of the joy left his face. "Well, I still say bring a couple home if you find them. Phil tells me they have some darlings out there."

In silence she cleared the table and did the dishes, then laid out her clothes for the morning. Pretending to be engrossed in an intricate crochet pattern, she felt Carl's eyes upon her,



# for Christmas

but he said nothing. His "Good night" was brief, and so was hers; then they lay motionless, staring into the darkness, denied the usual comfort of reviewing the day's events.

"Have a good time!" he called as he left the next morning, and she answered, "Thanks, but I wish I weren't going."

IT REQUIRED BUT a few minutes to put the house in order and change her clothes. She was waiting on the front step when Barbara turned into the drive.

Her companion's enthusiasm made talking unnecessary, and they covered the miles rapidly. "We had almost given up getting a baby by Christmas," Barbara rattled on, "and were wondering what we could tell Nelda, when the phone rang and the matron told us our boy was there. Phil was terribly disappointed that he couldn't come with me, but Nelda will be too happy for words. She is at my sister's this week. We're going to put the baby in his crib under the tree where she'll be sure to see him."

They were turning into the tree-bordered lane now, hearing the shouts of children playing in the yard. Christie's hands clenched, and she bit her lips to keep from crying as they went up the broad steps to the front door. Why had she agreed to come? Away from children, she was learning to bear the pain, but this was too much!

"I am very happy for you, Mrs. Painter," the matron said as she opened the door. "I don't know when we've had a nicer baby than the one you are getting."

"I wish I could take a dozen," Barbara declared, introducing Christie, "but of course —"

"We have two now who need a home especially," the woman went on. "This is their first Christmas without their parents, and they have no other relatives, but, as you know, people want to adopt pretty children with no handicaps whatever."

"Handicaps?" Barbara questioned, and the matron continued, "Yes, Ronny wears a brace on one leg, and Janet is slightly cross-eyed. Both con-

ditions can be remedied, but you know how people are."

Christie was shown into the sunny nursery while Barbara and the matron went to the office to sign some papers. In spite of herself, she was fascinated by the little ones about her. A telephone rang in the distance, and a white-capped nurse unceremoniously dropped a baby in her lap saying, "Here! You hold Janet while I answer that phone."

To Christie's consternation, the baby smiled and patted her cheek, then nestled against her in complete content.

"I declare," an attendant exclaimed, "you're the first person that child has made up with since she came. If you don't look her straight in the face, you don't notice her eyes, and she really is awfully sweet. Ronny is nice, too. Poor kids, Christmas is going to be tough for them in spite of all we can do."

Again the baby's hand touched her cheek, and the child closed her eyes murmuring sleepily, "Mommy! Mommy!"

"Mommy!" How long it had been since anyone called her that! After Brenda was gone, Christie had closed the nursery, refusing to open it or look at anything the child had used, and had closed her heart to all childish appeals.

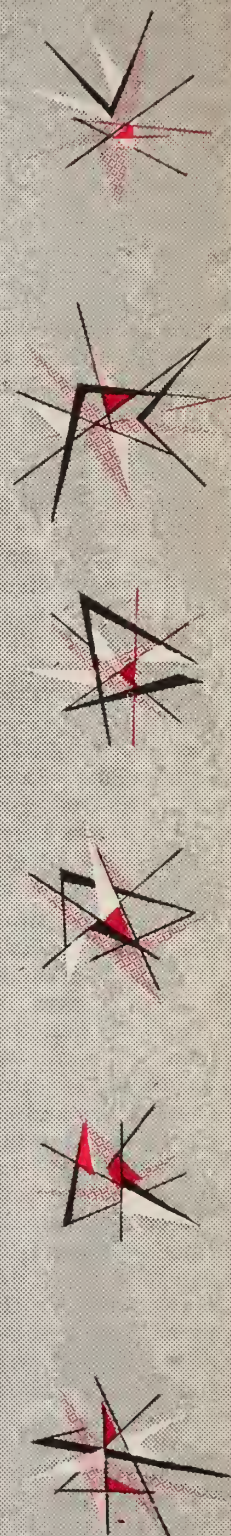
"She thinks you're our mother," a small voice informed her. "She can't remember Mommy isn't coming back."

The dark eyes of a boy of four met hers, and his slender hands caressed her coat. Wouldn't Carl love him? Grimly, she rose and handed the baby back to the nurse. What was happening to her anyway?

Her hands firmly grasping the wheel, her eyes on the road, Christie made the trip back to town without speaking beyond the brief replies to Barbara's enthusiastic comments about the baby in her arms.

AT HOME AGAIN, she sank into a chair, looking at the fire, then slowly she made her way to the door which had been closed such

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**A** GAIN WE ARE high above the Pacific Ocean, but now we are headed for Tokyo. Certain difficulties made it necessary for us to fly on into Japan. It is night and the stars and moon are very bright, but they still look very, very far away. As we get farther away from the Hiwaiian Islands, I think of when we were coming into Honolulu by plane and of some of my impressions then.

Though many clouds covered the below from sight, seeing occasional spots of brown and green made me know our next stop was near. It was the island of Oahu, the city of Honolulu. Would we recognize the people who were to meet us and how would they greet us?

Down we went, circling the airport, and gradually the ground came up to us. Sure enough, even before we landed we were greeted by Diamond Head, the famous, extinct volcano on the east side of the island. It is to Honolulu what the Eiffel Tower is to Paris, what the Golden Gate bridge is to San Francisco, and what the Statue of Liberty is to New York City.

The wheels touched the ground, and after a bump or two we were rolling on up to the gate where we would disembark from the *Monarch of the Skies*. First an agriculture inspection was necessary, and then the big moment.

I felt a little fluttery; really, coming down made me somewhat nauseated, but gradually I regained my equilibrium and I could see what I believed to be friends we had known in the United States.

I asked Wynette how she felt. Wide-eyed, she exclaimed softly, "I have butterflies in my stomach. Do you suppose they got our message?"

Brother and Sister Carey were there and they had brought along some Hawaiians, plus our friends from Georgia. At first, I was greeted by someone by mistake. Although I was sure they were the persons to meet us, I soon realized my error. Then we made our acquaintance with the Careys and our new friends.

They put beautiful orchid and ginger leis around our necks in good Hawaiian style.

After getting our baggage checked out we went to the church parsonage in Honolulu. We were disappointed at what we first saw of Honolulu. However, the more we saw the more we liked it, and it was hard to leave when the time came. It will be wonderful to get to our new homeland so we shall not have to say goodbye anymore for a while. Or will it?

That afternoon we were delighted with the Careys. They treated us with warm hospitality. That day we went to a Shinto shrine and a Buddhist temple. This venture was interesting because some of the same things would face us in Japan.

As we entered the shrine we saw strips of white cloth hanging overhead; these were prayers prayed that day. We walked on up to the temple, where everyone had to pull off his shoes. Looking in the door, we saw several things. In front of us were canned food and fruit, offerings to their gods, neatly arranged in the stand in the center of the room. The building was quite crude, but was neatly arranged and very clean.

One sight stands out very distinctly in my memory. I saw portraits of Abraham Lincoln and George Washington hanging on one wall of the shrine. The rest of the evening was fixed for me; everywhere I went I pondered over this combination. Here was a primitive

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religion, democracy and equality, mammoth superstitions and ultra-modern civilization, all mixed up.

HONOLULU IS A very modern city. It is another United States out in the middle of the Pacific. Everything you have in the States, Hawaii has, plus many different beauties of nature. The inhabitants are quite different, however.

You realize the difference when you get out alone and find yourself to be the only one like "you" in the crowd. It is then that you surmise you are a *haole*. (In Hawaii they call white people *haoles*.) One day I rode the bus to town, and on that bus I was the only *haole*. This was my first impression of what being in a foreign country would be like.

I looked at my skin and then I looked around me. It seemed that I stood out like a full moon on a clear night. For the first time I felt actually what it is like to be in the minority group — the group that could be segregated from everyone else.

There is no segregation in Hawaii. If Hawaii had practiced segregation, I should have occupied the back seat of the bus. Since I am from the South, such an experience would have been embarrassing.

I am glad, however, that my lesson was learned several years ago. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" became a reality in my heart. This is a prerequisite for all missionaries, and without the continuous understanding of Christ's words, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," we shall all perish. Before one becomes a Christian missionary he has to learn to overlook color, social status, and nationality. He must forget wars, enemies in those wars, and the slayers of his loved ones who were killed in active duty.

Soon, however, I forgot about my being different because I began to notice how different everyone else was. They wore different kinds of shoes, different kinds of dresses, and the boys even wore different types of trousers compared to those in the mainland. I guess the shoes were the most striking. A strap between the big toe and the second toe looped over to each side and fastened to the rubber or leather sole of the shoe. It was quite odd to observe well-dressed people with "slide clad" bare feet. I thought, do they wear those things in Japan?

Speaking of dress, one of the real sights of our trip was the *muumu*, the dress of the Hawaiian women. *Haole*, Japanese, and Hawaiian women wore them to town, to church, and to other places. They were long, loosely draped, and simply made dresses with full long sleeves and high necks. Along with this sort of street



# THE LAND OF

# SHINTO

wear, of course, common American dress could be seen everywhere.

The young people of Honolulu dress very much like the youth in the States. Not only were they alike in dress, but, regardless of color or heritage, they were like American young people in every sense of the word. They had their fads and their football games. However, the boys dressed peculiarly compared to boys in the States. Many of them wore trousers that were very, very full at the bottom. Full trousers, bare feet, and two-strap sandals were the "go" for the young men of Oahu. No matter how hard I tried, I was amazed at the two toes with the strap between which I saw continually.

Little things made us aware we were no longer in the United States. Soon we would be leaving for even farther-away places. What would the people wear there? At least we were becoming acquainted with things somewhat different. These new experiences would be of value to us in our adjustment to the land of our calling.

DIFFERENT FOODS at the Honolulu stop added to our preparation. Though the Carey's served us good American food, we went out and ate various dishes. Chopsticks were our food conveyors. How awkward can a person feel? Whatever your answer is, it shows exactly our reactions on this occasion. We were all thumbs, but we somehow managed to get our *saimin*, noodles and broth, to our mouths. It was an effort. When we ate *wun tun* it was even more difficult because the bits of food were separated and smaller, but we managed. We knew we must do our best with chopsticks. Many times in the future we shall have to eat with them and be graceful, too.

One day we went out to eat with the Nakashimas, the Japanese pastor at Halawa. At the door we pulled off our shoes and went in. It was in Hawaii though, and we did not sit on the floor as will be the custom in Japan. The food was good and quite American, but we did have *sushi* balls, small bits of fish wrapped in rice and seaweed. They told us it was a common dish in Japan, and naturally we were very interested.

Close to their house was the Punch Bowl, an old volcano crater, which is now the memorial cemetery for the Pacific war dead. One grave after another had this inscription: UNKNOWN SOLDIER. Ernie Pyle's grave is there, too. These men gave their lives fighting the Japanese. We all wanted peace.


Over to the right was Pearl Harbor. In the bay there was a flag of a sunken ship; hundreds of men went down with it on December 7, 1941. That horrible day! I turned around and looked once again upon the

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*The second episode  
relating the emotions  
and experiences  
of two young missionaries  
en route to Japan.*

By ROBERT STEVENS  
*Missionary to Japan*





HIS IS THE season—a season of kindness and thinking of others. My partner, the Christmas package, and I are both piling up by the minute in the Central Post Office on the corner of Sixteenth and Capitol. The hard-pressed clerks are mopping their brows as they toss us from one corner of the building to another. My name is Legion. I am a Christmas card.

*Time — 1842.* A sixteen-year-old printer's apprentice in old England was so impressed with a new story called *A Christmas Carol* that he had to share his feeling of goodwill with other people or "bust." He struck off a simple design and sent one hundred of me to his friends.

# VIGNETTE

By Ann Tegtmeier

*Time — 1845.* Queen Victoria had summoned her royal painter, W. C. Dodson, to the royal chambers. "I say, there, Dodson," she is reported to have berated him. "What do I pay you for, if not to keep a jump or two ahead of the commoners? I've been writing Christmas letters to my friends and relatives ever since I was a child. They must be as bored with specimens of my penmanship as I am of sending them. Am I a child, that I should send out sheets with engraved borders to show off my improvement over the year before? Well, my good man, don't just stand there! Say something!"

"Er . . . yes, Your Royal Highness . . . I mean no, Sir!" stammered the befuddled fellow. "What would you suggest, Your Royal Highness?"

"I would suggest that you find the young whipper-snapper who sent out the engraved messages on a card a year or two back. Tell him that his invention must be protected from the commoner. Tell him that henceforth the sending of printed greetings will be a royal right. And, last of all, design something worthy of a queen."

"Yes, Your Royal Highness," said Dodson as he bowed his way out.

*Time — 1846.* Henry Cole, undisputedly middle class, but with more money than some of the peerage, picked up one of the Queen's cards that might have been tossed out by some royal maidservant.

"Hmmm . . . the ideal busy man's Christmas letter. Just when I am much too tied up with business to pen my usual amount of greetings, too. Must have been a copy of young William Maw Egley's greeting that he sent out a few years back. I must see John Calcot Horsley tomorrow. Even the Royal Art Academy is not too good for my friends."

"I don't like this business, my good man," whispered Horsley. "You know how Her Royal Highness is when she is crossed about something, and she sets great store by those greetings. . . ."





"If you can't or won't do it, I shall have to find someone less timid," replied Henry Cole. "Why, man, printed greetings may get to be the biggest thing this side of Christmas. You want to go along with it, do you not?"

Horsley went along with it, all right. It cost Henry Cole the crown equivalent of \$250 for a thousand of me, lithographed and hand colored.

"The nerve of the man! He might as well have set off a bomb in the middle of the Abbey! He ought to be exiled to . . . to . . . Canada!" were some of the sputtered comments the day after Christmas.

But Her Majesty wasn't half so mad as she pretended to be. In fact, it sort of tickled her fancy. Her Majesty always did like a man with spunk.

"Just to keep it all in the family, I guess I'll have to make the blighter a knight," she grinned.

*Time — 1847.* "Let me see . . . there is cousin Cyril, and Uncle Basil and Auntie Janet. Now that I don't have to go to the trouble of penning a whole letter, I might as well take in all of the family with my greeting list," was the thought of butlers, storekeepers, and even streetsweepers across the Empire. And who knows . . . Henry Cole was made a knight last year. . . ."

*Time — 1850.* Her Majesty got tired of the knighting business even faster than she got tired of trying to catch up with the commoners who were aping her. She even got tired of sending printed greetings and went back to the old, hand-written style. But not the rest of the Empire. No, sir. Not that they were so much interested in trying to ape Her Royal Highness anymore, or even in reminding their friends and relations that it was time for Christ's Mass. They just took a fancy to the pictures of jolly Englishmen playing a jolly game of cricket, or maybe it was a picture of birds, fishes, chickens, kittens, or maybe even reptiles. Comics were pretty much in demand, too, and Charles Goodall and Son were always ones to give people what they wanted if it was in their power to do so.

*Time — 1862.* "I say, there, old chap," said C. H. Bennet, Royal Academy artist, as he stood looking at

some greetings put out by his friend, William H. Ward. "Looks as if you must have been copying some of those elaborate calling cards Her Royal Highness brought over from Germany. The next thing, you will be adding silks and laces to your gnomes and sprites and fairies."

"Could you do better, my friend?" asked Ward. "Certainly these are more attractive than some of the things we have been seeing."

"That I will grant you, old chap. But does it tell you a thing about the One whose birthday we are about to celebrate? I do believe the time has come when trumpeters should sound out the glad tidings. I shall paint such a scene at once. It will be a sensation."

*Time — 1874.* "If I could only think of some way to make printed reproductions of fine oil paintings in a way that would not be so expensive, there would be a fortune in the greeting card business," a German immigrant said to himself. "Maybe the *lansmen* and even the British would be in the market for them if I could produce the same kind of work for twenty-five cents that now sells for a dollar. . . ."

It did not take Louis Prang long to think of a way to make such reproductions — some of them showing as much as twenty shadings of color. It did not take him long to get the facts, either. The British *were* importing his fancy flower prints — and selling them right back to Americans at fancy prices, too. The "facts" were, that he was also running out of new designs. He wanted to try something different and was willing to pay for what he wanted.

A lady named Dora Wheeler received a lot of cabbage for the winner. In those days \$2,000 was a small fortune. Elihu Vedder got half as much for one that still hangs at the head of the Congressional Library stairs in Washington, D. C. Allen Wier and D. C. Douglas got in on some of the good money, too.

*Time — 1894.* All good things have to end sometime, and just about the time Prang hit the five-million mark with his pretty-pretty greetings a fire wiped his factory off the map. Before he could get into production again Germany had started flooding the country with cheap, offset prints that everybody could afford to buy and send—a penny a card and a penny for postage.

*Time — 1918.* The war had shut off the supply of cheap greetings. However, people in America were tired of penny postals, even if they hadn't gone up to three for a nickel. Smart salesmen were selling them on the idea of being genteel by sending Christmas cards in an envelope.

*Time — 1922.* There appeared on the market cards such as these: Dutch children; Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird of Happiness"; a holly-decked envelope containing a phonograph record of "Auld Lang Syne"; Hannah Pingree's series of sealed envelopes in a fancy cover to be opened each day of the week; name-engraved or imprinted greetings; the Shiek and the Flapper.

*Time — 1933.* The Depression. People who never had any use for me before were buying me now. Not only did I take the place of the gift they could no longer afford to buy; I also had come of age. No longer was

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ipient, but also the influence from such an act may continue indefinitely. God blesses every act of kindness because kindness is one of the many expressions of true Christian living. Such an act propels a ripple on the surface of events and may touch a great many lives before the ripple dies away.

**GOD CANNOT BLESS** a kind act, however, unless it is prompted by a pure motive. A true act of kindness comes from the heart with a sincere desire to bring happiness to someone and to exemplify the teachings of Jesus. Any other motive will fail and fall short of its purpose. The Apostle Paul refers to this very convincingly when he says, "So let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver," 2 Corinthians 9:7.

One morning a lady, busy with her housework, heard someone knocking at the back door. Answering the sum-

# KINDNESS BEARS FRUIT

*Christmas is a choice time  
of the year to  
practice kindness.*

By CLIFFORD THOMAS

A LEGLESS MAN sat huddled in his wheel chair near the curb at the corner of the street. His thin shoulders showed through a threadbare jacket buttoned tightly around him. In his lap lay an old battered hat in which were a number of cheap pencils. Many persons passed back and forth unheeding. Close by, watching the man intently, a small boy stood in the doorway of a store. His appearance indicated he came from a family of moderate means.

Judging from the look of wonder and compassion which spread over his face, he had never seen a legless man before this time. These mixed emotions quickly resolved into an expression of indecision as he endeavored to come to a conclusion about some question.

After a few minutes' reflection, he apparently made up his mind. He looked around shyly, hoping no one would notice him; he walked slowly past the crippled man, took his hand out of his pocket and dropped a coin into the man's hat, but did not attempt to take a pencil.

Although many years have passed since I witnessed this scene, the memory of it, during the intervening years, has prompted me to follow this boy's example whenever opportunity offered. It has substantiated the conviction that a good deed not only benefits the re-

mons, she saw a rough-looking man standing there. His clothes were worn and patched and his shoes were beyond repair.

"Well, what do you want?" she asked.

"Can you spare a bite to eat?" responded the man.

"I don't care much for tramps—too lazy to work," said the woman, "but I'll see what I can do."

She went back in the house, and in a moment returned.

"Here's something for you," she said, handing him two slices of dry bread.

The man looked at it quickly, then handing the bread back to her said, "Lady, please put some butter on it."

Such an act, probably prompted by a sense of duty only, could not bear fruit, since the tramp would always remember this incident with dissatisfaction. A kind act will either be a blessing or be null and void, depending on the motive behind it.

An act of kindness rendered in the right spirit bears fruit immediately. No one can be the object of a kindness without his mind being filled with good thoughts.

ONE OF MY experiences as a boy confirmed this conviction. My father suffered a serious illness which incapacitated him for a long time. When Christmas came that year, my parents were financially unable to buy those things which they would have liked to put in my stocking. I remember feeling rather sad that Christmas Eve when I went to bed and knew it would be useless to hang up my stocking.

Imagine my great surprise the next morning when I awoke to discover one of my stockings full of Christmas gifts, at the foot of the bed. Eagerly taking out the contents, I felt thrilled with happiness, and what

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## A Children's Story

By KATHERINE BEVIS

**S**ANDRA SAT IN THE kitchen. She watched as her mother took the last tin of Christmas cookies from the oven.

"Mother," Sandra exclaimed, "just two more days and it is Christmas."

"That is right, dear," answered Mother, smiling down into the face of her six-year-old daughter.

Just then Bobby, aged four, came bouncing into the kitchen, excitement written all over his chubby face. Dinkey, his little brown puppy, was close on his heels. "Mommy, look," he cried out, "it's snowing! Please, Mommy, make us a snow man."

Mrs. Brooks handed each of her children a cookie, saying, "I'll tell you what we will do. Mother will tell you a Christmas story. Then, when Daddy comes home, he will make you a snow man."

"Oh, that will be fun," said Sandra as both the children clapped their hands gleefully.

**T**HE TWO CHILDREN sat down on the rug in front of the fireplace, while Mother settled nearby in an easy chair. The smell of pine needles filled the large cozy living room, and the tinsel and lighted tree gave out the spirit of Christmas.

"Now," asked Mother, "just what story would you like me to tell you?"

Sandra looked at the bright sparks from the log in the glowing fireplace. The sparks reminded her of tiny bright stars. "Oh, Mommy," Sandra said, "tell us about the star of the East," and just then Bobby, who had

# CHRISTMAS

and its

## LEGENDS

been watching the bubbling lights on the Christmas tree, chimed in, "Yes, Mommy, the one about the star that led the Wise Men."

"I am glad you children want to hear about the birth of our loving Saviour. I'll tell you what I shall do. First, I shall read you the Bible story and then I shall tell you about how children in some of our faraway lands celebrate their Christmas. Do you think you will like that?"

Bobby's eyes were beaming with excitement as he said, "Do you mean that all the children in the world do not have the same Christmas that Sandra and I have?"

"That's right, Bobby," answered Mother. "Now listen, children, and I shall read you the Bible story of that Christmas Day, the first one, more than two thousand years ago."

The two children sat perfectly still, as Mother took the large family Bible that they read their daily devotions from each day, turned to the second chapter of Matthew, and started reading to them from the very first verse: "*Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the King, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him. When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. . . . Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also. When they had heard the king, they departed; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.*"

Mother paused a moment and Sandra said, "But they didn't go back and tell the wicked king where the Baby Jesus was, did they, Mommy?"

"God took care of the Baby Jesus like He does us, didn't He, Mommy?" said little Bobby thoughtfully.

"You are both right," answered Mother, "and now listen and I shall read you the rest of the story." Mother began reading again, "*And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.*"

"I am surely glad the Wise Men obeyed," said Sandra.

Mother smiled her appreciation of the children's being

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# Strangers On A Bus

By Ralph A. Dowling

illustrated by w. ellip ambrose

**T**HE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY week is a bad time for anyone to travel, no matter who he is or where he is going. But what serviceman gives much thought to the discomfort involved in traveling at such a time?

Dennis certainly did not. His thoughts were in a different channel. This ten-day leave for Christmas would be very different from the two-day leave during Thanksgiving. Much more could be accomplished on this leave. Longer visits to relatives, complete conversations with friends, shopping trips to town, parties with the young people at church and even a temporary renewal of personal activities in church affairs would all combine, he knew, to provide a wonderful leave.

Shifting his position again, Dennis turned his face toward the window through which he could see the raindrops creating a temporary sparkle as they fell through the range of the glowing headlights. "Life is really just as brief as that sparkle," he thought. "I wonder how many people on this bus are using their brief span of years in loving service to the One who is now manifesting Himself in sending this refreshing rain during this night upon His creation. Thank you, Lord, for the rain! It is music in my ears."

There was another kind of music sounding in his ears, too. He closed his eyes and heard the church choir at home singing at the close of the service his favorite song, "I'll Meet You in the Morning," dedicating it to him as a farewell number. The sad moments had brought tears to more eyes than his own. They would miss him very much, he knew, because he had been one of the most active young people in church, always striving to do his best for the Lord. Nothing pleased him more than to be busily engaged in something at church. A busy Christian was the happiest Christian no matter who or where the Christian might be. Even though he was in the military service, the Lord, in answer to his prayers, had brought him to a place where he could continue to be busy in His service . . . in His

service . . . in His service. And Dennis was sound asleep.

He was sound asleep, that is, until the driver turned the lights on as the bus pulled into the Tallahassee station. There was a great deal of excitement as the passengers descended and hurried inside. Dennis hastened across the open space to shelter with his hat in one hand and his suitcase in the other. He paused a minute and wiped the cold raindrops from his face. Inside, the seats had all been taken and a number of people were standing by their luggage. There was ample time for a warm cup of chocolate in the restaurant during the forty-five minutes before the next bus was due to depart. He went in, found a seat, gave his order and began to glance through the pages of a newspaper some earlier customer had left. Leisurely he read and sipped the hot chocolate until thirty of the forty-five minutes had slipped away. Then he joined the crowd outside the doors and waited by the lanes for the busses to arrive. Because the hot chocolate had warmed him up, he unbuttoned his four overcoat buttons.

Dennis didn't notice the two Air Police until one said to him in a low, gruff voice, "Button it up or take it off!"

An old soldier beside him chuckled, "Didn't give you much choice, did he?"

"No, sir, he didn't," Dennis said, buttoning up his coat.

BECAUSE DENNIS COULD not see the destination signs on the busses as they pulled in, he began to push his way through the crowd to get a look. New Orleans, Birmingham and Chicago were the destinations of the busses that had just arrived. As soon as he reached the Chicago bus in zone five, another bus pulled in and parked in zone one. Back he went through the closely packed crowd gathered around the doors of the first three busses, almost losing his bag once. This bus was going to Jacksonville. With a big smile on his face Dennis handed the driver his ticket and got on board. After choosing a seat in the middle, he pulled his overcoat off and put it on the overhead





rails with his bag and cap. He sat down and leaned back with his eyes closed, ready to resume the journey home.

"Pardon me. Is this seat taken?"

Dennis opened his eyes and looked into those of the young man who had asked the question. "No, it isn't."

With one glance Dennis saw that his traveling companion was a young man like himself, except for the uniform that Dennis wore.

"Certainly is a crowd here," the young man said, smiling at Dennis.

"Yes, there is. Everyone is wanting to be home for Christmas, it seems," Dennis said returning the cordial opening of the conversation. "So much excitement and rushing about can be seen only during some holiday season."

While the bus was leaving the city during the last hour of night, Dennis closed his eyes for a few more winks of sleep. He and his traveling companion had already discussed their destinations. There was nothing rare in that. Many persons when traveling side by side as strangers on a bus usually inquire of each other those things, as soon as they take their seats.

The bright sun awoke Dennis. He rubbed his eyes and looked out upon the winter countryside so recently bathed in the night rain. The clouds had broken up and were slowly drifting northward. "In a few hours I'll be home," he thought.

He turned to his companion and said, "Well, those couple of hours helped me some, I think."

"They probably did, for you seemed to sleep very soundly," the young man said cordially.

"Now if I only had some cold water to rinse my face, I would feel as fresh as this winter morning," Dennis said laughing.

The young man laughed with him as he glanced down at one of a group of small cards that he held in his hands. Dennis' eyes followed the downward glance and immediately his curiosity was stirred. "What are

the cards for?"

"Oh, these little cards have some excellent information on them," he answered, "information that is good for the soul. I'm committing these wonderful words to memory."

Dennis was somewhat surprised by this frank revelation. "Information for the soul! You mean they are Scriptures, don't you?"

"Yes," the stranger replied. "Some of the most beautiful and instructive verses in all the Bible." He paused just a second. "Are you saved?"

"I certainly am," Dennis said proudly.

"But are you sure that the Lord has *really* saved you from your sins?"

"There is not a doubt in my mind," Dennis answered, slightly stunned by the stranger's piercing questions. "I have been a Christian over a year now."

"Shake hands with another Christian!" The young man clasped Dennis' hand in a firm grip and shook it vigorously. "I'm so glad to finally meet a serviceman who is a real Christian."

DENNIS FELT BETTER after the handshake. "You must be a Christian yourself to be asking those questions. They surprised me a little. Are you planning on being a minister?"

"Yes," he answered. "I am a student at our seminary in Mississippi."

"Why, I think that's wonderful," Dennis said smiling. "You didn't tell me that before."

"No, I didn't." The stranger glanced at the small cards in his hand. "Can you quote any Bible verses?"

Dennis thought a second. "Well, I can quote the twenty-third Psalm and chapter five of Matthew and parts of a lot of verses, but I'm afraid that's about all."

"It's good to be able to quote verses. They always help one out when he doesn't have his Bible with him. They are good to use in speeches, in conversation, in writings. And, too, they are wonderful for strangers'

(Continued on page 20)



# FROM HEAVEN TO EARTH

*Text: " . . . Behold, I bring (evangelize) you  
good tidings of great joy  
which shall be to all people," Luke 2:10.*

By Ray H. Hughes, Member of Evangelism Committee

**T**HE FIRST ADVENT of Christ from the ivory palaces of heaven to an earth groaning and travailing under the pain of sin was, to say the least, an evangelistic mission. He came from regal splendor to dire poverty, from ivory palaces to the stench of the stable, from angelic companions to companions of cattle, from robes of a monarch to swaddling clothes, in search of lost and estranged souls. ". . . *Though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich,*" 2 Corinthians 8:9. "Jesus came from throne to manger, that we might rise from manger to throne. Now the gates of heaven are open, and the door of heaven that once swung this way to let Jesus out, now swings the other way to let us in." The coming of Christ into the world revealed the interest of heaven in earth's fallen millions. It was a portrayal of God's attitude toward the lost—good will toward men. Let us call several witnesses to the stand to declare the meaning of this seemingly mystic birth of a child to a virgin.

## THE ANNUNCIATION

THE PAGEANTRY, ceremony, and ritual of Christmas has eclipsed the real meaning of the coming of Christ. The purpose for which Christ came needs to be recaptured at this Christmas season. The thought of a Saviour is the heart of the Christmas story.

When Gabriel, the celestial messenger, made his announcement of the birth of Christ to Mary, he declared that the newborn child would be named Jesus, which means Saviour. There was no question in the mind of Gabriel as to the purpose of Christ's coming. His announcement rang with a note of salvation. Mary was startled when she discovered the real import and purpose of Gabriel's words. Centuries had passed, and the Jewish nation had waited patiently for a saviour. They had kept their hopes alive by diligently searching the Old Testament prophecies and committing them to memory. With all Israel looking for a saviour, one can imagine the heavenly transports of her soul when Mary realized she was to be the mother of the Redeemer.

This was the aspiration of every Jew-ess. This was the fulfillment of the age-long hope of the Jews.

Fifteen hundred years prior to this time, Moses had prophesied that God would raise up a prophet like unto himself out of the midst of Israel. About the same time, God moved on Balaam to prophesy, "*I shall see him, but not now: I shall behold him, but not nigh: there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel,*" Numbers 24:17. Despite the fact that many strong statesmen, leaders, kings, and wise men had arisen in Israel, there was yet a longing in the breast of every Jew for one who could save him from his sins and give him complete deliverance. But the Jew was not the only one who was yearning for a saviour; this same longing lodged in the breast of the gentile as well. Though he did not care for the Jewish scriptures, the needs of his soul caused him to seek supernatural help. He was looking for a power beyond himself and outside of himself to bring him aid. Even Socrates, the philosopher, who lived four hundred years before Christ,



Christ's coming was for *all people*. Jesus did not come for a select few, but to all the world, to all nations, to every tongue, to every people, for "*... he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world,*" 1 John 2:2.

When God gave the gift of His Son through the medium of the Jewish maiden, He gave Him to us, "*For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given . . .*" Isaiah 9:6. Though the angel heralded the message of His coming, yet God's Son was not given to the angels. Angels that sinned have no opportunity for redemption, but are kept in everlasting chains of darkness until the judgment of the great day. The Scripture states that the angels desire to look into this experience of man's redemption. The fact that the angel of the Lord appeared to the shepherds, a very poor class of people, and brought them the message of salvation, and the fact that the men of wisdom from the East were guided to Christ by the Star of Bethlehem, are conclusive proof that God is no respecter of persons, but gave His Son for all men, regardless of their status in life. The message was no sooner delivered by the angel than a chorus of angels chimed in singing a doxology to God. This should be called the "Chorus of His Coming," because in it is portrayed God's attitude toward fallen men—peace on earth, good will to men.

Sin had separated God and man, and the sending of His Son was a revelation of His will for fallen men. The fact that He sent His Son into the world shows that God's desire for the human race is that they might be reconciled unto Him through His Son. All God has for man is good will, if he will but accept it. Christ's coming was the will of His Father. "*Then said I, Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me,) to do thy will, O God,*" Hebrews 10:7. It is God's will for all men to be saved and come unto the knowledge of the truth. He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. "*For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved,*" John 3:17.

#### THE WITNESS OF SIMEON AND ANNA

JESUS WAS NOT only made of a woman, but He was made under the law (Galatians 4:4). There-

fore, He took upon Himself the weight of the law of Moses, and submitted to it. According to the Jewish custom, He was presented to the Lord in the Temple when the days of His mother's purification were fulfilled. Every male child being a first-born, according to the Jewish law, was presented to the Lord; therefore, Christ was presented.

While Mary was presenting her first-born, a crowd of spectators looked on, yet there were some who were more than spectators. When the venerable old man Simeon saw the halo of glory about the head of our Lord, he took the Babe in his arms, and rocked it back and forth with the tenderness of a mother. Pouring out his heart with one rapture after another, he said, "*Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel,*" Luke 2:29-32. In the Christ Child Simeon could see the Deliverer, the Saviour, and the Redeemer. Even while he held the Child in his arms, the shadow of the cross extended over Him and the aged prophet began to prophesy, "*... Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against; (Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also,) . . .*" Luke 2:34, 35. But Simeon was not the only one out of the crowd of onlookers whose heart was flooded with joy. An eighty-four-year-old woman who had spent nearly all of her life in the Temple, and who had served God in fastings and prayers night and day, looking for the redemption of Israel, joined the testimony of Simeon and commended Christ to the people as the redemption in Jerusalem.

#### THE TESTIMONY OF JESUS CHRIST

TIME AND AGAIN Christ stated the purpose of His mission to the earth. To Zaccheus, the chief publican, He said, "*For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost,*" Luke 19:10. To His own disciples He said, "*For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them, . . .*" Luke 9:56.

In an after-dinner speech at the house of Matthew, where many publicans and sinners were present, Jesus declared, "*... For I am not come to*" (Continued on page 23)

once said, "We must wait until someone comes from God to instruct us how to behave toward divinity, and toward men." Another noble philosopher, Plato, said, "It is necessary that a lawgiver be sent from heaven to instruct us. Oh how greatly do I desire to see that man, and to know who he is!" Though the shepherds who sought for Christ and found Him on the night of His birth were Jews, it is well to note that the Wise Men who came from the East were gentiles who felt their need for a saviour. The Wise Men, who tradition says were named Casper, Melchior, and Belthasar, sought diligently for almost two years before they found Christ

#### THE HEAVENLY DECLARATION

WHILE THE shepherds kept watch over their flock by night, an angel of the Lord came upon them, and stood over them. This heavenly messenger proclaimed, "*... Behold, I bring (evangelize) you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord,*" Luke 2:10, 11. The angel declared that



# HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON



Here is the picture of our Happy Home Circle of Lee College for 1956-'57. These young women are studying home problems, child training, and how to be a good minister's wife. Some are bookkeepers, stenographers, and some are keepers at home with their families. God bless these young women and their husbands as they go out to carry the gospel to a needy world.

Dear Sister Harrison:

**S**EVERAL MONTHS ago I saw a picture in the **LIGHTED PATHWAY** of the group of ministers' wives who were members of the Happy Home Circle at Lee College this past year. Seeing their picture caused me to think of the happy hours I spent in Happy Home Circle meetings while my husband was a student at Lee College in 1948-1950, and I want to express my appreciation to you for making the Happy Home Circle possible.

Fifty-three families occupied the dormitory that we lived in, and nearly every family had two or more children. So many persons living in such a small area led to numerous problems which had to be solved carefully and prayerfully. The Happy Home

Circle meetings proved to be the ideal place to discuss problems and to iron out grievances. One of the most worth-while benefits of the meetings was to discover that other persons had the same problems we had. Somehow problems shared became problems solved.

I also learned to look at daily problems more objectively. It is so easy sometimes to allow a small difficulty to assume enormous size in our minds — a place which it should not rightfully occupy. Happy Home Circle meetings enabled me to put each day's problem in its place in proportion to the other problems of living. Every member of a family enjoys home life more fully when the wife and mother stays calm and happy in spite of accidents, emergencies, and

the disturbances which upset daily schedules and plans.

I now have a son two years old and in rearing him I am trying to use the suggestions that were given in Happy Home Circle meetings by experienced mothers — suggestions on how to tell a small child about God, how to make punishment accomplish the purpose for which it is administered, and how to begin daily devotions with a small child and keep his interest aroused. I shall try to use other suggestions that were given as my son grows older.

Sister Harrison, I believe you are aware from what I have said that the Happy Home Circle meetings were not just a temporary benefit to me, but, after six years, they are still a

(Continued on page 26)



# Helps for the Tempted and Tried

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

**H**ERE WE ARE this morning asking the Holy Spirit to direct a little Christmas message to you. I want to talk to you from my heart this morning. The reason God gives us so many different kinds of experiences is so that we shall be able to talk to others from our hearts and really tell them something we know about. It is said that experience is the best teacher, and I am sure it is true. Today we want to talk to you about the joy of the Lord. We shall use this beautiful fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah and we want you to read the whole chapter, as it is this wonderful Christ whose birthday we celebrate at this Christmas time.

What a beautiful invitation He gives us to come and receive of this wonderful joy without money and without price. Verse 12 says we "shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace." So this precious Christ of Calvary has promised us great things. We want our minds to dwell on Him this Christmas time, for had it not been for Jesus, we should not have had a Christmas.

Then let us remember that Christmas Day is His birthday, and let us do the things that please Him on this day instead of the things that please us. On your father's or mother's birthday you do not expect all the presents for yourself and none for them. When the big birthday cake is set out, you do not claim it all yourself. You would not forget that dear father and mother who have labored a whole lifetime to make life worth while for you.

The Wise Men were the first Christmas givers. They set the example. They brought their gifts to the Babe of Bethlehem. When Christ's birthday comes this year, will you be looking for ways and means to be a blessing to humanity? This is one of the best ways we can give to Him. Giving your life a "living sacrifice" is the most wonderful present you can make this loving Saviour on His birthday, and then you will want

to do all these beautiful things for others.

There are homes where it seems that a joyous note can never again sound inside its walls. It may be that mother has gone away. The one whose hands once made the home beautiful with decorations and cooked those wonderful dinners in past years, has flown away and left a vacancy which never can be filled. Or perhaps father, who stood by and furnished the money to buy all the beautiful things, you have enjoyed, has taken his departure and the presents are scarce this year. It may be that the little darling of the home is gone and you are wondering, "What's the use? Everything is gone." Is there no one else to make happy? Go and find someone, some poor little urchin, and lavish upon him some of the needful things of life. You'll find yourself forgetting to a certain extent your own sorrow.

It was from the country where your loved ones have gone that the angels came on that first Christmas morning and sang those beautiful words, "Joy to the world; the Lord has come." They have only gone on a little ahead to get acquainted with the angels. Oh, I imagine when they arrived there, these angels met them

at the gates of pearl and sang for them again—this time a welcoming song. If they could come back and look into your window and whisper in your ear, they would say, "Don't be sad; if you only knew what joy it is where we have gone, you would not be sad." And who knows whether or not they understand all about you and can see your sad face. Cheer up, dear one, and see what you can find to do for the One whose birthday we celebrate.

Perhaps this little story will help you to understand how to forget your own sorrow in helping others:

**T**HERE LIVED IN the city of Marseilles, a hundred or more years ago, an old shoemaker, loved and honored by all his neighbors and affectionately called "Father Martin." One Christmas as he sat alone in his little shop reading of the visit of the Wise Men to the infant Jesus, and of the gifts they brought, he said to himself:

"If tomorrow were the first Christmas, and if Jesus were to be born in Marseilles this night, I know what I would give Him!" He rose and took from a shelf two little shoes of softest snow-white leather, with bright silver buckles. "I would give Him these, my finest work. How pleased His mother would be! But I'm a foolish old man," he thought, smiling, "the Master has no need for my poor gifts."

Replacing the shoes he blew out the candle and retired to rest. Hardly had he closed his eyes it seemed, when he heard a voice call his name.

"Martin!" Intuitively he felt aware of the identity of the speaker. "Martin, you have longed to see Me. Tomorrow I shall pass by your window. If you see Me and bid Me enter, I shall be your Guest and sit at your table."

He did not sleep that night for joy. Before it was yet dawn he rose and swept and tidied up his little shop. Fresh sand he spread on the floor and green boughs of fir he wreathed along the rafters. On the table he placed a loaf of white bread, a jar of honey, a pitcher of milk and over the fire he hung a pot of coffee.

(Continued on page 21)

I was traveling on the bus recently and sat by a very lovely young lady. She was a Methadist. I told her I would send her my book **YOUTH AT THE CROSSROADS**, which I did. After reading it, she sent me this letter:

"Dear Mrs. Harrison:

"I just wanted to write and thank you for your wonderful book. Mother, Daddy, and the entire family have enjoyed it so much. Daddy says it is one of the richest religious books that he has ever read."

Do you have a friend or relative who you think would appreciate one of these books for a Christmas present? Will you think this over and help me to get it into the hands of our youth. Price \$2.00.

Thank you.

Alda B. Harrison  
921 Montgomery Avenue  
Cleveland, Tennessee





BETHLEHEM — SYMBOL OF PEACE

*Oh, Bethlehem, how bright you shine  
Across the aging years;  
Still holding in your magic bounds  
The balm for earthly fears.*

*Unchanged the story still remains  
That angels from above  
On outspread wings poured forth a  
song  
Of everlasting love.*

*Down through the centuries you will  
stand  
Till time itself shall cease,  
The cradle of God's blessed Son,  
The mighty Prince of Peace.  
—Etta Mai Scott*

AT THE STORE WINDOW

*Poor little ragamuffins standing in the snow,  
Standing at the window where the bright lights glow,  
Looking through the window at the Christmas toys,  
Blue-eyed dolls for little girls and choo-choo trains for  
boys.  
Shivering in the cold for they are thinly dressed.  
Still their faces look real happy while against the window  
pressed.  
Faces at the window . . . what a joyous sight,  
I wonder if old Santa will remember them tonight.  
It is such sights at Christmas that make my heart beat  
slow.  
Poor little ragamuffins standing in the snow.*

—Edna Hamilton

*When Christ was born in Bethlehem,  
There was no cry of war,  
But men remembered prophecies  
And saw a strange new star  
So luminous within the sky;  
They questioned not the reason why.*

*No sound of soldiers on the march,  
Yet keepers of the sheep  
Heard angel voices overhead  
That roused them from their sleep.  
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"  
They sang it o'er and o'er again.*

*No flag of triumph was unfurled,  
No gate was set ajar;  
Yet in a manger burned a lamp  
And in the sky a star;  
A star whose brilliancy and light,  
For aye created — holy night.*

—Alice Whitson Norton  
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CHRISTMAS IN OUR TOWN

*Our town is gift-wrapped for Christ-  
mas  
In gold and silver, red and green;  
Snow is sprinkled like diamond dust  
Over all the enchanting scene.*

*There's holly with bright red berries  
And sprigs of shining mistletoe;  
While over the crystalline air  
The old familiar carols flow.*

*The festive spirit permeates  
Every nook and corner here  
And our hearts are fairly bursting  
With Christ's love, peace, and good  
cheer.*

—Earle J. Grant

CHRISTMAS CALLERS

*White candle clear,  
Again each year;  
Come cards, so dear,  
From far, from near!*

*An annual throng  
To me belong;  
Their words a song,  
Their message strong!*

*I'm glad to think  
Long miles will shrink  
On friendship's link  
With Christmas ink.*

—Margaret D. Green





# art

This twelve-year-old boy is one of the most gifted young men who has submitted work for the art page. Nearly all the drawings sent to us have been composed remarkably well. His teacher at Irondale says that she believes his work merits exhibiting at the Alabama State Fair this year. Preston is a Christian and attends church at the Woodlawn Church of God. We predict a good future in the field of art for this energetic and talented artist.



I am not a painter but I dabble around with sculpture, wood carvings and ceramics. Would this sort of thing be suitable for the art page?  
—J. T.  
Why not? Send a few good, clear, photographs of your work and we shall see.  
—Art Director.



*Preston Limbaugh*



preston limbaugh



RANBON NATURAL GASE  
UTAR



## STRANGERS ON A BUS

(Continued from page 13)

conversations. Look at us, strangers on a bus. And what are we discussing? The wonderful Word of God!" The stranger paused a moment and closed his eyes. Slowly he quoted, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first great commandment."

"That comes from Matthew somewhere," Dennis volunteered.

"Yes," the quoter said, "chapter 22, verses 37 and 38."

"That is my first commandment," Dennis said.

"Not just yours," the stranger gently chided, "but the first commandment for us all. Only, too many persons have not accepted it. And I am afraid they will not unless God knocks them down on their knees and makes them humble before Him."

"I agree with you," Dennis remembered his own conversion and how God thoroughly humbled him and saved his soul in an old-fashioned Pentecostal revival. He thought a second before speaking again. "My mother's favorite verse is one in Psalms that reads something like this, 'The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord and he delighteth in his ways. Though he fall, the Lord will not utterly cast him down, but will hold him by the hand.'"

"Yes," the stranger said, "I am familiar with that one, too. Here, take a look at these cards. I have memorized these verses on prayer in the order that I have them arranged."

Dennis looked at the small cards in his hands. They each had a neatly typed verse from the Bible on them. How strange to see a fellow with an athlete's build and good looks memorizing verses from the Bible!

"You mean you can quote all these?" Dennis asked unbelieving. The young man nodded his head with a smile of pride on his face. "O.K. Let's hear them!"

"The shortest Scripture on those cards is a wonderful one from I Thessalonians 5:17, 'Pray without ceasing.' Next is from Jeremiah 29:13, 'And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.' Next is Matthew 6:7, 'But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.' On and on he quoted: Matthew 26:41; James 5:16; Mark 11:24; until he had gone through the entire stack. "And a fitting last verse for that group on prayer comes from Luke 11:9, 'And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'"

"I can only admire you," Dennis said slowly. "If an auditorium of people could hear you, I wonder how few would not be filled with admiration for your ability. It gives my soul a

spiritual uplifting to hear you quote with such feeling behind each verse."

The bus had passed through Lake City and was only half an hour out of Jacksonville. Dennis and the stranger had been so engrossed in talking with each other about the wonderful things found in God's Word that the hours had flown by swiftly. Neither had taken thought of the time of day until Dennis opened the bag of mints he had bought in Tallahassee.

"The time goes by so soon," he said, offering his companion some mints. "We are almost there."

"Yes, almost there, and in two ways," the stranger said. "One way to Jacksonville and the other to Christ's coming. Jesus said in Mark 13:33-37, 'Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is. For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrowing, or in the morning: lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch.'"

## THE TWO STRANGERS

on the bus descended at the end of their journey with a glow of pleasure in their hearts and on their faces. As soon as the baggage was claimed, the two boys moved away from the bus into the waiting room.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am to see this journey end," the stranger said seriously as he set his suitcases down.

Dennis grunted sadly. "Yes, I am too, but our Christian journey hasn't ended."

"No, it has just begun." The stranger extended his hand. "May the Lord bless you and keep you forever in His grace."

Dennis shook the young man's hand warmly. "I'll be praying for more stalwart young Christian men like you."

"And like you, my friend." As Dennis rode away into the city traffic in a taxi, he did not hear the young man calling after him from the sidewalk. He had just remembered that they had not introduced themselves to each other.

And so it was, that two strangers on a bus met. It was as if God had brought them together for the purpose of enriching their lives through a conversation almost exclusively on His Holy Word. Neither thought to ask the other's name before each became lost from the other in the great city forever. And neither did the two young men know that another stranger on the bus had overheard every word of their conversation and was making his way toward a nearby church with tears coursing freely down his face and splashing on his starched, white shirt.

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## HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED (Continued from page 17)

When all was in readiness, he took up his vigil at the window. He was sure he would know the Master. From childhood had he not gazed in love and reverence at His image above the great altar in the cathedral? And as he watched the driving sleet and rain in the cold, deserted street, he thought of the joy that would be his when he sat down and broke bread with his Guest.

Presently he saw an old street-sweeper pass by, blowing upon his thin, gnarled hands to warm them.

"Poor fellow, he must be half frozen," thought Martin. Opening the door he called to him, "Come in, my friend, and warm, and drink a cup of hot coffee." No further urging was needed, and the man gratefully accepted the invitation.

An hour passed, and Martin next saw a poor, miserably clothed woman, carrying a baby. She paused, wearily, to rest in the shelter of his doorway. Quickly he flung open the door, "Come in and warm while you rest," he said to her. "You are not well?" he asked.

"I am going to the hospital. I hope they will take me in, and my baby," she explained. "My husband is at sea, and I am ill, without a soul."

"Poor child!" cried the old man. "You must eat something while you are getting warm. No? Then let me give a cup of milk to the little one. Ah! what a bright, pretty little fellow he is! Why, you have no shoes on him!"

"I have no shoes for him," sighed the mother.

"Then he shall have this lovely pair I finished yesterday."

And Martin took down the soft little snow-white shoes he had looked at the evening before, and slipped them on the child's feet. They fit perfectly. And shortly the young mother went her way, full of gratitude, and Martin went back to his post at the window.

Hour after hour went by and many needy souls shared the meager hospitality of the old cobbler, but the expected Guest did not appear.

At last, when night had fallen, Father Martin retired to his cot with a heavy heart. "It was only a dream," he sighed. "I did hope and believe, but He has not come."

Suddenly, so it seemed to his weary eyes, the room was flooded with a

glorious light. And to the cobbler's astonished vision there appeared before him, one by one, the poor street-sweeper, the sick mother and her baby, and all the people whom he had aided during the day. And each smiled at him and said: "Have you not seen me? Did I not sit at your table?" — and vanished.

Then softly out of the silence he heard again the gentle voice, repeating old, familiar words:

"For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in . . . Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Selected.

## KINDNESS BEARS FRUIT

(Continued from page 10)

I had expected to be a sad day turned into one of joy.

Later my mother explained that a kind friend who lived across the street, knowing our circumstances, brought the gifts to our house after I had gone to bed. And so through the years kind thoughts have always been in my mind for those good people.

Jesus must have meant this type of kindness when He drew the attention of His disciples to the poor widow who placed two mites, all she possessed, into the treasury. Jesus gave no further explanation; yet, this story has been handed down through the ages as an inspiration to all who read it.

Every kind act performed, every helpful word spoken, if rendered in a spirit of love and understanding, will always bear fruit.

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(Continued from page 15)

call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," Matthew 9:13. Jesus spent so much time endeavoring to win the sinners by visiting in their homes and testifying to them, until He was labeled a friend to publicans and sinners. While this statement was not intended to be a complimentary one, yet I think it is one of the most noble things that was ever said concerning our Lord. He remains to this day a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. By reason of His going into the homes of sinners so often, He was called a winebibber and a gluttonous man. Whether across the desk in a tax office, sitting on a well curb in the heat of the day, or at the meeting of the man by night appointment, He was continually seeking to save the lost.

Yes, Jesus Christ left everything and came to nothing. It seems to me that one who would do such a noble thing as to give Himself for others would have been received with a hearty welcome, but, contrariwise, He was maltreated at the hands of those whom He came to save. *"He came unto his own, and his own received him not."* *"He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not."* He was rejected by many and received by few. The innkeeper turned Him away through indifference. Herod rejected Him with hostility. He is receiving the same treatment by the masses of this modern world today. For many, the celebration of this Christmas season will be in open defiance to the purpose for which Christ came. Why not follow the example of the shepherds and the Wise Men who sought and found Christ?

## TO THE LAND OF SHINTO

(Continued from page 7)

graves of husbands, brothers, fathers of American wives and children. Flooded with emotion I thought, these men were killed for truth and liberty's sake. They died fighting the Japanese. Now my wife and I are on our way to give ourselves to the spiritual welfare of the Japanese people.

The Christian gospel is our incentive—*"God so loved the world. . ."*

AFTER WE ATE and looked around, it was time to hurry back to the parsonage in Honolulu, get our baggage in order, and get to the airport for necessary preliminary arrangements. We rode down through the city by the statue of King Kame-

haeha, a famous figure in Hawaii. As the wheels turned I thought of the experiences I had had in church while being in the "Paradise of the Pacific."

Church services were heavenly. The Hawaiians have a natural gift from God to sing. I loved songs in their native tongue better, because while singing their own language all of their best comes out. Not only was the singing heavenly, but also the spirit in which the services were held.

There was no differentiation of color or nationality. There were dark people, yellow people, black people and white people all sitting together rejoicing in the same salvation of Jesus Christ. I could hardly preach for rejoicing over this example of Christian love.

There was a need to preach, however. At night we could hear the drums, music and shrill singing of the BonBon Dancers commemorating the dead. Their original purpose was to entertain their deceased loved ones, but in modern times some of the less sincere Shintoists dance to entertain themselves. During these ceremonies food is taken to the graves and family altars.

It is somewhat paradoxical, but it seems that I remember Christians in the United States who like singing and preaching that entertains rather than that which carries the gospel!

We were almost to the airport when again I thought of why the preaching of the gospel is so important. Each day we could hear the Buddhist priest across the street ringing his bells of prayer. The gospel of Christ offers so much more than so many people know, but I thought again—

It is only when we practice that gospel that it is worth while.

In a few minutes we shall land in Wake Island. After about an hour we head for Tokyo. Since we have traveled for the past two and one half months, we are a little weary and are not too excited. What awaits us, God only knows.

*Next stop — Wake Island and then Tokyo.*

## COMPANY FOR CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 5)

a long time. Everything was as she remembered it — Brenda's crib, the bed they bought just before she died, the closet full of clothes, the playthings, the pictures — all unchanged, but now she saw Janet in the crib, Ronny in the bed, the playthings used once more. Could she do it? The tight band about her heart loosened, the memory of the baby's caress brought an unexpected happiness. Carl had been right all along! Quickly she raised the shades, then closed the door again and ran downstairs.

Dialing the Children's Home, she waited anxiously for the matron's voice, then said, "Mrs. Winters, this is Mrs. Carl Bradford. I was out there this morning with Mrs. Painter. Did

you say Janet and Ronny could be borrowed for Christmas? — I'm not sure about that, but we could talk it over. — Yes, I understand, but doctors can remedy those later on. — I'm sure Mrs. Painter would recommend us. You could call Dr. Drake, our pastor, and Dr. Burress, our family physician if you wish. — Thanks so much! I'll be out after them in the morning."

"Was the baby all Phil claimed?" Carl asked at dinner.

"I don't know," Christie replied with forced indifference. "I didn't pay much attention," and again silence reigned.

\* \* \*

"Could you spare the car today?" she asked at breakfast. "I have some last-minute errands to do."

"Sure! Want to run me down to the office first? I'll be lunching with a customer, so I won't need it all day. I'll take the bus home."

It required an effort to keep from smiling, but she managed. With Carl safely out of the way, she hurried home, rearranged the furniture in the nursery, ordered groceries, shopped for additional gifts, and picked out a tree. Arriving at the Home, she was greeted joyously by Janet and Ronny.

"Is it really so we're going to your house for Christmas?" the little boy asked, his serious eyes on her face.

"It really is," she beamed, and carried Janet to the car, Ronny limping sturdily beside her.

"Now," she told him after showing him where to hang his coat and cap, "we'll get ready to surprise the nicest man in the world."

"Does he like boys, even when they wear braces?"

"Especially when they wear braces," she answered, giving him a swift hug.

"And little girls when their eyes are crossed?" he persisted.

"You don't notice that unless you look real close," she declared, glancing at the clock. "When it's time, I'll sit in this chair holding Janet, and you take this stool beside me."

WHEN THEY WERE seated, Janet's eyes closed sleepily, her fingers reached out to pat Christie's cheek.

The front door opened. Footsteps sounded in the hall.

"Here he comes," she whispered to Ronny. "Don't forget!"

The tall man paused in the doorway, his gray eyes widening. Before

(Continued on page 26)



# BIBLE

# lessons for YOUTH services



## THE IDEAL FAMILY

By Irene Foshee

To have an ideal family should be the aim of every parent. An ideal family is not acquired by wistful thinking but through cooperation of every member. However, the largest responsibility is upon the parents. Children must be taught to cooperate, to take their responsibilities.

I am sure you have never seen an ideal family that was not a Christian family. Neither have you seen an ideal family where the father or mother was not willing to take his or her share of responsibility. Love and understanding also play a very important part in the happiness of the family.

### Spiritual Needs

When God entrusts husband and wife with children, they should accept the obligations. A young life has been entrusted into their care. Children should be taken to church as soon as the mother is able and should be kept in church, the parents taking them, not sending them for someone else to care for. Proverbs 2:6, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Children cannot be taught to serve God unless the person trying to teach also serves God. It is a pleasure to serve God and certainly not a burden. It is important that children be taught to love and trust God at an early age. Matthew 19:14, "But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

### Physical Needs

In early life there are certain physical needs that must be supplied if the child is to survive. These needs change as the child grows older. The child must learn discipline. If he is not taught certain things at home, there is not too much that Sunday School teachers and schoolteachers can do to help in later years, (Proverbs 29:17; Ephesians 6:4).

It is necessary that the child have proper food, clothing and shelter in order to become a happy adult. Education is also an important factor. Education is open to everyone in America. If the family is not financially able to maintain full support of the child for college, there are

many other ways that can be worked out (I Timothy 5:8).

Parents should also help children in choosing the right friends. (I only suggested *help* because the child should be taught to choose the right kind of friends by himself.) Recreation should be planned by parents and children. Children should be encouraged to bring friends to the home and to play games at home for entertainment.

### Love and Understanding

A child can be given everything that money can buy, but without love and understanding he will be unhappy and miserable. It is believed that babies can die from the lack of love. In rearing children punishment is sometimes necessary, but love and understanding will go far.

There is no medicine that will help the child's bruise or cut as much as the love and comfort of his mother. No physician can cleanse the heart of man like the power of God. The love of a Christian mother is precious because it is a gift from God (Proverbs 10:12; Proverbs 16:16; I Kings 3:7-9; Philippians 4:7; Psalm 111:10).

## THE CHRISTIAN'S CHRISTMAS

By Mrs. Lewis J. Willis

Scripture: Matthew 2:1-12; Luke 2:1-14

Song: "Silent Night" or some other appropriate song

Flannelgraph Lesson: "Christmas"

(This lesson may be purchased from the Church of God Publishing House for \$1.25.)

### Expressions from Juniors

Lead the Juniors in a discussion about Christmas. Help them to plan activities that will make someone happy during the holiday season. Lead them to express freely why we celebrate Christmas and why we give gifts. Direct their thinking in the channel of giving to express love. We love and give because "God so loved the world that he gave. . . ."

### Prayer Remarks by Leader

This discussion with the Juniors has caused us to recognize more fully that the Christmas spirit is upon us. There is Christmas everywhere. At this season of the year all of us seem to be in our height of ecstasy. Preparations are being made for a big

celebration. Homes are decked with holly. There is a decorated tree in every dwelling. The streets are crowded with shoppers who hustle about to make ready for the big feast or a yuletide party. The children are filled with enthusiasm and expectancy while the older people enjoy reminiscence. Friends and neighbors are being drawn closer together; gifts are being exchanged; and hearts are made to leap for joy.

But in all the enchantment and festive cheer we shall lose the real meaning of Christmas if we fail to do honor to the Lord of lords, the One who lived and died that peace and good will might abide with each of us.

We have chosen four speakers who will discuss with you four implications that Christmas holds for the Christian.

I. *Divine Love*: John 3:16; Romans 5:8; Jeremiah 31:3; 1 John 3:1; 1 John 4:18

Christmas is the outgrowth of divine love. The Nativity with its many glorious implications could never have been if there had not been a heavenly Father who loved. "For God so loved the world that he gave. . . ." Jesus was the only adequate measure of God's love. His love bridged the chasm from heaven to earth with a "love gift" that transforms darkness to light and the sinner to a saint. "Behold what manner of love the father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. . . ."

II. *Saving Power*: 1 John 4:10; Acts 4:12; Matthew 1:21

Matthew 1:21, "And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins."

It was through the birth of Jesus that redemption was made possible. There is salvation for every people; red, yellow, black, and white. The angels' message that a Saviour had been born indicated that deliverance had come. Faith in this Saviour brings freedom, for through Him the powers of evil are defeated and the sinner is rescued from the mire to take his place among the redeemed.

Let us as Christians ever be reminded that Christmas signifies more than gaiety, laughter, feasts, etc. It signifies redeeming power. May we strive to spread this news to every lost person within our reach.

III. *Abiding Peace*: Luke 2:14; Ephesians 2:14

On that blessed day the heavenly host began to praise God and say, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace. . . ." That very message told us that peace should reign on the earth. Our trials may be many and our burdens heavy, but in Jesus we can find the peace that passeth all understanding. Though there be war and strife about us, we can rest in the deepest recess of God's great peace even as Paul said, "for He is our peace."



#### IV. Unspeakable Joy: Luke 2:10; John 17:13

Christmas brings with it joy. Not joy as related to pleasure but a genuine Christian experience. Every person who is acquainted with Jesus realizes this profound happiness. It is joy that no one can take from us. The angels brought us glad tidings of great joy with the announcement of Christ's birth. When He at last enters the heart, He becomes "joy unspeakable and full of glory" to us.

#### Conclusion

With these four thoughts in mind it becomes increasingly evident that the Christian's Christmas differs from that of the average individual. I trust that these discussions have enriched and deepened your experiences as related to Christmas. May we allow ourselves to show forth the effects of these four implications that Christmas holds for the Christian.

#### Suggested Activities for Y. P. E. Groups:

1. Organize to sing Christmas carols to shut-ins.
  2. Buy and decorate a Christmas tree for a shut-in.
  3. Prepare baskets of food for needy families.
  4. Give toys to underprivileged children.
  5. Make simple gifts or write cheerful messages for hospital patients, orphanage children or aged persons in convalescent homes.
- "Make someone happy this Christmas."

#### FOOTSTEPS TO VICTORY

By Margaret N. Freeman

**Group Song:** "Walking in the Light"  
**Leader:** We believe our theme "Footsteps to Victory" is an especially good one.

Will you please read Psalm 27:1, (The leader designates someone to read this verse from the Bible. He then asks others from the group to read the following verses in turn.) Psalm 119:105; Psalm 119:130; Proverbs 4:18; Matthew 5:16; John 8:12; Ephesians 5:8; I John 1:7.

**Prayer:** Our Heavenly Father: How we thank Thee that the entrance of Thy Word gives light. And, Father, as we read and study Thy Word, give us wisdom to understand Thy message to us. We thank Thee for the gift of Jesus, the Light of the world. Cleanse us from all sin. May we follow Jesus and walk as "children of light." Amen.

**Group sings chorus:** "Lord, Keep Me Shining for Thee."

#### First Speaker: HOW DO WE GET THE LIGHT?

As we follow our devotional readings from the Scriptures, we notice a progression on the subject of light. To be able to follow a path, we need a well-lit one. We don't want to stumble around in the dark. Our first problem is, how do we find light?

Just as a light switch responds to our pressure by flooding a room with light because it is connected to a

power, so a person who is connected, or belongs, to Christ has that light from Him glowing within.

First of all then, the Lord is my Light.

How?

Going on further in the Scriptures: "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." We study God's Word for light.

Another verse states: "Once we were in darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord." How did this come about? God's Word says: "The entrance of His Word giveth light," and so having received light, we abide by the admonition to "walk as children of light."

We realize now Christ is our Light. We receive light by receiving Him and studying God's Word.

#### Second Speaker: HOW DO WE WALK AS CHILDREN OF LIGHT?

Jesus' command that we should let our light shine before men that they might see our good works and glorify our Father in heaven is not to be disregarded if we would please Him.

Just as a candle, a lamp or a light bulb is no good to anyone unless it gives light, neither is a person.

Jesus said, "I am the light of the world. He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life."

The story is told of some boys who played in the woods one snowy day. As they crunched along over the snow, one got the bright idea of seeing who could make the straightest set of tracks. Each boy took his gleeful turn, and then they all lined up to see which one had done the best. How those footsteps zig-zagged, wavered, and wandered off in crooked directions! Only one set of tracks lined up in a surprisingly straight path, and the boys turned to the fellow who made them. "How did you do it?" they puzzled.

"Oh," he said, "see that tree over there?"

They nodded.

"Well, I lined up with it and walked straight for it."

That's a good example of what we need to do. Our tracks through life go pretty crooked unless we have something to follow. If we line up with Christ, the perfect Example, we'll be sure to walk straight. Also, we'll be walking a blessed pathway, for Jesus promised: "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life." "The path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

If we tread this pathway, our footsteps will lead to victory!

Two of the group step forward with a poster prominently lettered:

#### LIGHT THROUGH CHRIST MEANS

L ife  
I nsight  
G uidence  
H ope  
T riumph

Group then sings closing song: "O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee."

#### VIGNETTE

(Continued from page 9)

I was just a pretty picture, or a flip-pant "Same to You." Somebody had the sober, revolutionary idea of putting the Christ Child on His birthday greeting. Pot-bellied Santas began to take a back seat.

**Time — 1956.** Holly, poinsettias and mistletoe, either singly, or in combinations are, topping the Hit Parade in greeting. Pot-bellied Santas began to and/or birds are next in line. Candles and church bells tie for third place, but the Nativity is right in there pitching. I get to be bigger business every year. Last year it took nearly 10,000 postal workers to get me where I was going by Christmas Eve. Two billion of me, plus postage, added up to over twenty billion dollars. This year it will cost you even more, as more people become educated to the idea of sending me first class mail to insure my delivery.

I have become one of the best contacts of good art for half of the people in America. The American Artist's Group is encouraging its members to produce something really worth while: Nativity designs by Lauren Ford, Everett Shinn and Witold Gordon; churches by T. A. Hibbard and Sanford Ross; cathedral etchings by John Taylor Ames, and other sacred pictures by Alexander Ross and Stanley Creane.

There are at least 25,000 different designs from which to choose. You can get everything from a greeting for Grandma to one for the family physician. Your chances of getting duplicates are pretty slim, but sometimes it does happen. Gives you sort of a funny sensation, too, as if you'd read that story before, especially if you follow the growing custom today of using me as part of your holiday decoration.

A Northwest Indian's prestige was determined by the height of his totem pole. Mid-century America is marking it by the height of the greeting card display. Sometimes I've caught up with people actually "fudging" by padding it a little with the best of of last year's crop to help make them "high man."

Neither Charles Dickens, who called Christmas messages "a great accumulation of friendly recollections," nor the young apprentice who began the story could have possibly dreamed what part they were to play in the spiraling big business that men make of me today.

William Maw Egley died a mediocre man's death without cashing in on his lazy man's Christmas letter. But the angel voices must be echoing back from every cloud about this time of year:

"Merry Christmas to you —and You —and YOU—and YOU!"



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### COMPANY FOR CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 23)

he could speak, a small boy advanced toward him. "Are you," the eager voice inquired, "the man who likes little boys?"

"Am I —" Speechless, Carl looked at the sturdy figure with one leg in a brace, Christie in the low chair, the baby asleep in her arms. "Say that again, sonny," he begged.

For answer, Ronny reached up and took his hand. "I guess you are," he said happily. "You look like you did."

"Christie!" Carl's eyes dimmed, his voice broke. He put one arm about Ronny's shoulders and knelt before the low chair. "Does this mean —?"

"It means," she assured him, "that we have company for Christmas and, if you like the idea, for all our lives."

### CHRISTMAS AND ITS LEGENDS

(Continued from page 11)

so attentive as she read from God's Holy Word. She had taught them to respect the reading from the Holy Bible, and they were obedient. It made Mother very happy.

"Now," said Mother, "you have both been so attentive to the reading of God's Word, I am going to tell you about some Christmases in other lands."

**T**HERE ARE MANY beautiful legends about Christmas," began Mother.

"What is a legend?" asked Bobby.

"I know," said Sandra, "a story about something in the past is a legend, isn't it, Mommy?"

"Yes," answered Mother. "A story of the past that is based on history, not always facts, but handed down to us from one generation to another. Now the first legend I shall tell you is handed down to us from ancient England. Their Christmas lasted from December 25 to January 6. And, do you children know why?"

"No, ma'am," answered the children in one breath.

"Well, the reason is," explained Mother, "that people in that day believed that it took the Wise Men twelve nights to travel to the Christ Child after seeing the star in the East. Therefore the twelfth night, as they called this season, marked the end of the Christmas season. These people also had a superstitious belief that each day of this twelve-day celebration indicated the weather for the twelve months of the following year."

"I know why we put a star on the top of our tree, Mommy," said Sandra. "It is to be like the star in the East that guided the Wise Men. And all the other lights on our tree show us the Light that Christ brought to our world."

"That is right, dear," said Mother, "and that reminds me to tell you about the origin of our Christmas tree. Even though the idea of our Christmas tree came directly to us from Germany, some historians tell us that the idea really came from ancient Egypt ages ago. You know, children, we are told that when the people in these ancient times celebrated a season known as Winter Solstice, they paraded down their main streets carrying palm branches. Each of these branches had just twelve leaves in it. These branches represented the end of the twelve-month year."

Sandra and Bobby both were very much interested in these Christmas legends Mother was telling them and sat very still waiting for the next one she would tell about.

"You children watched me this morning as I prepared the plum pudding. Well, in the days of long ago, the plum pudding was always served with the Christmas dinner. No one would think of having a Christmas dinner without a plum pudding. That was something unheard of in that day. The pudding was brought in with

the lights glowing on it. Because it was considered such a rare delicacy, the servant in the home was not allowed to serve it."

"Well, who did?" asked Bobby.

"The Christmas feast," said Mother, "was considered a very important party and many guests were invited. Just as we have guests in our home today, those people of ancient times did also. The lady guest of honor, who was named 'queen of beauty' was always given this high honor, the privilege of serving this rare dish."

### JUST THEN MOTHER

saw Daddy's car stop in the driveway.

"Here is Daddy now, children," she said, "and because you have been so quiet and obedient, he will take you out in the yard and help you make your snow man. Here, now, get your coats and mittens, and wrap yourselves up good and warm so as not to catch cold."

As Mother helped Sandra and Bobby into their warm wraps, they hugged her neck tight and kissed her saying, "Merry Christmas, even if it is a little early, Mommy."

### HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

(Continued from page 16)

valuable asset to me in my work as a minister's wife. One treasured lesson you taught us by word and action was that daily happiness depends greatly on the attitude of the mind. If we did not have a healthy attitude toward life, you admonished us to pray and leave every problem in the hands of the Lord. How could we remain pessimistic after following such an excellent plan!

I know you are interested in starting Happy Home Circle meetings throughout the Church, and I am positive each mother would enjoy the meetings immensely. She could return to her family refreshed with a new outlook on life and a greater realization of her responsibility to her husband, children, and community.

I cherish every memory of the Happy Home Circle meetings. My association with you and other consecrated women of the Church of God has made me a better person. I am trying to pass along the benefits which I received to other mothers and fathers so that they too will possess a happy home circle filled with love and understanding, and nourished by a daily communication with God.

May the Lord bless you greatly in your continued efforts for Him and His children.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. J. Delbert Mitchell  
2511 N.W. First Street  
Amarillo, Texas



# YOUTH

# STATISTICS

## WORK

O. W. POLEN

National S. S. and Youth Director

### LEADERS IN ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for September, 1956

#### Sunday School

##### Group AA

North Carolina	20,302
Tennessee	16,239
South Carolina	15,572
Florida	15,479
Georgia	14,670

##### Group A

Ohio	8,727
Kentucky	6,640
Virginia	6,092
Mississippi	4,667

##### Group B

California	5,357
Michigan	4,586
Illinois	3,592
Pennsylvania	3,093
Missouri	3,078

##### Group C

Oklahoma	2,401
Maryland	2,380
Louisiana	2,053
Arizona	1,153

##### Group D

Kansas	883
New Mexico	721
Western Canada	622

##### Group E

Washington	656
Iowa	444
Delaware	439
Montana	386
Maine	330

##### Group F

New York	183
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##### Group G

Central Canada	103
Minnesota	43
Wyoming	30

#### Y.P.E.

##### Group AA

North Carolina	10,048
Alabama	9,198
Georgia	9,163
Florida	8,604
Tennessee	7,956

##### Group A

Ohio	5,149
Kentucky	4,082
Virginia	3,655
Mississippi	3,368

##### Group B

California	3,568
Illinois	2,482
Michigan	2,454
Arkansas	2,260
Texas (Northwest)	2,189

#### Group C

Oklahoma	1,401
Maryland	1,227
Arizona	639

#### Group D

Kansas	435
New Mexico	356
Western Canada	113

#### Group E

Washington	527
Maine	263
Delaware	228
Iowa	224
Colorado	213

#### Group F

New York	145
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#### Group G

Central Canada	73
Wyoming	28
Minnesota	19

### NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENTS ATTENDANCE

Average Weekly Attendance for September

Greenville (Tremont Avenue), S. C.	1,601
East Nashville, Tenn.	349
South Pittsburg, Tenn.	124
Saginaw, Mich.	113
Uhrichsville, Ohio	102
Sioux City, Iowa	96
Rock Hill, S. C.	92
Bonham, Tex.	84
Rossville, Ga.	83
Atlanta (Hemphill), Ga.	81

### TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

South Carolina	46
West Virginia	40
Ohio	35
Georgia	28
Florida	27
California	16
Illinois	15
North Carolina	15
Virginia	15
Alabama	13

### YOUTH STATISTICS

This Month

Saved	2,668
Sanctified	1,063
Filled with Holy Ghost	799
Added to the Church of God	847

Since June 30, 1956

Saved	6,827
Sanctified	2,838
Filled with Holy Ghost	2,179
Added to the Church of God	2,126

### SUNDAY SCHOOL WEEKLY AVERAGE

ATTENDANCE OF 250 OR MORE

Greenville (Tremont Avenue), S. C.	789
Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	481
Kannapolis, N. C.	463
North Cleveland, Tenn.	452
Cincinnati (12th & Elm), Ohio	423
North Chattanooga, Tenn.	418
Detroit (Tabernacle), Mich.	413
Atlanta (Riverside), Ga.	405
Atlanta (Hemphill Avenue), Ga.	395
Wilmington, N. C.	357
South Gastonia, N. C.	348
Pulaski, Va.	343
St. Louis (Grand Avenue), Mo.	334
Sumiton, Ala.	331
Jacksonville, Fla.	330
Lenoir, N. C.	325
Anderson (McDuffie Street), S. C.	313
Erwin, N. C.	313
Hamilton (7th & Chestnut), Ohio	309
Rock Hill, S. C.	309
Alabama City, Ala.	307
Whitwell, Tenn.	307
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.	305
East Chattanooga, Tenn.	294
North Greenville, S. C.	294
Daisy, Tenn.	288
Biltmore, N. C.	286
Lakeland, Fla.	284
Canton, Ohio	281
Dillon, S. C.	280
Louisville (Faith Temple), Ky.	276
West Gastonia, N. C.	276
Augusta (Crawford Avenue), Ga.	274
Savannah, Ga.	267
Tampa (Buffalo Avenue), Fla.	265
Tampa (Sulphur Springs), Fla.	263
Greer, S. C.	253
East Gastonia, N. C.	251
Buford, Ga.	250
Home for Children, Tenn.	250

### Y.P.E. WEEKLY AVERAGE ATTENDANCE

OF 100 OR MORE

Granite Falls, N. C.	284
Home for Children, Tenn.	267
Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	218
Buhl, Ala.	212
Benson, N. C.	198
Mercersburg, Pa.	189
Whitwell, Tenn.	185
Nicholls, Ga.	179
Springfield, N. C.	162
Rossville, Ga.	161
Columbus (29th Street), Ga.	156
Biltmore, N. C.	155
Lawrenceville, Ill.	154
North Greenville, S. C.	151
Atlanta (Riverside), Ga.	151
Lebanon, Pa.	151
Douglas, Ga.	150
East Laurinburg, N. C.	147
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.	147
North Chattanooga, Tenn.	143
Crumbly Chapel, Ala.	143
Savannah, Ga.	142
Holland, Mo.	140
Orlando, Fla.	137
Battle Creek, Mich.	137
Pontiac, Mich.	133
Goldsboro, N. C.	131
Hester Town, N. C.	130
Wadesboro, N. C.	130
Kalamazoo, Mich.	130
Daisy, Tenn.	129
East Chattanooga, Tenn.	129
Clanton, Ala.	126
Greenville (Tremont Avenue), S. C.	126
Hayesville, N. C.	125
Louisville (Faith Temple), Ky.	125
West Gastonia, N. C.	124
Couches Fork, Ky.	123
East Gastonia, N. C.	122
Detroit (Tabernacle), Mich.	121
North Cleveland, Tenn.	121
Jesup, Ga.	121
Latta, S. C.	121
Canton, Ohio	120
Arcadia, Fla.	119
Pulaski, Va.	119
South Gastonia, N. C.	118
New Home, Ala.	118
Lakeland, Fla.	118
Homerville, Ga.	118
Williamsburg, Pa.	118
Jacksonville, Fla.	117
Conway, S. C.	117
Georgetown, S. C.	117
Hemingway, S. C.	116
Madisonville, Tenn.	116
Nashville, Ga.	114
Lakedale, N. C.	112
Troutmans, N. C.	112
Sugar Valley, Ga.	111
Pomona, Calif.	110
Demorest, Ga.	110
McMinnville, Tenn.	110
White Oak Grove, Tenn.	110
Lowell, N. C.	109
Letcher, Ala.	109
Clarks Chapel, Tenn.	108
Griffin, Ga.	108
Perry, Fla.	107
Bainbridge, Ga.	107
Wilmington, N. C.	107
Goodwill, Miss.	106
Patetown, N. C.	106
Lanes Avenue, Fla.	106
Radford, Va.	105
Graham, Tex. (N.W.)	105
Lenoir City, Tenn.	105
Carrollton, Ga.	104
Albertville, Ala.	104
Rifle Range, Fla.	104
Dayton (Hatfield Street), Ohio	104
Hamilton (7th & Chestnut), Ohio	104
Paris, Tex. (S.E.)	103
Moultrie, Ga.	103
Mooresville, N. C.	103
Durham, N. C.	103
Greenville, Miss.	102
Asheboro, N. C.	102
South Spartanburg, S. C.	101
North Birmingham, Ala.	100
Ruskin, Fla.	100
Wallins, Ky.	100

Branch Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1956	17
Branch Sunday Schools reported as of September 30, 1956	430
New Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1956	22
Total Sunday Schools (Branch and New) organized since June 30, 1956	39
New Y.P.E.'s organized since June 30, 1956	15



# The Christmas Story

By ST. LUKE

Translation According to Smith-Goodspeed

In those days an edict was issued by the Emperor Augustus that a census of the whole world should be taken. It was the first census, taken when Quirinius was governor of Syria. So everyone went to his own town to register. And

Joseph went up from Galilee from the town of Nazareth to Judea to the city of David called Bethlehem, because he belonged to the house and family of David, to register with Mary, who was engaged to him and who was soon to become a mother. While they were there, the time came for her child to be born, and she gave birth to her first-born son; and she wrapped him up, and laid him in a manger, for there was no room for them at the inn.

There were some shepherds in that neighborhood keeping watch through the night over their flock in the open fields. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were terribly frightened. The angel said to them,

"Do not be frightened, for I bring you good news of a great joy that is to be felt by all the

people, for today, in the town of David, a Saviour for you has been born who is your Messiah and Lord. And this will prove it to you: You will find a baby wrapped up and lying in a manger."

Suddenly there appeared with the angel a throng of the heavenly army, praising God, saying,

"Glory to God in heaven and on earth! Peace to the men he favors!"

When the angels left them and returned to heaven, the shepherds said to one another,

"Come! Let us go over to Bethlehem, and see this thing that has happened, that the Lord has told us of!"

And they hurried there, and found Mary and Joseph, with the baby lying in the manger. When they saw this, they told what had been said to them about this child.

And all who heard it were amazed at what the shepherds told them, but Mary treasured up all they had said, and pondered over it. And the shepherds went back glorifying God and praising him for all that they had heard and seen in fulfillment of what they had been told.

Peace On Earth



Good Will Toward Men

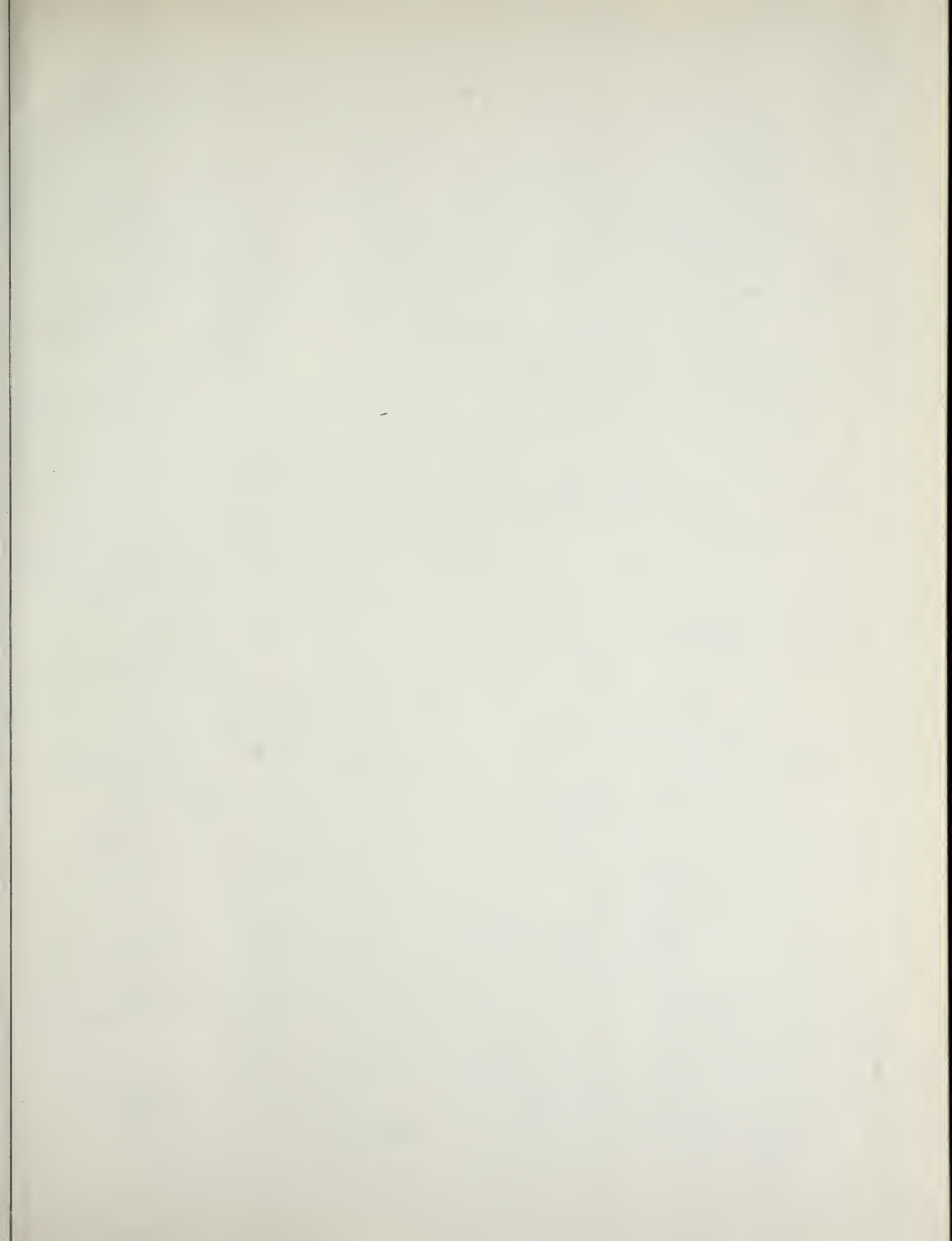






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